

THE  
O D Y S S E Y  
OF  
H O M E R.

VOL. II.





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OF  
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY  
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A NEW EDITION

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

*Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,*

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, CUTHELL AND MARTIN, J. WALKER,  
OTRIDGE AND SON, LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.  
J. AND A. ARCH, R. LEA, OGILVY AND SON,  
AND J. NUNN.

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1802.



THE  
TWELFTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

*HE relates, how after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the strait of Scylla and Charybdis; the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the sun; the vengeance that followed: how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XII.\*

THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,  
Till from the waves th' Ææan hills arise.  
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,  
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;

\* We are now drawing to a conclusion of the episodic narration of the *Odyssey*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.

There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of history; the other artificially, where the author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the practice of epic poetry. By this method the poet brings upon the stage those very persons who performed the action he represents: he makes them speak and act over again the words and actions they spoke or performed before, and in some sort transports his auditors to the same time when, and the places where, the action was done. This method is of so great use, it prevents the poet from delivering his story in a plain simple way like an historian, it makes the auditors witnesses of it, and the action discovers itself. Thus, for instance, it is not Homer, but Ulysses who speaks; the poet is withdrawn, and the hero whose story we hear is as it were raised from the grave, and relates it in person to the audience. Aristotle observes, that the epic poem ought to be dramatic, that is,

Here Phœbus rising in th' ethereal way, 5  
Through heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.

active; Homer (says that author) ought to be especially commended for being the only poet who knew exactly what to do, he speaks little himself, but introduces some of his persons, a man or a woman, a god or a goddess; and this renders his poem active or dramatic. Narration is the very soul that animates the poem, it gives an opportunity to the poet to adorn it with different episodes; it has, as it were, the whole world for its stage, and gives him liberty to search through the creation for incidents or adventures for the employment of his heroes. Thus, for instance, he was at liberty to ascribe the several dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, of Polypheme and Antiphates, to Ulysses, though that hero had been as unacquainted with those dangers, as Æneas was in reality with Dido; the choice of the episodes being not essential, but arbitrary.

In short, it is from this episodic narration that the poet could at all find room to place these episodes in the *Odyssey*. Aristotle, I confess, has set no precise limits to the time of the action, but the critics in general confine it to one campaign; at least, they affirm this to be the most perfect duration, according to the model of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Now this episodic narration gives the poet an opportunity to relate all that is contained in four books without breaking in upon the time of the action; for all that we read between the eighth book and the thirteenth comprehends only the space of one evening; namely, the evening of the thirty-third day. The poet inserts all the adventures that happened to Ulysses in almost ten years from his departure from Troy, into the compass of one evening, by way of narration, and so maintains the unity both of the time and action.

I speak not of the narration in general; concerning which the curious may consult Bossu, or Dryden's preface to the translation of the *Æneis*.

V. 1. *Thus o'er the rolling surge — —*] The words in the original are *πρὸς τὴν κυμαίνουσαν*, which Strabo judges to mean no more than a part of the ocean, for if it be otherwise understood it will be a tautology, and who would write that 'he went out of the ocean into the ocean,' as it must be rendered, if *πρὸς τὴν θάλασσαν* be the same with *ἐκ τῆς*

At once we fix our halsters on the land,  
At once descend, and press the desert sand;

λασσα in the next line? But it is perhaps better to understand the passage literally and plainly, only to denote the place from whence Ulysses returned from his infernal voyage; that is, from the extremity of the ocean. It is usual for the waves of the sea to bear violently and rapidly upon some shores, the waters being pent up by the nearness of the land, and therefore form a current, or *εὐρρ*. So that the expression means no more than Ulysses surmounted this current and then gained the wide ocean.

It is likewise evident from the beginning of this book, that Ulysses passed only one night in hell; for he arrived at the Cimmerians in one day, saw the visions of hell in the following night, and in the space of the next day returned from the Cimmerians in the evening to Circe's island, as appears from his going to repose immediately upon his landing.

It may be further proved that this was a nocturnal interview, from the nature of the magical incantations, which were always performed by night; all sacrifices were offered by night to the infernal powers, the offering was black, to represent the kingdom of darkness: thus also in other poets the moon is said to turn pale at these magical rites, or, as Virgil expresses it,

‘Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam.’

And indeed, as Eustathius observes (from whom this note is chiefly translated) it would have been absurd to have represented the realms of darkness surveyed by the light of the day.

V. 3. *Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,  
Here keeps her revels — —]*

This passage is full of obscurity: for how is it possible to suppose this island of Circe to be the residence of the morning; that is, for the day to rise immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a western situation? Some have imagined that this is spoken solely with respect to Ulysses, who returning from the shades, might properly say that he arrived at the place where the day resides, that is, to a place enlightened by the

There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep  
 To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep. 10

sun. Others understand it comparatively, with respect to the Cimmerians, or rather to the realms of death, which Homer places in the west, with regard to these, *Ææa* may be said to lie in the east, or, in the poetical language, to be the residence of the morning. Besides, the Cuxæan promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it, nay, it is said to be illustrated by the sun even by night. Others have conjectured, that what is here said implies no more than that Ulysses landed upon the eastern parts of the island, and lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word ocean in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the sun's rising and setting in the ocean. This is what Eustathius remarks, who adds, that the ancients understood *χοροί* not to signify 'dances,' but *χωροί*, 'the regions of the morning.' I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters: and I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the sun restores to the whole creation, when dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imaged to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the sun, or rather of Aurora, who properly may be said to dance, being a goddess. Dacier renders *χοροί*, 'dances,' but judges that Homer here follows a fabulous geography, and that as he transported the Cimmerians with all their darkness from the Bosphorus to Campania, so likewise he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from Cholchis into Italy: and therefore the poet gives the properties and situation to the island of Circe, which are only true of the eastern Cholchis.

It is very evident (continues she) that Homer was perfectly acquainted with the Phœnician story; he tells us that Elpenor was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shores, and that it was called by his name, Elpenor. Now the Phœnicians, who endeavoured to naturalize all names in their own language, affirmed, according to Bochart, that this promontory was not so called from Elpenor, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which signifies, 'ubi albescit lux matutina;' that is, 'where the dawning of the day begins to appear.' This



Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd  
 Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.  
 Now by the ax the rushing forest bends,  
 And the huge pile along the shore ascends.  
 Around we stand a melancholy train, 15  
 And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.  
 Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,  
 The hungry flame devours the silent dead.  
 A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,  
 Fast by the roarings of the main we place; 20  
 The rising tomb a lofty column bore,  
 And high above it rose the tap'ring oar.

promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furnish Homer with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.

What may seem to confirm Dacier's opinion of the transportation of Cholchis into Italy, is the immediate mention the poet makes of Jason, and Æetes king of Cholchis: besides the ancients believed Phasis, a river of Cholchis, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world: and Æsea being the capital of it, lying upon the Phasis, it might very rationally be mistaken for the place where the sun rose; thus Mimnermus writes,

Λιγταὸ πολὺν τοῦτ' ὥκεος ἡελίου  
 Ἀκτίνες χρυσῶν κειάϊαι ἐν θαλάμῳ  
 Ὡκεανὸς παρὰ χειλὸς ἐν' ὠχέῳ θείει Ἰησων.

That is, 'the city of Æetes, where the rays of the sun appear in a bed of gold, above the margin of the ocean, where the divine Jason arrived.' This is an evidence that the poet was well acquainted with antiquity, and that (as Strabo judges) his astonishing fictions have truth for their foundation.

Meantime the \* goddess our return survey'd  
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.  
Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine 25  
Bear the rich viands and the gen'rous wine:  
In act to speak the \* pow'r of magic stands,  
And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates  
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates! 30  
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;  
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!  
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,  
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:  
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray, 35  
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way;  
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain  
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,  
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray; 40  
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest  
Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.  
Then curious she commands me to relate  
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:  
She sat in silence while the tale I tell, 45  
The wond'rous visions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the gods dispose;  
These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.

\* Circe.

O prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,  
 And print th' important story on thy mind! 50  
 Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;  
 Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

V. 51. *Next, where the Sirens dwell* — —] The critics have greatly laboured to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the Sirens. We are told by some, that the Sirens were queens of certain small islands, named Sirenusæ, that lie near Capræa in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Minerva, upon the top of which that goddess had a temple, as some affirm, built by Ulysses, according to this verse of Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

‘Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas.’

Here, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Sirens, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice, and attracting songs of the Sirens. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of poetry, they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, who there consumed their patrimonies, and poisoned their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now called Massa. In the days of Homer the Sirens were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual, as *πρὸ Σειρήνων, ἤσπον Σειρήνων*; their names (adds Eustathius) were *Θελξιερα*, and *Αγλαοφημε*. Other writers, in particular Lycophron, mention three Sirens, *Ligæa*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucosia*. Some are of opinion (continues the same author) that they were *ψαλτρίαις καὶ τραγῳδαῖς*; that is, ‘singing women and harlots,’ who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain bay contracted within winding straits and broken cliffs, which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony, that allures the passenger to approach, who is

Unbless'd the man, whom music wins to stay  
 Nigh the curs'd shore, and listen to the lay;  
 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life, 55  
 His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!  
 In verdant meads, they sport, and wide around  
 Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;

immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallowed up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer ourselves to be too much allured by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus Horace moralizes it;

' — — Vitanda est improba Siren  
 Desidia' — — —

But the fable may be applied to all pleasures in general, which, if too eagerly pursued, betray the incautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.

V. 57. — — — — *Around*

*Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground* ]

There is a great similitude between this passage, and the words of Solomon in the Proverbs, where there is a most beautiful description of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters.

' I beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart, &c With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, she forced him with the flattering of her lips, he goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell.'

This may serve for a comment upon Homer, and it is an instance, that without any violence the nature of harlots may be concealed under the fables of the Sirens.

The ground polluted floats with human gore;  
 And human carnage taints the dreadful shore. 60  
 Fly swift the dangerous coast; let ev'ry ear  
 Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!  
 Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,  
 Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.  
 If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 65  
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain  
 To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:  
 New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,  
 And guard thy various passage through the tide. 70

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,  
 The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;

V. 71. *High o'er the main two rocks — —*] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of Scylla and Charybdis; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the reader what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. iv. thus describes it. 'This strait is the sea that flows between Rhegium and Messenè, where at the narrowest distance, Sicily is divided from the continent; and this is that part of the sea which Ulysses is said to have passed, and it is called Charybdis: this sea, by reason of the straits, and the concurrence of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas breaking violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is with good reason called *χαλκπιγ*, or 'destructive.' Charybdis stands on the coast of Sicily; Scylla on the coast of Italy.

Mr. Sandys examined these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the poets: speaking of Charybdis, he writes, 'When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the south, it forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many vessels miscarry by it. The stream through the strait runs towards the Ionian, and part of it sets into the haven, which turning about, and meeting with

Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,  
Hence nam'd Erratic by the gods above.

other streams, make, so violent an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the danger by coming to an anchor. Scylla, adds he, is seated in the midst of a bay, upon the neck of a narrow mountain, which thrusts itself into the sea, having at the uppermost end a steep high rock, so celebrated by the poets, and hyperbolically described by Homer as inaccessible. The fables are indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp rocks at the foot of the greater: these are the dogs that are said to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them make a noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why Scylla is said to devour the fishes, as Homer expresses it,

' When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,  
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;  
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,  
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.'

the reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the drowned. But Scylla is now without danger, the current not setting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

' Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,'

when they stand twelve miles distant: I rather conjecture, adds he, that there has been more than one Charybdis, occasioned by the recoiling streams: as there is one between the south end of this bay of Scylla and the opposite point of Sicily; there the waves justling make a violent eddy, which when the winds are rough, more than threaten destruction to ships, as I have heard from the Scyllians, when seeking perhaps to avoid the then more impetuous turning, they have been driven by weather upon the not far distant Scylla.'

Strabo (as Eustathius remarks) speaking of the Leontines, says, that they were an inhospitable people, Cyclopeans, and Læstrigons: and adds, that Scylla and Charybdis were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those rocks, and the mur-

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75  
That bears Ambrosia to th' ethereal king,

ders and depredations of the robbers, these fictions might arise they might murder six of the companions of Ulysses, and throw them into the sea from Scylla, which may be expressed in their being said to be swallowed up by that monster.

Bochart judges that the names of Scylla and Charybdis are of Phœnician extract, the one derived from *Sool*, which signifies loss and ruin, the other from *Chorobdam*, which implies the abyss of destruction.

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times, the violence of the waters may not only have enlarged their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as anciently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskilfulness of the ancients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

V. 74. *Hence nam'd Erratic —*] It will reconcile the reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that Homer, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the Symplegades, to the description of Scylla and Charybdis: such a fiction of the justling of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the ancients, who had before heard of the same property in the Symplegades. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had passed a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discovered to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. Strabo agrees, that Homer borrowed his description of Scylla and Charybdis from the Symplegades; Homer (says he) describes these, like the Cyanean rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known his-

Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,  
 The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;  
 Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,  
 Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way:  
 O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,  
 And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.  
 Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,  
 The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!  
 Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride      85  
 Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

tory: thus he feigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the Canean, which from their justling are called Symplegades.

V. 75. — — *No dove of swiftest wing,  
 That bears Amlrosia to th' ethereal king* ]

What might give Homer this notion, might be what is related of the Symplegades. Phineus being asked by Jason if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; Jason answers, as swift as a dove. Then, said Phineus, send a dove between the rocks; and if she escapes, you may pass in safety. Jason complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail, that hero immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder: this story being reported of the Symplegades, might give Homer the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis. You may find in Eustathius several far-fetched notions upon this passage, but I shall pass them over in silence. Longinus blames it, and I have ventured in the translation to omit that particular which occasioned his censure.

V. 85. — — *Jove's imperial bride  
 Wing'd her fleet sail — —*]

A poet should endeavour to raise his images and expressions as far as



High in the air the rock its summit shrouds  
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;  
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,  
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90  
When all the broad expansion bright with day  
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray,  
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,  
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.  
Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95  
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with  
twenty hands;  
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise  
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.  
Full in the center of this rock display'd,  
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: 100  
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,  
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.  
Wide to the west the horrid gulph extends,  
And the dire passage down to hell descends.

possible above meanness and vulgarity: in this respect no poet was ever more happy than Homer: this place is an instance of it; it means no more than that while Jason made his voyage he had favourable winds and serene air. As Juno is frequently used in Homer to denote the air, he ascribes the prosperous wind to that goddess, who presides over the air: Thus in poetry, Juno

‘ Wing’d her fleet sail, and push’d her o’er the tide.’

EUSTATHIUS.

V. 104. *And the dire passage down to hell descends.*] Homer means by hell, the regions of death, and uses it to teach us that there

O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,                   105  
 Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;  
 Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,  
 Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and gods!  
 Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar  
 The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.                   110

is no passing by this rock without destruction; or, in Homer's words, it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 109. — — *With less terrors roar*  
*The whelps of lions — —]*

The words in the original are, σκυλακῶ νεογιλῆς, which in the proper and immediate sense do not confine it to the whelps of a lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind: νεογιλον Eustathius interprets νεωστὶ γινόμενον, or newly whelped, and in the latter sense the passage is understood by that author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκυλακῶ ὀλιγῇ, Σκυλλῇ δὲ μεγάλῃ κακῇ; that is, 'the voice of a whelp is low, but Scylla is described as an huge monster;' and the poet uses it as we do this expression; 'The voice of a wicked man is soft, but his deeds are mischievous and abominable.' I have ventured to translate the words in the other sense, after most interpreters, for Homer expresses the voice of Scylla by Δεῖρον λελακνυῖα, or, 'uttering a dreadful noise:' now what he calls her voice, is nothing but the roaring of the waves in storms when they beat against that rock; and this being very loud, is better represented by the roaring of a lion, than the complaining of a young whelp. Chapman follows Eustathius.

'For here the whuling Scylla shrowds her face,  
 That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more base  
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries.'

Which is really burlesque enough. Dacier renders the word by 'rugissement d'un jeune lion,' or the roarings of a young lion.

Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;  
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;  
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;  
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;  
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide; 115  
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.  
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,  
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;  
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,  
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way; 120  
The swiftest racer of the azure plain  
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;  
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,  
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.  
Close by, a rock of less enormous height 125  
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous strait;  
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,  
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;

V. 118. *The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food.*] Polybius (as Strabo remarks) contends, that Homer in all his fictions alludes to the customs of antiquity: for instance, Scylla was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as Homer mentions: this was the manner of taking the sea-dog; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approached, which usually swam with more than half of the body above water: Ulysses is this speculator, who stands armed with his spear; and it is probable, adds Polybius, that Homer thought Ulysses really visited Scylla, since he ascribes to Scylla that manner of fishing which is really practised by the Scyllians.

Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign  
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;  
 Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,           131  
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.

V 127. *Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise.*] These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree described in vain, it is the means of preserving the life of Ulysses in the sequel of the story. The poet describes the fig-tree loaded with leaves, even this circumstance is of use, for the branches would then bend downward to the sea by their weight, and be reached by Ulysses more easily. It shews likewise, that this shipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked. EUSTATHIUS.

Dacier gathers from hence, that the season was autumn, meaning the time when Ulysses arrived among the Phæacians; but this is a mistake, for he was cast upon the Ogygian coast by this storm, and there remained with Calypso many years. The branch with which Ulysses girds his loins in the sixth book is described with leaves, and that is indeed a full proof that he was thrown upon the Phæacian shores before the season in which trees shed their leaves, and probably in the autumn.

V. 131. *Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,  
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.*]

Strabo quotes this passage to prove, that Homer understood the flux and reflux of the ocean. 'An instance,' says he, 'of the care that poet took to inform himself in all things, is what he writes concerning the tides, for he calls the reflux *απορροή*, or the 'revolution of the waters' he tells us, that Scylla (it should be Charybdis) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tides.' There are indeed but two tides in a day, but this is the error of the librarians, who put *τρίς* for *δύς*. Eustathius solves the expression of the three tides differently; it ought to be understood of the

Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves  
 When seas retreating roar within her caves,  
 Ye perish all! though he who rules the main 135  
 Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.  
 Ah shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,  
 'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,  
 Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r declare, 140  
 Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?  
 Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,  
 Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?  
 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind, 145  
 And never, never be to heav'n resign'd?  
 How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?  
 Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!  
 Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!  
 Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold! 150  
 She mocks the weak attempts of human might;  
 O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.

νυχθήμερον, of the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

V. 142. *Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?*] This short question excellently declares the undaunted spirit of this hero; Circe lays before him the most affrighting danger; Ulysses immediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his friends, and the poet artfully at the same time makes that goddess launch out into the praise of his intrepidity; a judicious method to exalt the character of his hero. DACIER.

If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,  
 Again the fury vindicates her prey,  
 Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.  
 From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air 156  
 This dreadful pest! To her direct thy pray'r,  
 To curb the monster in her dire abodes,  
 And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.  
 Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way, •160  
 Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!

V. 156. — — *Cratæis gave to air*  
*This dreadful pest — —]*

It is not evident who this Cratæis is whom the poet makes the mother of Scylla. Eustathius informs us that it is Hecate, a goddess very properly recommended by Circe; she, like Circe, being the president over sorceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of Scylla? Dacier imagines that Homer speaks enigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or poetry.

V. 161. *Where graze thy herds — —]* This fiction concerning the immortal herds of Apollo is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in ancient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: these being always of a fixed number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the poet feigns that they never bred or increased. and being constantly supplied upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the same cause one of the most famous legions of antiquity was called *immortal*.) Eustathius informs us, that they were labouring oxen employed in tillage, and it was esteemed a particular profanation to destroy a labouring ox. it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offered even in sacrifices to the gods, and a crime punishable with death by the laws of Solon. So that the moral intended by

Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,  
Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains;  
The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,  
By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165  
Two sister goddesses possess the plain,  
The constant guardians of the woolly train;  
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,  
From Phœbus and the bright Neaia sprung:  
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170  
And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.  
Rob not the god! and so propitious gales  
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;  
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,  
The gods, the gods avenge it, and ye die! 175  
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)  
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.  
She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;  
Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.

Homer in this fable of the violation of the herds of Apollo is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the gods. As to the flocks of sheep, Herodotus informs us, that in Apollonia along the Ionian gulf, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that deity, and were therefore inviolable.

V. 179. *Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.*] It is very judicious in the poet not to amuse us with repeating the compliments that passed between these two lovers at parting: the commerce Ulysses held with Circe was so far from contributing to the end of the Odyssey, that it was one of the greatest impediments to it; and therefore Homer dismisses that subject in a few words, and passes on directly to the great sufferings and adventures of his hero, which are

Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,      180  
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;  
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew  
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.  
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with fresh'ning gales  
The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling sails:  
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;      186  
The vessel light along the level glides.  
When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,  
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,      190  
Attend while I what heav'n foredooms disclose:  
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies  
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,  
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;      195  
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,  
The gods allow to hear the dang'rous sound.  
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,  
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

essential to the poem. But it may not be unnecessary to observe how artfully the poet connects this episode of Circe with the thread of it, he makes even the goddess who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice she gives him how to escape the dangers of the ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages it is true she detains him out of fondness, but yet this very fondness is of use to him, since it makes a goddess his instructor, and as it were a guide to his country.



While yet I speak the winged galley flies, 200  
And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.  
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,  
And waves below, at once forgot to move!  
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,  
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.  
Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply; 206  
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.  
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,  
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;  
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day, 210  
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;  
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,  
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.  
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,  
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold. 215  
Then bending to the stroke, the active train  
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,  
Our swift approach the Siren quire describes;  
Celestial music warbles from their tongue, 220  
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

Oh stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!  
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!

V. 222. *O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!*] There are several things remarkable in this short song of the Sirens: one of the first words they speak is the name of Ulysses; this shews that they had a kind of omniscience; and it could not fail of raising the curiosity of

Bless'd is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,  
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear. 225  
 Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!  
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!  
 We know whate'er the kings of mighty name  
 Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;  
 Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies. 230  
 O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;  
 My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;

a wise man, to be acquainted with persons of such extensive knowledge· the song is well adapted to the character of Ulysses: it is not pleasure or dalliance with which they tempt that hero, but a promise of wisdom, and a recital of the war of Troy and his own glory. Cicero was so pleased with these verses, that he translated them, lib. v. 'de finibus bon. et mal.'

'O Decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulysses,  
 Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus'  
 Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cærule cursu,  
 Quin prius adstiterit vocum dulcedine captus;  
 Post, variis avido satiatus pectore musis,  
 Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.  
 Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus  
 Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,  
 Omniaque elatis rerum vestigia terris.'

Homer saw (says Tully) that his fable could not be approved, if he made his hero to be taken with a mere song· the Sirens therefore promise knowledge, the desire of which might probably prove stronger than the love of his country: to desire to know all things, whether useful or trifles, is a faulty curiosity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirst of knowledge, is an instance of a greatness of soul.

I give the sign, and struggle to be free:  
 Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;    235  
 New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,  
 Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:  
 Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,  
 The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;    240  
 Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!  
 Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,  
 All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!

V. 241. — — *The smoking billows roll'd.*] What is to be understood by the smoke of the billows? Does the poet mean a real fire arising from the rocks? Most of the critics have judged that the rock vomited out flames; for Homer mentions in the beginning of this book,

— — Πυρος τ' ὀλοοιο θελλαται.

I have taken the liberty to translate both these passages in a different sense; by the smoke I understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the 'storms of fire' (as Homer expresses it) the reflections the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames; thus in storms literally

' — — Ardescunt ignibus undæ.'

Scylla and Charybdis are in a continual storm, and may therefore be said to emit flames. I have softened the expression in the translation by inserting the word *seem*.

Ulysses continues upon one of these rocks several hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon Charybdis; but both the fig-tree and Ulysses must have been consumed, if the rock had really emitted flames.

No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,  
 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave; 245  
 Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man  
 With look serene I turn'd, and thus began.  
 O friends! Oh often try'd in adverse storms!  
 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!  
 Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, 250  
 Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

V. 250. *Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,  
 Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way* ]

Plutarch excellently explains this passage in his Dissertation, 'How a man may praise himself without blame or envy' 'Ulysses,' says that author, 'speaks not out of vanity, he saw his companions terrified with the noise, tumult, and smoke of the gulfs of Scylla and Charybdis; he therefore, to give them courage, reminds them of his wisdom and valour, which they found had frequently extricated them from other dangers: this is not vain-glory or boasting, but the dictate of wisdom; to infuse courage into his friends, he engages his virtue, prowess, and capacity, for their safety, and shews what confidence they ought to repose in his conduct.' Virgil puts the words of Ulysses in the mouth of Æneas.

'O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,  
 O passi graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.  
 Vos et Scyllæam rabiem penitusque sonantes  
 Accestis scopulos: vos et Cyclopea saxa  
 Experti, revocate animos, mœstumque timorem  
 Mittite. Foisan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit'

It must be allowed, that Virgil has improved what he borrows; it tends more to confirm the courage of his friends than what Ulysses speaks: Macrobius is of this opinion; Saturn. lib. v. cap. 11. Ulysses lays before his companions only one instance of his conduct in escap-

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:  
 Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!  
 Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;  
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255  
 If from yon justling rocks and wavy war  
 Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.  
 And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,  
 Pilot, attentive listen and obey! 259  
 Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves  
 Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;  
 Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around  
 We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,  
 Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas. 265  
 Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;  
 That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,  
 All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;

ing dangers, Æneas mentions a second: there is something more strong in

‘ — — Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,’

than in *καὶ περ τῶν μνησέσθαι οἶω*, not only as it gives them hope to escape, but as it is an assurance that this very danger shall be a pleasure, and add to their future happiness: it is not only an argument of resolution, but consolation. Scaliger agrees with Macrobius, ‘*Ex ipsis periculis proponit voluptatem: nihil enim jucundius eâ memoriâ quæ periculorum evasionem, victoriamque recordatione repræsentat.*’

V. 268. — — *Forgetful of the voice divine,*

*All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine.]*

This seemingly small circumstance is not without a good effect: it

High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand,      270  
 Two glitt'ring jav'lins lighten in my hand;  
 Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,  
 Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.  
 Around the dungeon, studious to behold  
 The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;      275  
 In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night  
 Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight. \*

Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,  
 We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;  
 Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,      280  
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.  
 When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves  
 The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;

shews that Ulysses, even by the injunctions of a goddess, cannot lay aside the hero It is not out of a particular care of his own safety that he arms himself, for he takes his stand in the most open and dangerous part of the vessel. It is an evidence likewise that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection; for it is plain that, as Horace expresses it,

‘ Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa  
 Pertulit’ — —

By this conduct we see likewise, that all the parts of the Odyssey are consistent, and that the same care of his companions, which Homer ascribes to Ulysses in the first lines of it, is visible through the whole poem.

V. 283. *The rough rock roars* — —] I doubt not every reader who is acquainted with Homer, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verses to the horrible subject he describes, and paints the roarings of the ocean in words as sonorous as that element.

Δεινὸν ἀνεβροῦσθαι — τρις ἀναβοῶσθαι — ἀναβροῦξαι — βομβήσεν, &c. ‘ Sub-

They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,  
 Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285  
 Eternal mists obscure th' aerial plain,  
 And high above the rock she spouts the main;  
 When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,  
 She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:  
 The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound; 290  
 Deep, wond'rous deep below, appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd  
 The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;  
 When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,  
 Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away; 295  
 Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;  
 I turn and view them quivering in the skies;  
 They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms implore:  
 In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.  
 As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300  
 The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,

jicit rem oculis, et aurium nostrarum dominus est,' says Scaliger. It is impossible to preserve the beauty of Homer, in a language so much inferior; but I have endeavoured to imitate what I could not equal. I have clogged the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the harshest our language affords; and clogged it with monosyllables, that the concourse of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronunciation, and the most open and sounding vowel occur in every word.

V. 300. *As from some rock that overhangs the flood,*

*The silent fisher — —]*

These tender and calm similitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduced to illustrate such images of terror as the poet here describes:

With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,  
 And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:  
 So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,  
 So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;      305  
 In the wide dungeon she devours her food,  
 And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.  
 Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;  
 Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!  
 My shiv'ring blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;      310  
 Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,  
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;  
 To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,  
 And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view.      315  
 There sacred to the radiant god of day,  
 Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;  
 Then suddenly was heard along the main  
 To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,  
 Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd  
 The words of Circe and the Theban shade;      321  
 Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,  
 With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

they set off each the other by an happy contrast, and become both more strong by opposition. Eustathius remarks, that there is always a peculiar sweetness in allusions that are borrowed from calm life, as fishing, hunting, and rural affairs.

V. 314. *To Sol's bright isle* — —] This isle is evidently Sicily; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on Trinacria (so anciently called from the three promontories of Lilybæum, Pelorus, and Pachynus).



O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!  
Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye hear!  
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade 326  
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd!  
Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:  
Fly these dire regions, and revere the gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran 330  
Through ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man,  
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd  
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!  
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes; 335  
And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?  
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,  
The sun descending, and so near the shore?  
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,  
And doubles all the terrors of the main. 340  
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,  
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;  
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,  
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,  
Though gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain 345  
To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain:

V. 332. *Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.*] Homer has found out a way to turn reproach into praise. What Eurylochus speaks in his wrath against Ulysses as a fault, is really his glory; it shews him to be indefatigable, patient in adversity, and obedient to the decrees of the gods. And what still heightens the panegyric is, that it is spoken by an enemy, who must therefore be free from all suspicion of flattery. DACIER.

Then while the night displays her awful shade,  
 Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!  
 Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray  
 Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way. 350  
 A sudden joy in every bosom rose;  
 So will'd some demon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief — O swift to be undone,  
 Constrain'd I act what wisdom bid me shun.  
 But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear; 355  
 Attest the heav'ns, and call the gods to hear:  
 Content, an innocent repast display,  
 By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,  
 With hands uplifted they attest the skies; 360  
 Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,  
 They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:  
 They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)  
 Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.

V. 363. — — — *And now (their hunger fled)*

*Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.]*

This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary; the companions of Ulysses appear to have forgot their lost friends, they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practice of Ulysses's friends is consonant to the customs of antiquity: it was esteemed a profanation and a piece of ingratitude to the gods, to mix sorrow with their entertainments: the hours of repast were allotted to joy, and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practice bears a secret instruction, viz. that the principal care is owing to the living;

Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares 365  
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,  
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:  
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,  
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies; 370  
The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host  
Seem, as extinct, and all their splendours lost;  
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:  
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.  
All night it rag'd; when morning rose, to land 735  
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,  
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess  
~~Dance~~ the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,  
Thus careful I address'd the list'ning train. 380

O friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy  
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.  
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;  
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!  
That god who spreads the radiant beams of light, 385  
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. *Æneas* and his friends are drawn in the same attitude by *Virgil*:

' Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,  
Amisssos longo socios sermone requirunt;  
Præcipuè pius *Æneas*, nunc acris *Oronti*,  
Nunc *Amyci* casum gemit,' &c.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,  
 The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;  
 Unhurt the bees, untouch'd the woolly train,  
 Low through the grove, or range the flow'ry plain: 390  
 Then fail'd our food, then fish we make our prey,  
 Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.  
 Till now from sea or flood no succour found,  
 Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.  
 Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd, 395  
 From the loud storms to find a silvan shade;  
 There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;  
 And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,  
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,  
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again. ~~400~~  
 Then o'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,  
 While thus Eurylochus arising said.

V. 395. *Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd.*] It was necessary (remarks Eustathius) for the poet to invent some pretext to remove Ulysses: if he had been present, his companions ~~could~~ not to have disobeyed him openly, or if they had, it would have shewed a want of authority, which would have been a disparagement to that hero. Now what pretext could be more rational than to suppose him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the gods? His affairs are brought to the utmost extremity, his companions murmur, and hunger oppresses. The poet therefore, to bring about the crime of these offenders by probable methods, represents Ulysses retiring to supplicate the gods, a conduct which they ought to have imitated: besides there is a poetical justice observed in the whole relation, and by the piety of Ulysses, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we see them perish, and Ulysses preserved from all his dangers.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead  
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;  
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay 405  
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.  
 Why cease ye then t' implore the pow'rs above,  
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove?  
 Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?  
 Arise unanimous; arise and slay! 410  
 And if the gods ordain a safe return,  
 To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.  
 But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,  
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,  
 Better to rush at once to shades below, 415  
~~Then~~ linger life away, and nourish woe!

V. 412. *To Phœlus shrines shall rise, — —*] Eurylochus puts on an air of piety to persuade his companions to commit sacrilege: 'Let us sacrifice,' says he, 'to the gods:' as if obedience were not better than sacrifice. Homer understood the nature of man, which is studious to find excuses to justify our crimes; and we often offend, merely through hopes of a pardon. DACIER.

The word in the original is *αγαλματα*, which does not signify statues, but ornaments, *αναθηματα*, hung up, or reposed in the temples; such as

— — *Αγλαιης ενεκα κομωσιν ανακτες,*

or as it is expressed in the Iliad,

— — *Βασιλιη κειται αγαλμα.*

Hesychius interprets *αγαλμα* to be, *παν εφ' ω τις αγαλλεται*, εκ ως συνηθεια ζωονον; that is, *αγαλμα* signifies every ornament with which a person is delighted or adorned; not a statue, as it is understood by the generality. DACIER. EUSTATHIUS.

Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,  
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;  
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,  
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine. 420  
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;  
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.

With pray'r they now address th' ethereal train,  
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain:  
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art, 425  
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.  
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,  
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.  
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,  
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast 430

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;  
Back to the bark I speed along the main.  
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,  
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;  
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood. 435  
And thus obtesting heav'n I mourn'd aloud.

O sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!  
Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!  
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?  
O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes! 440  
A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,  
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!

Meantime Lampetie mounts th' aerial way,  
And kindles into rage the god of day:

Vengeance, ye pow'rs, (he cries) and thou whose  
 hand 445  
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writthen brand!  
 Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,  
 When through the ports of heav'n I pour the day,  
 Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.  
 Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forego, 450  
 And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.

V. 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.* ] This is a very bold fiction; for how can the sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to shine within the earth, for there the realm of Pluto is placed by Homer? I am persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. Erebus is placed in the west, where the sun sets, and consequently when he disappears, he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness, or Erebus.

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness of the sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happened at a time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the poets liberty to feign that the sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of Cæsar, the globe of the sun was obscured, or gave but a weak light, (says Plutarch) a whole year: and Pliny, lib. ii. 80. 'Fiunt prodigiosi et longiores solis defectus, totius pænè anni pallore continuo.' This Virgil directly applies to the horror the Sun conceived at the death of Cæsar. Geog. i.

' Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,  
 Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,  
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.'

And if Virgil might say that the sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the Romans, why may not Homer say the same concerning the crime of the companions of Ulysses? Dacier imagines that Homer had heard of the sun's standing still at the voice of Joshua; for if

To whom the thund'ring pow'r: O source of day!  
 Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,  
 Still may thy beams through heav'n's bright portals rise.  
 The joy of earth, and glory of the skies; 455  
 Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,  
 To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,  
 Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.

Meantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,  
 My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames. 461  
 In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,  
 Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground  
 Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound, 465  
 Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

(says she) he could stand still in the upper region, why may not he do the same in the contrary hemisphere, that is, in the language of Homer, 'bear his lamps to shades below?' But this seems to be spoken without any foundation, there being no occasion to have recourse to that miraculous event for a solution.

V. 458. *To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,  
 Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.*]

These lines are inserted (as Eustathius observes) solely to reconcile the story to credibility; for how was it possible for Ulysses to arrive at the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the gods are discovered are happily chosen; Mercury was the messenger of heaven, and it is this god who descends to Calypso in the fifth book of the Odyssey. so that there was a correspondence between Calypso and Mercury, and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that goddess, and she, out of affection to Ulysses.



Six guilty days my wretched mates employ  
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;

V. 464. *Now heav'n gave signs of wrath, along the ground  
Crept the raw hides — —]*

This passage (says Eustathius) gave an occasion of laughter to men disposed to be merry, *Λαῶας γελοισμὸς δέδωκε τοῖς παίζειν ἐθέλοσι*. He adds, that the terrors of a guilty conscience drove the companions of Ulysses into these imaginations: guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, so that these appearances were nothing but the illusions of a disturbed imagination. He cites a passage from the Calliope of Herodotus to vindicate Homer. Artayctes, a Persian general, had plundered a temple in which was the tomb of Protesilaus, where great riches were deposited, afterwards he was besieged in Sestus, and taken prisoner: one day, one of his guards was boiling salted fishes (*ταριχῶν*), and they leaped, and moved as if they had been alive, and newly taken out of the water. divers persons crowded about the place, and wondered at the miracle; when Artayctes said, 'Friends, you are not at all concerned in this miracle: Protesilaus, though dead, admonishes me by this sign, that the gods have given him power to revenge the injury I offered to his monument in Eleus.' But this is justifying one fable by another, and this looks also like the effects of a guilty conscience.

This is not among the passages condemned by Longinus; and indeed it was no way blameable, if we consider the times when it was spoken, and the persons to whom it is related: I mean Phæacians, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said injudiciously by a great writer, may very properly be applied to these people; 'Credo, quia impossibile est.' But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story: Homer has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as necromancy, witchcraft, and natural portents; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevailed among the ancients: let any one read Livy, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believed at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking oxen, the sweating of the statues

The seventh arose, and now the sire of gods      469  
 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods :  
 With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails  
 Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.  
 Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,  
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!  
 When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms      475  
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.  
 Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies  
 The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.

of the gods, in the best Roman histories. If such wonders might have a place in history, they may certainly be allowed room in poetry, whose province is fable: it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame; this is a sufficient foundation for poetry. *Virgil, Georg. 478.*

' — — Pecudesque locutæ,  
 Infandum' sistunt amnes,' &c.

The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: they are now almost universally disbelieved, and therefore ~~could not~~ be approved as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagances.

V. 477. — — *And now out flies  
 The gloomy west, &c.]*

Longinus, while he condemns the Odyssey as wanting fire, through the decay of Homer's fancy, excepts the descriptions of the tempests, which he allows to be painted with the boldest and strongest strokes of poetry. Let any person read that passage in the fifth book, and he will be convinced of the fire of Homer's fancy.

Ως ειπων συναλεν νεφελας, εταραξε δε πονλον,  
 Χερσι τριαιναν ελων, πασας δ' οροθυγεν αελλας  
 Πανλοιων ανεμων, συν δε νεφεεσσι καλυψε  
 Γαιαν ομς και πονλον· ορωρει δ' ερανοθεν νυξ.

The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast  
 Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:  
 The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends, 481  
 Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:  
 The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,  
 Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.

The two last lines are here repeated; and Scaliger, a second Zoilus of Homer, allows them to be 'omnia pulchra, plena, gravia,' p. 469. There is a storm in the very words, and the horrors of it are visible in the verses.

Virgil was master of too much judgment, not to embellish his Æneid with this description,

‘Incubueri mari, totumque a sedibus imis  
 Unâ Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
 Africus, et vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus,  
 Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque diemque  
 Tencrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.’

These are almost literally translated from the above-mentioned verses of Homer, and these following.

Συν δ' Εὐρῶ τε Νότῳ τ' ἔπεσε, Ζεφύρος τε δυσᾶης  
 Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενετης, μέγα κύμα κυλινδων.

Scaliger calls the verses of Homer, 'divina oratio,' but prefers those of Virgil. 'Totumque a sedibus imis,' is stronger than *εραραξε ποντον*, &c. and *αἰθρηγενετης* is an ill chosen epithet, to be used to describe a storm, for it carries an image of serenity. But that is to be understood of the general nature of that wind: as a river may be said to be gentle, though capable to be swelled into a flood. But I leave the preference to the reader's judgment.

V. 483. *The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain.*] There is a great similitude between this passage and some verses in Virgil, in which, as Scaliger judges, and perhaps with reason, the preference is to be given to the Roman poet. 'Tenuissima,' says that critic, 'et levissima utitur narratione Homerus.'

Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll, 485  
 And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,  
 Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:  
 Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,  
 Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow; 490  
 At once into the main the crew it shook:  
 Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.  
 Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,  
 Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;  
 And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies. 495  
 Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main  
 Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain

Πλήξε κυβερνήτew κεφαλὴν, συν δ' οστεα ἀραῖε  
 Παντ' ἀμυδὶς κεφαλῆς, ο δ' ἀργενῆρι εοικως  
 Καππέσι

And again,

— — πῶσον δ' ἐκ γῆρος ἑταῖροι.

Οἱ δὲ κορωνήσιν ἰκέλοι περὶ νῆα μελαιναῶν·

Κυμασὶν ἐμφορεοῖτο.

— — Ingens a vertice Pontus

In puppim ferit; excutitur, pronusque magister

Volvitur in caput.'

— — Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem

Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex,

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

There is certainly better versification in these lines of Virgil, than in those of Homer: there is better colouring, and they set the thing they describe full before our eyes. Virgil has omitted the two short similitudes of the diver, and the sea-mews, despairing perhaps to make them shine in the Roman language. There is a third simile in Homer

Again impetuous drove the furious blast,  
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.  
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, 500  
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,  
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

Now sunk the west, and now a southern breeze  
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;  
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves, 505  
And dire Charybdis rolls her thund'ring waves.  
All night I drove; and, at the dawn of day,  
Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:  
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,  
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides. 510  
Swim from the float I vaulted with a bound,  
The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around,  
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,  
And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.  
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd, 515  
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade;  
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,  
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.  
What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar  
To take repast, and stills the wordy war, 520  
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,  
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.

of the bat or bird of night, *Noxlepis*, which is introduced to represent Ulysses clinging round the fig-tree. It is true the whole three are taken from low subjects, but they very well paint the thing they were intended to illustrate.

Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,  
Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main ;

V. 519. *What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar,  
To take repast — —]*

This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by Mons. Perrault Ulysses being carried (says that author) on his mast towards Charybdis, leaps from it, and clings like a bat round a fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulfs of it; and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a judge when he rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having tried several causes. But Boileau fully vindicates Homer in his reflections on Longinus: before the use of dials or clocks the ancients distinguished the day by some remarkable offices or stated employments: as from the dining of the labourer.

‘ — — What time in some sequester'd vale  
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.’

Iliad xi. ver. 119. See the Annotations; so here from the rising of the judges: and both denote the midday, or noontide hour. Thus it is used by Hippocrates, who speaking of a person wounded with a javelin in the liver, says he died *πριν αγορην λυθηναι*, a little before the breaking up of the assembly, or before the judge rises from his tribunal; or, as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the market: there is a parallel expression in Xenophon *αγοραν πληθεσαν*. This rising of the judge Perrault makes a comparison, to express the joy which Ulysses conceived at the sight of the return of his mast; than which nothing can be more distant from Homer's sentiment.

From this description we may precisely learn the time that passed while Ulysses clung round the fig-tree.

‘ — — — At the dawn of day,  
Fast by the rocks I plough'd the desp'rate way.

So that at morning he leaped from his float, and about noon recovered it: now Eustathius affirms, that in the space of twenty-four hours there are three tides, and dividing that time into three parts, Ulysses

Once more undaunted on the ruin rode, 525  
 And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.  
 Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:  
 So Jove decreed, (dread sire of men and gods)  
 Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,  
 Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze. 530  
 Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,  
 Where the tenth sun descended to the main.

will appear to have remained upon the rock eight hours. The exact time when the judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent Boileau supposes it to be about three o'clock in the afternoon; Dacier about two: but the time was certain among the ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the judge entered his tribunal, and when he left it.

V 532. *When the tenth sun descended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. Ulysses continued upon the mast ten days, and consequently ten days without any nourishment. Longinus brings this passage as an instance of the decay of Homer's genius, and his launching out into extravagant fables. I wonder Eustathius should be silent about this objection; but Dacier endeavours to vindicate Homer, from a similar place in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxvii. ver. 33, where St. Paul says to the sailors, 'This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.' Now if the sailors in the Acts could fast fourteen days, why might not Ulysses fast ten? But this place by no means comes up to the point. The words are τεσσαρεσκαίδεκατον σημερον ημεραν προσδοκωντες; that is, expecting the fourteenth day (which is to-day), you continue without eating; so the meaning is, they had taken no food all that day; the danger was so great, that they had no leisure to think upon hunger. This is the literal construction of the words, and implies that out of expectation of the fourteenth day (which they looked upon as a critical time when their danger would be at the highest) they had forgot to take their usual repast; and not, that they had fasted fourteen days. But if any person thinks that the fasting is to

There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bow'rs  
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguild the hours.

be applied to the whole fourteen days, it must be in that latitude wherein interpreters expound Hesiod :

— — — ὅδε τε σίτον

Ἡστίων — — —

which signifies not that they eat no meat at all, but that they had not leisure through their danger to observe the usual and stated hours of repast: they eat in their arms, with their hands fouled with blood. But I take the former sense to be the better. Besides, it is impossible to make this place of any service to Homer; for if these men continued so long fasting, it was a miraculous fast; and how can this be applied to Ulysses, who is not imagined to owe his power of fasting to any supernatural assistance? But it is almost a demonstration that the sailors in the Acts eat during the tempest: why should they abstain? It was not for want of food; for at St. Paul's injunction they take some sustenance: now it is absurd to imagine a miracle to be performed, when common and easy means were at hand to make such a supernatural act unnecessary. If they had been without food, then indeed a miracle might have been supposed to supply it. If they had died through fasting, when meat was at hand, they would have been guilty of starving themselves. If therefore we suppose a miracle, we must suppose it to be wrought, to prevent men from being guilty of wilful self-murder, which is an absurdity.

• Besides, the word *ασίτος* is used to denote a person who takes no food for the space of one day only, as *μνοσίτης* signifies a person who eats but one meal in the compass of one day; this therefore is an evidence, that the sailors in the Acts had not been without sustenance fourteen days.

In short, I am not in the number of those who think Homer has no faults; and unless we imagine Ulysses to have fasted ten days by the assistance of the gods, this passage must be allowed to be extravagant: it is true, Homer says, the gods guided him to the Ogygian shores; but he says not a word to soften the incredibility of the fasting of Ulysses, through an assistance of the gods. I am therefore in-



My following fates to thee, oh king, are known,  
 And the bright partner of thy royal throne. 536  
 Enough: in misery can words avail?  
 And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

clined to subscribe to the opinion of Longinus, that this relation is faulty; but say with Horace,

— — — Non ego paucis  
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
 Aut humana parum cavit natura.'



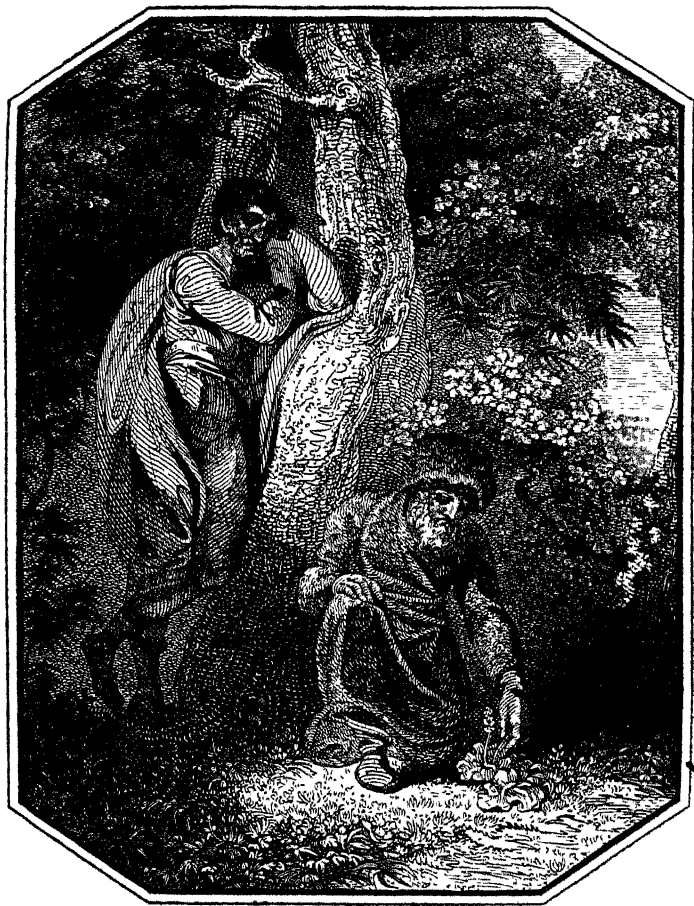
THE  
THIRTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

*ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.*





THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XIII.

HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear  
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.  
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:  
The grateful conference then the king resumes.

Whatever toils the great Ulysses past, 5  
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;  
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,  
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.  
But hear me, princes! whom these walls inclose,  
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows 10

V. 3. — — *The shady rooms.*] The epithet in the original is σκιοεντα, or *gloomy*: it is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the reader's mind the exact time when Ulysses made his narration to the Phæacians, namely, in the evening of the thirty-third day: we may likewise gather from this distinction of times the exact stay of Ulysses among the Phæacians; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty-first day in the evening, and lands about day-break on the thirty-fifth day in his own country; so that he stayed three nights only with Alcinous, one night being spent in his voyage to Ithaca from Phæacia.

With wine unmix'd, (an honour due to age,  
 To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage)  
 Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest  
 Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;  
 Without new treasures let him not remove, 15  
 Large, and expressive of the public love:  
 Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,  
 A gen'ral tribute, which the state shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address  
 To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest 20

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,  
 And shed her sacred light along the skies.  
 Down to the haven and the ships in haste  
 They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.  
 The king himself the vases rang'd with care. 25  
 Then bade his followers to the feast repair.  
 A victim ox beneath the sacred hand  
 Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.

V. 10. *For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows  
 With wine unmix'd, &c.]*

Homer calls the wine *γερυσιον*, or wine drank at the entertainment of elders, *γεροντων*, or men of distinction, says Eustathius; by the bard, he means Demodocus.

The same critic further remarks, that Homer judiciously shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of Ulysses: thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the subject of the song of Demodocus, these are circumstances that at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of Ulysses to begin his voyage toward his country. These therefore the poet briefly dispatches.



To Jove th' eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!  
 Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with show'rs)  
 The flames ascend: till evening they prolong 31  
 The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:  
 For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,  
 Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd.  
 All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight: 35  
 He sat, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;  
 Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,  
 His native home deep imag'd in his soul.  
 As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,  
 Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil, 40

V 39. *As the tir'd ploughman, &c*] The simile which Homer chooses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of Ulysses; it is familiar, but expressive. Horace was not of the judgment of those who thought it mean, for he uses it in his Epistles.

' — — — — diesque

Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;

Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, quæ spem

Consiliumque morantur,' &c.

It was very necessary to dwell upon this impatience of Ulysses to return: it would have been absurd to have represented him cool, or even moderately warm, upon this occasion; he had refused immortality through the love of his country; it is now in his power to return to it; he ought therefore, consistently with his former character, to be drawn with the utmost earnestness of soul, and every moment must appear tedious that keeps him from it; it shews therefore the judgment of Homer to describe him in this manner, and not to pass it over cursorily, but force it upon the notice of the reader, by insisting upon it somewhat largely, and illustrating it by a proper similitude, to fix it more strongly upon our memory.

Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,  
When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way  
To late repast, (the day's hard labour done :)  
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.

Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest, 45  
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address.

O thou, the first in merit and command!  
And you the peers and princes of the land!  
May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the least,  
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast, 50  
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.  
Complete are now the bounties you have giv'n,  
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n!  
So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,  
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55  
On you be ev'ry bliss; and ev'ry day,  
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away;  
Yourselves, your wives, your long descending race,  
May ev'ry god enrich with ev'ry grace!  
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand, 60  
And public evil never touch the land!

His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd  
Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.

V. 53. *Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n!']* This is a pious and instructive sentence, and teaches, that though riches were heaped upon us with the greatest abundance and superfluity; yet, unless heaven adds its benediction, they will prove but at best a burden and calamity.

The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,  
 To fill the goblet high with rosy wine : 65  
 Great Jove the father, first (he cry'd) implore;  
 Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;  
 Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:  
 Each from his seat to each immortal pours, 70  
 Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bow'rs.  
 Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,  
 The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;  
 Then thus: O queen, farewell! be still possess'd  
 Of dear remembrance, blessing still and bless'd! 75  
 Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,  
 (Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)  
 Farewell! and joys successive ever spring  
 To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

V. 73. *The bowl presenting to Arete's hands,*  
*Then thus — — — —]*

It may be asked why Ulysses addresses his words to the queen rather than the king: the reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first received him with hospitality, as appears from the seventh book of the Odyssey.

Ulysses makes a libation to the gods, and presents the bowl to the queen: this was the pious practice of antiquity upon all solemn occasions. Ulysses here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of it. The reason why he presents the bowl to the queen is, that she may first drink out of it, for so *προπίνειν* properly and originally signifies, *το ποτο εαυτῆς διδοῖναι τινα πίνειν*, says Eustathius. Propino is used differently by the Romans.

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore 80  
 To the fair port: a herald march'd before,  
 Sent by Alcinous: of Arete's train  
 Three chosen maids attend him to the main;  
 This does a tunic and white vest convey,  
 A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85  
 And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates  
 Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:  
 Upon the deck, soft painted robes, they spread,  
 With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.  
 He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest 90  
 The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train  
 Their cables loose, and launch into the main:  
 At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,  
 And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores. 95  
 While on the deck the chief in silence lies,  
 And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.  
 As fiery coursers in the rapid race,  
 Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,

V. 98. *As fiery coursers in the rapid race  
 Toss their high heads, &c.]*

The poet introduces two similitudes to represent the sailing of the Phæacian vessel: the former describes the motion of it, as it bounds and rises over the waves, like horses tossing their heads in a race; and also the steadiness of it, in that it sails with as much firmness over the billows, as horses tread upon the ground. The latter comparison is solely to shew the swiftness of the vessel.

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;  
 So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main. 101  
 Back to the stern the parted billows flow,  
 And the black ocean foams and roars below.

The word in the original is *τέτραοροι*; an instance, that four horses were sometimes joined to the chariot. Virgil has borrowed this comparison, *Æn.* v.

Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum  
 Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus,  
 Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora  
 Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.'

It must be allowed that nothing was ever more happily executed than this description, and the copy far exceeds the original. Macrobius, *Saturnal.* lib. v. gives this as his opinion, and his reasons for it. The Greek poet (says that author) paints only the swiftness of the horses when scourged by the driver; Virgil adds, the rushing of the chariot, the fields as it were devoured by the rapidity of the horses; we see the throwing up of the reins, in 'undantia lora;' and the attitude of the driver, leaning forward in the act of lashing the horses, in the words, 'Pronique in verbera pendent.' It is true, nothing could be added more elegantly than the *ὑψος αἰετομimνοι*, in Homer; it paints at once the swiftness of the race, and the rising posture of the horses in the act of running; but Virgil is more copious, and has omitted no circumstance, and set the whole race fully before our eyes; we may add, that the versification is as beautiful as the description complete; every ear must be sensible of it.

I will only further observe the judgment of Homer in speaking of every person in his particular character. When a vain-glorious Phæacian described the sailing of his own vessels, they were swift as thought, and endued with reason; when Homer speaks in his own person to his readers, they are said only to be as swift as hawks or horses: Homer speaks like a poet, with some degree of amplification, but not with so much hyperbole as Alcinous. No people speak so fondly as sailors of their own ships to this day, and particularly are still apt to talk of them as of living creatures.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;  
 Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies; 105  
 Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,  
 A man, in wisdom equal to a god!  
 Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,  
 In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;  
 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,  
 Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest. 111

But when the morning star with early ray  
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day;  
 Like distant clouds the mariner describes  
 Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. 115  
 Far from the town a spacious port appears,  
 Sacred to Phorcys' pow'r, whose name it bears:

V. 112. *But when the morning star with early ray  
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n — —]*

From this passage we may gather, that Ithaca is distant from Corcyra or Phæacia no farther than a vessel sails in the compass of one night; and this agrees with the real distance between those islands, an instance that Homer was well acquainted with geography: this is the morning of the thirty-fifth day.

V. 116. — — *A spacious port appears,  
 Sacred to Phorcys' — —]*

Phorcys was the son of Pontus and Terra, according to Hesiod's genealogy of the gods: this haven is said to be sacred to that deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it received its appellation.

The whole voyage of Ulysses to his country, and indeed the whole Odyssey, has been turned into allegory, which I will lay before the reader as an instance of a trifling industry and strong imagination. Ulysses is in search of true felicity, the Ithaca and Penelope of Ho-

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,  
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;  
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide, 120  
 And ships secure without their halsers ride.  
 High at the head a branching olive grows,  
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.  
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess  
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas; 125

Homer he runs through many difficulties and dangers, this shews that happiness is not to be attained without labour and afflictions. He has several companions, who perish by their vices, and he alone escapes by the assistance of the Phæacians, and is transported in his sleep to his country; that is, the Phæacians, whose name implies blackness, *φαισι*, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave: the ship is his grave, which is afterwards turned into a rock; which represents his monumental marble; his sleep means death, through which alone man arrives at eternal felicity. SPONDANUS.

V. 124. — — *A gloomy grotto's cool recess.*] Porphyry has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the Nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment; and another person has perverted it into the utmost obscenity, and both allegorically. Porphyry (observes Eustathius) is of opinion, that the cave means the world; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, because it was made out of darkness, and afterwards set in this agreeable order by the hand of the deity. It is consecrated to the Nymphs; that is, it is destined to the habitation of spiritual substances united to the body: the bowls and urns of living stone, are the bodies which are formed out of the earth; the bees that make their honey in the cave are the souls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the Nymphs roll their webs, are the bones over which the admirable embroidery of nerves, veins, and arteries, are spread; the fountains which water the cave are the seas, rivers, and lakes, that water the world; and the two gates are the two poles; through the northern the souls descend from heaven to animate the body, through the southern they

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,  
 And massy beams in native marble shone;  
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,  
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.  
 Within the cave, the clust'ring bees attend      130  
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.  
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;  
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;  
 Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,  
 But mortals enter at the northern end.      135

ascend to heaven, after they are separated from the body by death. But I confess I should rather choose to understand the description poetically, believing that Homer never dreamed of these matters, though the age in which he flourished was addicted to allegory. How often do painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not Homer write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his hero to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enlivened with the subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description. In short, I should much rather choose to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the description of the cave is lost, than credit such a laboured and distant allegory.

V. 134. *Sacred the south, by which the gods descend.*] Virgil has imitated the description of this haven, *Æn.* lib. i.

‘Est in secessu longo locus, insula portum  
 Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto  
 Frangitur,’ &c. — —

‘Within a long recess there lies a bay,  
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,



Thither they bent, and hau'd their ship to land,  
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)

And forms a port secure for ships to ride,  
Broke by the jutting land on either side,  
In double streams the briny waters glide.  
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a silvan scene  
Appears above, and groves for ever green:  
A grot is form'd beneath with mossy seats,  
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats;  
Down from the crannies of the living walls  
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls,  
No halsers need to bind the vessels here,  
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.'

DRYDEN.

Scaliger infinitely prefers the Roman poet: Homer, says he, speaks 'humilia humiliter, Virgilius grandiora magnifice;' but what I would chiefly observe is, not what Virgil has imitated, but what he has omitted; namely, all that seems odd or less intelligible; I mean the works of the bees in a cave so damp and moist; and the two gates through which the gods and men enter.

I shall offer a conjecture to explain these two lines:

'Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,  
But mortals enter at the northern end.'

It has been already observed, that the Ethiopians held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the gods were said to feast with the Ethiopians; that is, they were present with them by their statues: thus also Themis was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were convened, and when they were broken up they carried it away. Now we have already remarked, that this port was sacred to Phorcys, because he had a temple by it: it may not then be impossible, but that this temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the gods in their processions through the southern

Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,  
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.

gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it. for that reason the deities were said to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals.

V. 138. *Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,  
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.]*

There is nothing in the whole Odyssey that more shocks our reason than the exposing Ulysses asleep on the shore by the Phæacians. 'The passage (says Aristotle in his Poetics) where Ulysses is landed in Ithaca, is so full of absurdities, that they would be intolerable in a bad poet, but Homer has concealed them under an infinity of admirable beauties, with which he has adorned all that part of the Odyssey; these he has crowded together, as so many charms to hinder our perceiving the defects of the story:' Aristotle must be allowed to speak with great judgment; for what probability is there that a man so prudent as Ulysses, who was alone in a vessel at the discretion of strangers, should sleep so soundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all his baggage on shore, and the Phæacians should set sail, and he never awake? This is still more absurd, if we remember that Ulysses has his soul so strongly bent upon his country; is it then possible, that he could be thus sunk into a lethargy, in the moment when he arrives at it? 'However (says Monsieur Dacier in his reflections upon Aristotle's Poetics) Homer was not ashamed of that absurdity, but not being able to omit it, he used it to give probability to the succeeding story: it was necessary for Ulysses to land alone, in order to his concealment: if he had been discovered, the suitors would immediately have destroyed him, if not as the real Ulysses, yet under the pretext of his being an impostor; they would then have seized his dominions, and married Penelope: now if he had been waked, the Phæacians would have been obliged to have attended him, which he could not have denied with decency, nor accepted with safety: Homer therefore had no other way left to unravel his fable happily: but he knew what was absurd in this method, and uses means to hide it; he

His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid 140  
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,

lavishes out all his wit and address, and lays together such an abundance of admirable poetry, that the mind of the reader is so enchanted, that he perceives not the defect, he is, like Ulysses, lulled asleep, and knows no more than that hero, how he comes there. That great poet first describes the ceremony of Ulysses taking leave of Alcinous and his queen Arete, then he sets off the swiftness of the vessel by two beautiful comparisons: he describes the haven with great exactness, and adds to it the description of the cave of the Nymphs; this last astonishes the reader, and he is so intent upon it, that he has not attention to consider the absurdity in the manner of Ulysses's landing: in this moment, when he perceives the mind of the reader, as it were, intoxicated with these beauties, he steals Ulysses on shore, and dismisses the Phæacians, all this takes up but eight verses. And then, lest the reader should reflect upon it, he immediately introduces the deities, and gives us a dialogue between Jupiter and Neptune. This keeps up still our wonder, and our reason has not time to deliberate, and when the dialogue is ended, a second wonder succeeds, the bark is transformed into a rock: this is done in the sight of the Phæacians, by which method the poet carries us a while from the consideration of Ulysses, by removing the scene to a distant island; there he detains us till we may be supposed to have forgot the past absurdities, by relating the astonishment of Alcinous at the sight of the prodigy, and his offering up to Neptune, to appease his anger, a sacrifice of twelve bulls. Then he returns to Ulysses, who now wakes, and not knowing the place where he was (because Minerva made all things appear in a disguised view), he complains of his misfortunes, and accuses the Phæacians of infidelity; at length Minerva comes to him in the shape of a young shepherd, &c. Thus this absurdity, which appears in the fable when examined alone, is hidden by the beauties that surround it, this passage is more adorned with fiction, and more wrought up with a variety of poetical ornaments than most other places of the Odyssey. From hence Aristotle makes an excellent observation. All efforts imaginable (says that author) ought to be made to form the fable rightly from the beginning; but if it so happen that some places

Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,  
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

must necessarily appear absurd, they must be admitted, especially if they contribute to render the rest more probable, but the poet ought to reserve all the ornaments of diction for these weak parts. the places that have either shining sentiments or manners have no occasion for them, a dazzling expression rather damages them, and serves only to eclipse their beauty.'

V. 142 — — *Then launch'd the bark again.*] This voluntary and unexpected return of the Phæacians, and their landing Ulysses in his sleep, seems as unaccountable on the part of the Phæacians, as of Ulysses; for what can be more absurd than to see them exposing a king and his effects upon the shores without his knowledge, and flying away secretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note shewed what the critics say in condemnation of Homer, it is but justice to lay together what they say in his defence.

That the Phæacians should fly away in secret is no wonder: Ulysses had through the whole course of the eleventh book (particularly by the mouth of the prophet Tiresias) told the Phæacians that the suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the suitors would use any persons as enemies who should contribute to restore Ulysses to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the Ithacan shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely, to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation.

Eustathius remarks, that the Phæacians were an unwarlike nation, or, as it is expressed by a Phæacian,

Οὐ γὰρ φαιηκεσσι μελὲι βίος, ἅδ' ἐ φαετρη,

and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of navigation to it; for this reason they begin their voyage to Ithaca by night, land Ulysses without waking him, and return at the appearance of day-light, that they

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme  
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme. 145

might not shew what course was to be steered to come to the Phæacian shores.

Plutarch, in his treatise of 'Reading the Poets,' tells us, that there is a tradition among the Tuscans, that Ulysses was naturally *drowsy*, and a person that could not easily be conversed with, by reason of that *sleepy* disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all though indeed it must be confessed, that this tradition is countenanced by his behaviour in the *Odyssey*, or rather may be only a story formed from it his greatest calamities rise from his *sleeping* when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of *Æolus*, he falls *asleep*, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it he is *asleep* while they kill the oxen of *Apollo*, and here he *sleeps* while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in *Homer*, that gave *Horace* the hint to say,

' — — Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.'

Implying, that when *Homer* was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his hero *asleep*, and this salved all the difficulty; as in the above-mentioned instances.

Plutarch is of opinion, that this *sleep* of *Ulysses* was feigned; and that he made use of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the straits he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the *Phæacians* without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discovered by the suitors, if he entertained such a multitude: therefore, to avoid both these difficulties, he feigns a sleep while they land him, till they sail away.

*Eustathius* agrees with *Plutarch* in the main, and adds another reason why the *Phæacians* land *Ulysses* sleeping; namely, because they were ashamed to wake him, lest he should think they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the sleep

Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;  
And sought the secret counsels of the god.

Shall then no more, O sire of gods! be mine  
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?  
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace) 150  
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!  
Against you destin'd head in vain I swore,  
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore:  
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;  
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee? 155

of Ulysses; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquillity, and so sink him into a deep sleep, Homer himself seems to give this as a reason of it in the following lines:

‘ Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,  
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;  
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,  
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.’

It must be allowed that the last line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the poet undoubtedly inserted it, to prevent our surprise at the manner of his being set on shore, by calling his sleep

‘ — — a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.’

How far a wise man is obliged to resist the calls of nature, I leave to the discussion of philosophers; those of sleep are no more to be resisted, than those of thirst or hunger. But yet I confess Ulysses yielded unseasonably, and the strong passion and love for his country that so fully possessed his soul, should have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to see it, after an absence of almost twenty years.

Behold him landed, careless and asleep,  
 From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!  
 Lo, where he lies, amidst a shining store  
 Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:  
 And bears triumphant to his native isle 160  
 A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the father of th' immortal pow'rs,  
 Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with show'rs.  
 Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!  
 Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main! 165  
 Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,  
 Ancient and great! a god above the gods!  
 If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,  
 (Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?  
 Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 170  
 He said: the shaker of the earth replies.

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship  
 A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:

V. 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship  
 A mark of vengeance — —  
 And roots her down, an everlasting rock.]*

I refer the reader to the eighth book of the Odyssey, for a further account of this transformation. Scaliger condemns it, 'Ulyssis navis in saxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere debuit.' But will it not be an answer to say, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of Neptune, and that whenever the story of the vessel was mentioned, the punishment likewise must be remembered in honour of that deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a physical allegory, and that Homer delivers the opinion of the ancients concerning the transmutation of one species into another,

To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,  
 No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175

as wood into stone, by water, that is, by Neptune the god of it, according to those lines of Ovid,

‘ Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit  
 Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.’

But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of epic poetry allows. ‘ The marvellous (says Aristotle in his Poetics) ought to take place in tragedy, but much more in the epic, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the marvellous is always agreeable, and a proof of it is, that those who relate any thing, generally add something to the truth of it, that it may better please those who hear it. Homer (continues he) is the man who has given the best instructions to other poets how to tell lies agreeably.’ Horace is of the same opinion.

‘ Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa iemiscet,  
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.’

However, we must not think that Aristotle advises poets to put things evidently false and impossible into their poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildness; he only means (as Monsieur Dacier observes) that the wonderful should exceed the probable, but not destroy it; and this will be effected if the poet has the address to prepare the reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle itself, and reconcile him to it by degrees, so that his reason does not perceive, at least is not shocked, at the illusion: thus for instance, Homer puts this transformation into the hands of a deity. He prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reason of the transformation; namely, the anger of Neptune; and at last he brings in Jupiter assenting to it. This is the method Homer takes to reconcile it to probability. Virgil undoubtedly thought it a beauty; for, after Homer's example, he gives us a transformation of the ships of Æneas into sea-nymphs.

I have already remarked from Bossu, that such miracles as these



Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,  
If such thy will.—We will it, Jove replies.  
Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,  
The swarming people hail their ship to land,  
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone: 180  
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;  
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade  
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!

With that, the god whose earthquakes rock the  
ground,

Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound. 185  
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,  
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.  
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,  
And roots her down an everlasting rock.  
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise; 190  
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.  
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!  
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!  
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:  
Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign. 195

Behold the long predestin'd day! (he cries)  
Oh certain faith of ancient prophecies!

ought not to be too frequent in an epic poem; all the machines that require divine probability ought to be so detached from the action of the poem, that they may be retrenched from it, without destroying the action: those that are essential to the action, ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chasm; and it in no way affects the integrity of the action.

These ears have heard my royal sire disclose  
 A dreadful story, big with future woes;  
 How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey 200  
 Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay,  
 Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command  
 Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand;  
 (A monument of wrath) and mound on mound  
 Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.

The fates have follow'd as declar'd the seer. 206  
 Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.  
 No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more  
 With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore;  
 On angry Neptune now for mercy call: 210  
 To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.  
 So may the god reverse his purpos'd will,  
 Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

V. 212 *So may the god reverse his purpos'd will.*] This agrees with what Homer writes in a former part of the Odyssey:

— — στρεπτοὶ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί.

that the gods themselves may be prevailed upon to change their anger by prayer: a sentiment agreeable to true religion. Homer does not tell us that the last denunciation of covering the town with a mountain, was fulfilled: it is probable that it was averted by the piety of Alcinous. But (as Eustathius observes) it was artful in the poet to leave this point doubtful, to avoid detection in deviating from true history; for should posterity inquire where this land of the Phæacians lay, it would be found to be Corfu of the Venetians, and not covered with any mountain; but should this city have happened to have been utterly abolished by time, and so lost to posterity, it would have agreed with the relation of Homer, who leaves room to suppose

The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,  
 Forth on the sands the victim oxen led: 215  
 The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,  
 And chiefs and rulers a majestic band.  
 The king of ocean all the tribes implore;  
 The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay, 220  
 Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey  
 The solitary shore, and rolling sea.  
 Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost  
 The dear remembrance of his native coast;  
 Besides, Minerva, to secure her care, 225  
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:

it destroyed by Neptune. But how could Neptune be said to cover it with a mountain? Had not an inundation been more suitable to the god of the ocean? Neptune is called *ενοσίγαιος*, and *ενοσίχθων*, or the 'earth-shaker.' earthquakes were supposed to be occasioned by the ocean, or waters concealed in the caverns of the ground, and consequently Neptune may tumble a mountain upon this city of the Phæacians.

V. 225. *Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,  
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.]*

The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that Ulysses by his long absence had forgot the face of his own country; the woods by almost twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the public roads were altered by so great a length of time. How then should Ulysses come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story, draws it from him. This artifice is the Minerva that gives him information. By the 'veil of thicken'd air' is meant, that Ulysses, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and concealed himself from the Itha-

For so the gods ordain'd to keep unseen  
 His royal person from his friends and queen;  
 Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford  
 An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord. 230

cans; and this too being the dictate of Wisdom, Homer ascribes it to Pallas.

The words of the original are,

— — Οἶρα μιν αὐτὸν  
 Ἀγνωστον τεύξειεν — —

which are usually applied by interpreters to Ulysses, and mean that the goddess disguised him with this veil, that no one might know him. Dacier is of opinion that *αγνωστῶ* ought to be used actively; that is, the goddess acted thus to make him *unknowing* where he was, not *unknown* to the people; for that this was the effect of the veil, appears from the removal of it, for immediately upon the dispersion,

‘The king with joy confess'd his place of birth.’

That the word *αγνωστῶ* will bear an active signification, she proves from the scholiast upon Oedipus of Sophocles. But perhaps the context will not permit this interpretation, though we should allow that the word *αγνωστῶ* will bear it. The passage runs thus: Pallas cast round a veil of air, that she might make him unknown, that she might instruct him, and that his wife and friends might not know him; for thus Homer interprets *αγνωστον* in the very next line, *μη γνοιη αλοχῶ*. It is therefore probable, that this veil had a double effect, both to render Ulysses unknown to the country, and the country to Ulysses. I am persuaded that this is the true meaning of *αγνωστῶ*, from the usage of it in this very book of the Odyssey.

Ἀλλ', ἀγε, σ' ἀγνωστον τεύξω πάντεσσι βροτοῖσι.

Here it can possibly signify nothing, but ‘I will render thee unknown to all mankind;’ it is therefore probable, that in both places it bears the same signification.

Now all the land another prospect bore,  
Another port appear'd, another shore,  
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,  
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown  
woods.

Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress 235  
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,  
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,  
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:  
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,  
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow. 240

Ye gods! (he cry'd) upon what barren coast  
In what new region is Ulysses tost?  
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?  
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?  
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie? 245  
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?  
Ah why did I Alcinous' grace implore?  
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?  
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,  
And safe restor'd me to my native land. 250  
Is this the promis'd, long expected coast,  
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?  
Oh righteous gods! of all the great, how few  
Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!  
But he, the pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes 255  
The deeds of men appear without disguise,

'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:  
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.  
To count these presents, and from thence to prove  
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove. 260

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,  
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:  
All these he found, but still in error lost,  
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,  
Sighs for his country, and laments again 265  
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.  
When lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,  
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;  
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,  
Who seem'd descended from some princely line, 270  
A graceful robe her slender body drest,  
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,

V. 262. *The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er.*] The conduct of Ulysses in numbering his effects, has been censured by some critics as avaricious: but we find him vindicated by Plutarch in his treatise of 'Reading the Poets:' 'If (says that author) Ulysses, finding himself in a solitary place, and ignorant of the country, and having no security even for his own person, is nevertheless chiefly solicitous for his effects, lest any part might have been stolen, his covetousness is really to be pitied and detested. But this is not the case. he counts his goods merely to prove the fidelity of the Phæacians, and to gather from it, whether they had landed him upon his own country; for it was not probable that they would expose him in a strange region, and leave his goods untouched, and by consequence reap no advantage from their dishonesty: this therefore was a proper test, from which to discover, if he was in his own country, and he deserved commendation for his wisdom in that action.'

Her decent hand a shining jav'lin bore,  
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.  
To whom the king. Whoe'er of human race 275  
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!  
With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend,  
To thee my treasures and myself commend.  
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,  
What Air I breathe, what country I survey? 280  
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,  
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?

From what fair clime (said she) remote from fame,  
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?  
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown 285  
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,  
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign  
Behold him sinking in the western main.  
The rugged soil allows no level space  
For flying chariots, or the rapid race; 290  
Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,  
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:  
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,  
And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice:

V. 293. *The loaded trees their various fruits produce.*] Nothing is more notorious than that an epic writer ought to give importance and grandeur to his action as much as possible in every circumstance; here the poet takes an opportunity to set the country of Ulysses in the most advantageous light, and shews that it was a prize worth the contest, and all the labour which Ulysses bestows to regain it. Statius is very faulty in this particular; he declaims against the designs he

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove 295  
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove :

ascribes to his heroes, he debases his own subject, and shews that the great labour he puts upon them was ill employed for so wretched and pitiful a kingdom as that of Thebes. Thebaid, lib. 1.

‘ — — Bellum est de paupere regno.’

But Ulysses was not king of Ithaca alone, but of Zacynthus, and Cephalenia, and the neighbouring islands. This appears from the second book of the Iliad, where he leads his subjects to the walls of Troy.

‘ With those whom Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,  
Or till'd their fields along the coast oppos'd,  
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,  
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,  
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.’

It is true that Ithaca contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now called Val de compare, Cephalenia is larger, and is one hundred and sixty miles in circumference. Zacynthus, now Zant, is in circuit about sixty miles, unspeakably fruitful, says Sandys, producing the best oil in the world, and excellent strong wines, but the chief riches of the island consist in corinths, which the inhabitants of Zant have in such quantities that they know not what to do with them; for besides private gains, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand zechins, they yearly pay forty-eight thousand dollars for customs and other duties. It is impossible so little a portion of earth should be more beneficial.

This observation is necessary to shew the value of Ulysses's dominions, and that the subject of the Odyssey is not trivial and unimportant; it is likewise of use to convince us, that the domestic cares and concerns of Telemachus proceeded not from meanness, but from the manners of the age; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from princes; and that when we see Eumæus, who has the charge of Ulysses's hogs, we are not to suppose him a person of low rank and fortunes, but an officer of state and trust: the riches of those ages consisting in flocks and herds, in swine and oxen.



Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,  
 And rising springs eternal verdure yield.  
 Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,  
 Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground. 300

At this, the chief with transport was possest,  
 His panting heart exulted in his breast;  
 Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,  
 And veiling truth in plausible disguise,  
 Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305  
 His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in Crete, this island's name;  
 For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came;  
 Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,  
 And left my children and my friends behind. 310  
 From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,  
 Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew :

V. 299. *Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd.*] Nothing can more raise our esteem of the judgment of Homer, than such strokes of art. Here he introduces Minerva to let Ulysses into the knowledge of his country: How does she do this? She geographically describes it to him; so that he must almost know it by the description: but still she suppresses the name, and this keeps him in a pleasing suspense; he attends to every syllable to hear her name Ithaca, which she still defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at last, in the very close of her speech, she indirectly mentions it. This discovery, in my judgment, is carried on with great address, and cannot fail of awakening the curiosity of the reader; and I wonder how it could escape the observation of all the commentators upon the Odyssey.

V. 311. *From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,  
 Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew.*]  
 Eustathius observes, that this relation is not consonant to ancient his-

(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,  
 Due to the toils of many a bloody day)  
 Unseen I 'scap'd; and favour'd by the night 315  
 In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,

tories, but invented to make the disguised Ulysses more acceptable to the suitors, should he be brought before them. For this person whom they could not know to be Ulysses, could not fail of finding favour with them, having slain the son of Idomeneus the friend of Ulysses; and though it be not recorded by the ancients, yet it may be conjectured, that Orsilochus was thus slain, though not by Ulysses. If the death of Orsilochus was a story that made a noise in the world about that time, it was very artful in Ulysses to make use of it, to gain credit with this seeming Ithacan; for he relating the fact truly, might justly be believed to speak truly when he named himself the author of it, and consequently avoid all suspicion of being Ulysses. It is observable that Ulysses is very circumstantial in his story; he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reason of his killing Orsilochus. this is done to give the story a greater air of truth; for it seems almost impossible that so many circumstances could be invented in a moment, and so well laid together as not to discover their own falsity. What he says concerning the Phæacians leaving his effects entire without any damage, is not spoken (as Eustathius observes) in vain: he extols the fidelity of the Phæacians, as an example to be imitated by this seeming Ithacensian, and makes it an argument that he should practise the same integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or person.

It is true, the manner of the death of Orsilochus is liable to some objection, as it was executed clandestinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of Ulysses: but if it was a truth that Orsilochus was killed in that manner, Ulysses could not falsify the story: but in reality he is no way concerned in it; for he speaks in the character of a Cretan, not in the person of Ulysses.

V. 316. *In a Phœnician vessel took my flight.*] The whole story of the voyages of Ulysses is related differently by Dictys Cretensis, in his history of the war of Troy: I will transcribe it, if not as a truth, yet as a curiosity.

For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost,  
And raging billows drove us on your coast.

‘About this time Ulysses arrived at Crete with two vessels hired of the Phœnicians for Telamon, enraged for the death of his son Ajax, had seized upon all that belonged to Ulysses and his companions, and he himself was with difficulty set at liberty. While he was in Crete, Idomeneus asked him how he fell into such great calamities; to whom he recounted all his adventures. He told him, that after his departure from Troy he made an incursion upon Ismarus of the Ciconians, and there got great booty; then touching upon the coast of the Lotophagi, he met with ill success, and sailed away to Sicily, there Cyclops and Læstrigon, two brothers, used him barbarously; and at length he lost most of his companions through the cruelty of Polypheme and Antiphates, the sons of Cyclops and Læstrigon, but being afterwards received into favour by Polypheme, his companions attempted to carry off Arene, the king's daughter, who was fallen in love with Elpenor, one of his associates; but the affair being discovered, and Ulysses dismissed, he sailed away by the Æolian islands, and came to Circe and Calypso, who were both queens of two isles; there his companions wasted some time in dalliance and pleasures: thence he sailed to a people that were famed for magical incantations, to learn his future fortunes. He escaped the rocks of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, though he there lost many of his companions; then he fell into the hands of Phœnician rovers, who spared him; and afterwards coming to Crete, he was dismissed by Idomeneus with two vessels, and arrived at the coast of Alcinous, who being prevailed upon by the glory of his name, entertained him courteously: from him he learned that Penelope was addressed by thirty princes; upon this, with much intreaty, he persuaded Alcinous to undertake a voyage to re-establish him in his territories; they set sail together, and concealing themselves with Telemachus till all things were concerted, they led their friends to the palace, and slew the suitors oppressed with sleep and drowsiness.’

The difference between the poet and the historian lies chiefly in what is here said of the death of Orsilochus; Dictys tells us, that Ulysses was entertained like a friend by Idomeneus, and Homer

In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,  
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land. 320  
 But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,  
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,  
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,  
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.  
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore, 325  
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue ey'd maid began  
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man :  
 Then chang'd her form ; and now, divinely bright,  
 Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight. 330  
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,  
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same Ulysses ! she rejoin'd,  
 In useful craft successfully refin'd !  
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind ! 335

writes that he slew his son; now Idomeneus cannot be supposed to have favoured the murderer of his son: but this is no objection, if we consider that Ulysses speaks not as Ulysses, but in a personated character, and therefore Orsilochnus must be judged to have fallen by the hand of the person whose character Ulysses assumes; that is, by a Cretan, and not Ulysses.

Dictys is supposed to have served under this Idomeneus, and to have wrote an history of the Trojan war in Phœnician characters; and Tzetzes tells us, that Homer formed his poem upon his plan; but the history now extant, published by Mrs. Le Fevre, is a counterfeit: so that what I have here translated, is inserted not as an authority, but as the opinion of an unknown writer; and I lay no other weight upon it.

Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past,  
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?  
 But this to me? who, like thyself, excel  
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.  
 To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,      340  
 No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.  
 Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,  
 Through ten years wand'ring, and through ten years war;

V. 338. — — *Who, like thyself, excel  
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well*]

It has been objected against Homer, that he gives a degree of dissimulation to his hero, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous disposition. here we have a full vindication of Ulysses from the mouth of the goddess of wisdom, he uses only a prudent dissimulation; he is ἀλχινοῦς, which we may almost literally render, 'master of a great presence of mind:' that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate resource to extricate himself from it. If his dissimulation had been vicious, it would have been an absurdity to have introduced Minerva praising and recommending it, on the contrary, all disguise which consists with innocence and prudence, is so far from being mean, that it really is a praise to a person who uses it. I speak not of common life, or as if men should always act under a mask, and in disguise, that indeed betrays design and insincerity: I only recommend it as an instance how men should behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one.

— — 'Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit.'

This is the character of Ulysses, who uses only such artifice as is suggested by wisdom, such as turns to his benefit in all extremities, such as Minerva may boast to practise without a rival among the gods, as much as Ulysses among mankind. In short, this dissimulation in war may be called stratagem and conduct, in other exigencies address and dexterity; nor is Ulysses criminal, but artful.

Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,  
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid: 345  
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,  
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,  
And tell what more thou must from fate expect.  
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!  
The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn. 350  
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;  
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,  
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,  
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies, 355  
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,  
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!  
When the bold Argives led their warring pow'rs  
Against proud Ilion's well defended tow'rs,  
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid! 360  
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.  
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,  
And bound for Greece we plough'd the wat'ry way;  
Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,  
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost: 365  
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,  
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.  
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,  
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?

V. 369. *Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?*] It may appear somewhat extraordinary that Ulysses should not believe Mi-

For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea 370  
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;  
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,  
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus replies.  
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise! 375  
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,  
And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.  
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,  
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.  
Others, long absent from their native place, 380  
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace  
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.  
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove  
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love;  
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years, 385  
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.  
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)  
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:

nerva, who had already assured him that he was landed in his own country: but two answers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be ascribed to his having lost the knowledge of it through his long absence, for that is the veil which is cast before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he desires any thing vehemently, scarce believes himself in the possession of it, even while he possesses it. Nothing is more frequent than such expressions upon the theatre, and in the transport of an unexpected happiness, we are apt to think it a delusion; from hence the fears of Ulysses arise, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief.

Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,  
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage? 390  
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore  
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.  
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around  
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.  
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395  
Delights the Nercids of the neighb'ring seas:  
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign  
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.  
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,  
And shakes the waving forests on his sides. 400

So spake the goddess, and the prospect clear'd,  
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.  
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,  
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:  
Then with his suppliant hands upheld in air, 405  
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main!  
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!  
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;  
Attend his transports, and receive his vows! 410  
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown  
The growing virtues of my youthful son,  
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,  
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid. 414

Then thus Minerva. From that anxious breast  
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.



Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,  
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:  
Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod  
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god. 420  
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;  
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;  
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;  
The entrance with a rock the goddess clos'd.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade, 425  
Confer the hero and the martial maid.  
The goddess of the azure eyes began:  
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!  
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,  
Of that luxurious race to rid the land: 430  
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,  
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.  
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,  
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:  
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives 435  
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this Ulysses. Oh celestial maid!  
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:  
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,  
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain. 440  
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,  
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.  
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,  
As when we wrapt Troy's heav'n-built walls in fire.

Though leagu'd against me hundred heroes stand,  
 Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand. 446

She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight  
 Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.  
 If thou but equal to thyself be found,  
 What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!  
 What human victims stain the feastful floor! 451  
 How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!  
 It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,  
 And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.

V 445. *Though leagu'd against me hundred, &c.*] Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in Homer; the whole number of suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason, if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it: this is the intent of Homer in this and various other places of the Odyssey: he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The ancients (says Eustathius) would not here allow Ulysses to speak hyperbolically; he is that hero whom we have already seen in the Iliad resist whole bands of Trojans, when the Greeks were repulsed, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustained their assaults till he was disengaged by Ajax. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what Ulysses speaks; it contains this certain truth (adds Dacier), that a man assisted by Heaven, has not only nothing to fear, but is assured to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

V. 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!*] The words in the Greek are *ασπελον εδαζ*, which Eustathius imagines to signify the land of Ithaca; for the hall even of a palace is too narrow to be styled *immense*, or *ασπελον*. But this contradicts the matter of fact, as appears from the place where the suitors were slain, which was not in the fields of Ithaca, but in the palace of Ulysses: *ασπελον* really signifies large or spacious; and a palace that could entertain at one time so great a number of suitors might be called vast, or *ασπελον*, which Hesychius interprets by *λιαν πολυς, μεγας*. DACIER.

For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace, 455  
 And ev'ry elegance of form and face,  
 O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,  
 Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,  
 Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,  
 And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire; 460  
 Add all the wants and the decays of life,  
 Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy wife;  
 From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,  
 And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find, 465  
 True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:  
 For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir  
 And chaste Penelope extends his care.  
 At the Coracian rock he now resides,  
 Where Arethusa's sable water glides; 470

V. 465. *Go first the master of thy herds to find.*] There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary: the hero of a poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action: neither is Ulysses idle in this recess; he goes thither to acquaint himself with the condition of his affairs, both public and domestic: he there lays the plan for the destruction of the suitors, inquires after their numbers, and the state of Penelope and Telemachus. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, till he has prepared all things for the execution of the great event of the whole Odyssey.

V. 469 — — *Coracian rock* — —] This rock was so called from a young man whose name was Corax, who in pursuit of an hare fell from it and broke his neck: Arethusa his mother hearing of the accident, hanged herself by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was called Arethusa. EUSTATHIUS.

The sable water and the copious mæst  
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!  
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,  
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.  
Me into other realms my cares convey, 475  
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:  
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,  
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.  
Must he too suffer: he, oh goddess! bear 480  
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?  
Through the wild ocean plough the dang'rous way,  
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?  
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!  
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind? 485

To whom Minerva. Be thy soul at rest;  
And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.  
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:  
To other regions is his virtue known.  
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd; 490  
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.  
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;  
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:  
In vain! far sooner all the murd'rous brood  
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood. 495

She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful wand:  
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:

A swift old age o'er all his members spread;  
 A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;  
 Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd 500  
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.  
 His robe, which spots indelible besmear,  
 In rags dishonest flutters with the air:  
 A stag's torn hide is lap'd around his reins;  
 A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains; 505  
 And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,  
 Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.  
 So look'd the chief, so mov'd! To mortal eyes  
 Object uncouth! a man of miseries!

V. 502. *His robe, which spots indelible besmear, &c.*] I doubt not but Homer draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by Homer, as even to retain a nobleness and dignity; let any person read the description, and he will be convinced of it: what can be more lofty and sonorous than this verse?

Ρωῖαλεα, ρυπωνῖα κακῶ μεμορυσμένα καπνῶ.

It is no humility to say that a translator must fall short of the original in such passages; the Greek language has words noble and sounding to express all subjects, which are wanting in our tongue; all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean or ridiculous. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of Ulysses in the form of a beggar as a fault to Homer; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it, for the way to make a king undiscoverable, is to dress him as unlike himself as possible. David counterfeited madness, as Ulysses poverty, and neither of them ought to lie under any imputation; it is easy to vindicate Homer, from the disguise of the greatest persons and generals in history, upon the like emergencies; but there is no occasion for it.

While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,      510  
To sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

V. 510. *While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,  
To sparta flies — —*]

Homer is now preparing to turn the relation from Ulysses to Telemachus, whom we left at Sparta with Menelaus in the fourth book of the Odyssey. He has been long out of sight, and we have heard of none of his actions; Telemachus is not the hero of the poem: he is only an under agent, and consequently the poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unless such as have a necessary connexion with the story of the Odyssey, and contribute to the re-establishment of Ulysses, by this method likewise Homer gives variety to his poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diversify the whole: we may consider an epic poem as a spacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, lest the eye should be tired with too great a regularity and uniformity: the chief avenue ought to be the most ample and noble, but there should be by-walks to retire into sometimes for our ease and refreshment. The poet thus gives us several openings to draw us forward with pleasure; and though the great event of the poem be chiefly in view, yet he sometimes leads us aside into other short passages which end in it again, and bring us with pleasure to the conclusion of it. Thus, for instance, Homer begins with the story of Telemachus and the suitors; then he leaves them a while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of Ulysses, the hero of his poem; when he has satisfied the curiosity of the reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to Telemachus and the suitors at length he unites the two stories, and proceeds directly to the end of the Odyssey. Thus, all the collateral and indirect passages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertained with some new object, and we pass on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleasure and admiration.

THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY

# THE ARGUMENT.

## THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

*ULYSSES arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.*



THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XIV.

BUT he, deep musing, o'er the mountains stray'd  
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,  
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,  
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.

\* We see in this book the character of a faithful, wise, benevolent old man in Eumæus; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between Ulysses and Eumæus has fallen into ridicule; Eumæus has been judged to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of kings; thus Paris watched the flocks of Priam in the groves of Ida, and the same is said of many of the heroes in the Iliad; these offices were places of dignity, and filled by persons of birth; and such was Eumæus, descended from a prince, named Ctesius: thus the master of the horse is a post of honour in modern ages.

It is in poetry, as in painting; where the artist does not confine himself to draw only gods or heroes, palaces and princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in representing landscapes, rural scenes, groves, cottages, and shepherds tending their flocks.

There is a passage in Monsieur Boileau's reflections upon Longinus, which fully vindicates all the places of Homer that have been censured as low and too familiar. 'There is nothing (observes that

Eumæus at his silvan lodge he sought, 5  
A faithful servant, and without a fault.

author) that more disgraces a composition than the use of *vulgar words*. A mean thought expressed in noble terms is generally more taking than a noble thought debased by mean terms. the reason is, every person cannot judge of the justness and strength of a thought, but there are very few, especially in living languages, who are not shocked at mean words; and yet almost all writers fall into this fault. Longinus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all the Greek historians, of this defect, and Livy, Sallust, and Virgil, have fallen under the same imputation. Is it not then very surprising that no reproach upon this account has fallen upon Homer, especially, though he has composed two large poems, and though no author has descended more frequently into the detail of little particularities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as Dionysius Halicarnassus observes, they become noble and harmonious. We may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern critics, who judge of the Greek without the knowledge of it, and having never read Homer but in low and inelegant translations, impute the meannesses of the translator to the poet. Besides, the words of different languages are not exactly correspondent, and it often happens, that an expression which is noble in the Greek cannot be rendered in a version but by words that are either mean in the sound or usage. Thus *ass* and *asinus*, in Latin, are mean to the last degree; though *ον* in the Greek be used in the most magnificent descriptions, and has nothing mean in it; in like manner the terms 'hogherd' and 'cowkeeper,' are not to be used in our poetry; but there are no finer words in the Greek language than *βασιλ* and *συζωτης*. and Virgil, who entitles his Eclogues 'Bucolics' in the Roman tongue, would have been ashamed to call them in our language 'the Dialogues of Cowkeepers.'

Homer himself convinces us of the truth of this observation; nay, one would imagine that he intended industriously to force it upon our notice; for he frequently calls Eumæus *Ορχαμ* *ανδρων*, or 'prince of men;' and his common epithet is *θει*, or *δ* *υφορβος*. Homer would not have applied these appellations to him, if he had not been

Ulysses found him busied, as he sat  
Before the threshold of his rustic gate ;

a person of dignity; it being the same title that he bestows upon his greatest heroes, Ulysses or Achilles.

V. 1. *But he, deep musing, o'er the mountain stray'd.*] I shall transcribe the observation of Dionysius Halicarnassus upon the first verses in this book the same method, remarks that author, makes both prose and verse beautiful; which consists in these three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the position of the members and parts of the verse, and the various measure of the periods. Whoever would write elegantly, must have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there must be proper distances and pauses; every verse must be a complete sentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, some longer, some shorter, to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verse, nor the length, ought to be alike. This is absolutely necessary: for the epic or heroic verse is of a fixed determinate length, and we cannot, as in the lyric, make one longer, and another shorter; therefore, to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the same periods, it is requisite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pause and structure of the members of the verses, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fixed number of syllables to raise a perpetual diversity. For instance,

Αὐτὰρ ὁ ἐκ λῆμεν<sup>6</sup> πρὸς ἑστῇ τρηγχεῖαν ἀταρπυ.

Here one line makes one sentence; the next is shorter,

Χωρὸν ἀν' ὑλγενῖα — —

The next is still shorter,

— — δι' ἀκριας — —

The next sentence composes two hemistichs,

— — Ἡ οἱ Ἀθήνη  
Πεφραδὲ διὸν υφ' ὀξυόν — —

and is entirely unlike any of the preceding periods.

Around, the mansion in a circle shone;

A rural portico of rugged stone:

10

— — Ο οἱ βιοτοιο μαλιστα  
Κηδελο οικηων ες κλησαλο διΟ Οδυσσευς.

Here again the sentence is not finished with the former verse, but breaks into the fourth line; and, lest we should be out of breath with the length of the sentence, the period and the verse conclude together at the end of it.

Then Homer begins a new sentence, and makes it pause differently from any of the former.

Τον δ' ἀρ' ἐνι προδρομῳ εὐρ' ἡμενον — —

Then he adds,

— — Εὐθα οἱ αὐλη  
Τψηλη δεδυμητο — —

This is perfectly unequal to the foregoing period, and the pause of the sentence is carried forward into the second verse, and what then follows is neither distinguished by the pauses nor parts periodically, but almost at every word there is a stop.

— — Περὶσκεπῶ ἐνὶ χωρῳ,  
Καληγε, μελαληγε.

No doubt but Homer was a perfect master of numbers; a man can no more be a poet than a musician, without a good ear, as we usually express it. It is true, that versification is but the mechanism of poetry, but it sets off good sense to the best advantage, it is a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.

I will conclude this note, with observing what Mr. Dryden says of these two lines of Cowper's Hill.

' Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

There are few (says he) who make verses, that have observed the sweetness of these lines, and fewer who can find the reason of it.'

(In absence of his lord, with honest toil  
 His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)  
 The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries borne,  
 Encircled with a fence of native thorn,  
 And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke 15  
 Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak,  
 Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd  
 Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.  
 Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;  
 The males without (a smaller race) remain'd; 20  
 Doom'd to supply the suitors wasteful feast,  
 A stock by daily luxury decreast;  
 Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,  
 Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.  
 Here sat Eumæus, and his cares apply'd 25  
 To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.

But I believe no one will be at a loss to solve the difficulty, who considers this observation of Dionysius and I doubt not but the chief sweetness arises from the judicious and harmonious pauses of the several periods of the verses; not to mention the happy choice of the words, in which there is scarce one rough consonant, many liquids, and those liquids softened with a multitude of vowels.

V. 25. *Here sat Eumæus, and his cares apply'd, &c.*] I doubt not but this employment of Eumæus has been another cause of the mean character that has been formed of his condition: but this mistake arises from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments they followed three thousand years past, by the notions we have of those employments at present; and because they are now only the occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were so formerly: kings and princes in the earlier ages of the world laboured in arts and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the con-

Of four assistants who his labour share,  
Three now were absent on the rural care;

veniences of life; they performed that with their own hands, which we now perform by those of our servants: if this were not so, the cookery of Achilles in the Iliad would equally disparage that hero, as this employment would disgrace Eumæus in the Odyssey: arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practisers: thus Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, as skilfully as a shipwright.

Besides, even at this day arts are in high esteem in the oriental world, and are practised by the greatest personages. Every man in Turkey is of some trade; Sultan Achmet was a maker of ivory rings, which the Turks wear upon their thumbs when they shoot their arrows, and in this occupation he worked several hours daily, and another of their emperors was deposed, because he refused to work in his occupation.

It must be confessed that our translations have contributed to give those who are unacquainted with the Greek, a mean idea of Eumæus. This place is thus rendered by two of his translators.

‘Himself there sat ord’ring a pair of brogues  
Of a py’d bullock’s skin — —’

‘Himself was leather to his foot applying,  
Made of a good cow-hide well coloured.’

Whereas Homer is as lofty and harmonious, as these are flat and inelegant.

ΑΥΤΟΣ δ' ΑΜΦΙ ΠΟΔΕΣΣΙΝ ΕΘΙΣ ΑΡΑΡΙΣΚΕ ΠΕΔΙΛΑ  
ΤΑΜΝΩΝ ΔΕΞΙΜΑ ΒΟΕΙΟΝ, ΕΥΧΡΟΕΣ.

It is true, a translator in such places as these has an hard task; a language like the Greek, which is always flowing, musical, and sonorous, is very difficult to be imitated in other tongues, especially where the corresponding words are not equally significant and graceful.

In short, the reader is to consider this whole description as a true picture of ancient life; and then he will not fail of the pleasure of knowing how the great men of ancient times passed their lives, and how those heroes, who performed such noble parts on the public stage

The fourth drove victims to the suitor train:

But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain, 30

Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,

And weary'd heav'n with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,

With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:

Down sat the sage; and cautious to withstand, 35

Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.

of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and observation. Those ages retained an universal simplicity of manners: Telemachus and Eumæus have both dogs for their attendants, nay, and in later times, before luxury prevailed among the Romans, we read of a dictator brought from the plough, to lead the bravest soldiers in the world to conquer it.

V. 35. *Down sat the sage; and cautious to withstand,  
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.*]

Homer has been censured for representing his hero unworthily: is it probable that he who had met whole armies in battle, should now throw away his staff out of fear of a dog? that he should abandon his defence by casting himself on the ground, and leave himself to his mercy? But Eustathius fully vindicates Ulysses. It is a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to cast away our weapons, to shew that we intend him no violence. Pliny has the like observation in the eighth book of his Natural History: '*Impetus canum et sævitia mitigatur ab homine humi confidente.*'

All that Homer says of the dogs, is imitated by Theocritus, Idyll. xxv. v. 68.

Θεσπεσιον δ' υλαγῆες επεδραμον αλλοθεν αλλῃ  
Τας μεν ογε λαεσσιν απο χθονος οσσιν αιρον  
Φευγεμεν αψ' οπισω διειδισσέο, &c.

What Homer speaks of Ulysses, Theocritus applies to Hercules; a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture of nature, and therefore inserted it in that heroic Idyllium.

Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;  
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls;  
 With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;  
 The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay. 40

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain  
 Began with accent gracious and humane)

V. 37 *Sudden the master runs, &c*] This is thought to be an adventure that really happened to the poet himself; it is related in the life of Homer ascribed to Herodotus. Thestonides having persuaded Homer to permit him to transcribe his verses, he immediately removed to Chios, and proclaimed himself the author. Homer being informed of it, set sail for Chios, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of Glaucus, who protected him, and received him hospitably. the poet in return laboured to reward his kindness, by relating to him the most curious of his adventures that had happened in the course of his voyages. When therefore (adds Dacier) we see Ulysses entertained by Eumæus, we have the satisfaction of imagining we see Homer himself in discourse with his courteous friend Glaucus.

V 41 — — *Thus the faithful swain, &c*] The words in the Greek are *διὸς ὑποπόβοις*, literally rendered, 'the divine swineherd,' which are burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in Greek, if the person of Eumæus had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity. for the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such employments are now fallen into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would Homer have applied the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence that Eumæus was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour, otherwise Homer would have been guilty of burlesquing his own poetry.

Dacier very well remarks, that the words Eumæus here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation, shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments; he discovers a natural and flowing eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.



What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate  
 Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate?  
 Enough of woes already have I known; 45  
 Enough my master's sorrows and my own.  
 While here, (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,  
 Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;  
 Perhaps supported at another's board,  
 Far from his country roams my hapless lord! 50  
 Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,  
 Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see  
 Our woods not void of hospitality.  
 Then tell me whence thou art<sup>2</sup> and what the share  
 Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear? 56

He said, and seconding the kind request,  
 With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.  
 A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath<sup>\*</sup> him spread,  
 And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed: 60

There is a peculiarity in Homer's manner of apostrophizing Eumæus, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally applied by that poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the poet, as it were, addresses them with respect: thus in the Iliad he introduces Menelaus.

Ουδε σεθεν, Μενελαε, Σεοι ελαιονηα,

— — Τονδε προσεφης Παριςκλε.

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the reader. Eustathius observes that Eumæus is the only person of whom Homer thus speaks in the whole Odyssey: no doubt (continues that author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of Ulysses; and to honour and distinguish his fidelity.

Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find  
 So just reception from a heart so kind :  
 And oh, ye gods! with all your blessings grace  
 (He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain reply'd. It never was our guise      65  
 To slight the poor, or aught humane despise ;  
 For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,  
 'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.  
 Little, alas! is all the good I can ;  
 A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man :      70  
 Accept such treatment as a swain affords,  
 Slave to the insolence of youthful lords !  
 Far hence is by unequal gods remov'd  
 That man of bounties, loving and belov'd !

V. 66. *To slight the poor, or aught humane despise ;  
 For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,  
 'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.*]

This passage contains an admirable lecture of morality and humanity. The person who best understood the beauty of it, and best explained the precepts it comprehends, was Epictetus, from whom Monsieur Dacier furnishes us with this explication from Arrian. " Keep (says that author) continually in thy memory what Eumæus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses " ' O friend, it is unlawful to despise the stranger; speak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour. it is my duty to use you with benevolence, though your circumstances were meaner than they are; for you come from God.' Here we see Epictetus borrowing his morality from Homer; and philosophy embellished with the ornaments of poetry. Indeed there is scarce any writer of name among all the ancients that has not been obliged to Homer, whether moralists, poets, philosophers, or legislators.

To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd, 75  
 And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:  
 But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore;  
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.  
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:  
 Ah perish Helen! perish all her kind! 80  
 For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,  
 He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

V. 75. *To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,  
 And more, had Fate allow'd, — —]*

This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated Homer: the words at first view seem to imply that Ulysses had given Eumæus a wife, a house, and an inheritance; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be rendered; ‘Ulysses (says Eumæus) greatly loved me, and gave me a possession, and such things as an indulgent master gives a faithful servant; namely, a wife, inheritance, and an house.’ These gifts are to be applied to Λαξ ευθυμος, and not to Ulysses; and the sentence means, that it is the custom of good kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from Homer, that Ulysses had not yet given a wife to Eumæus; for he promises him and Philætiſtus all these rewards, lib. xxi. of the *Odyssey*.

Λξου αι αμψιτερης αλοχης, και κτηματ' επασσω,  
 Οικια τ' εἴγυς εμειν τεύεσμενα, και μοι πεπειθα  
 Τηλεμαχου εταρω τε, και σῶν γειτω τε εσεσθων.

It appears therefore that Eumæus was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be applied to the word *λαξ*, and not to Ulysses. EUSTATHIUS.

I will only add, that in the above-mentioned verses Ulysses promises that Eumæus shall be the companion and brother of Telemachus; an instance, that he was not a vulgar person whom Ulysses thus honours, by making him allied to the royal family.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,  
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,  
 Straight to the lodgments of his herd he ran, 85  
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;  
 Of two, his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood;  
 These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,  
 All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;  
 And smoking back the tasteful viands drew, 90  
 Broachers and all; then on the board display'd  
 The ready meal, before Ulysses laid  
 With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,  
 And luscious as the bees nectareous dew.  
 Then sat companion of the friendly feast, 95  
 With open look; and thus bespoke his guest.

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,  
 Such food as falls to simple servants share;  
 The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,  
 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears! 100  
 Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,  
 And honour justice and the righteous breast.  
 Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,  
 The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,

V 93. *With flour imbrown'd* — —] We find here a custom of antiquity: this flour was made of parched corn, when the ancients fed upon any thing that had not been offered in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hallowed barley, with which they consecrated their victims. I doubt not (since some honours were paid to the gods in all feasts) but that this sprinkling of flour by Eumæus was an act of religion. DACIER.

To whom offending men are made a prey  
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away ;  
Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,  
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast :  
Some voice of God close whispering from within,  
' Wretch ! this is villany, and this is sin.' 110  
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,  
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more  
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs  
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise :  
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows, 115  
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.  
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign  
O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main.  
Nor all the monarchs whose far dreaded sway  
The wide-extended continents obey : 120  
First on the main land, of Ulysses' breed  
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed ;

V. 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks, &c.*] I have already remarked, that Ulysses was a wealthy king, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head ; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred : for though Homer mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females was because of the luxury of the suitors. If this be allowed, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs : for Eumæus had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers : Ulysses likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred

As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;  
 As many lodgments for the tusky herd;                    124  
 Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen  
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;  
 To native pastors is their charge assign'd;  
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:  
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,  
 All to the suitors wasteful board preferr'd.                    130

Thus he, benevolent; his unknown guest  
 With hunger keen devours the sav'ry feast;  
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.

goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of Homer, who tells us, that twenty of the greatest heroes of the age were not so wealthy as Ulysses.

The old poets and historians, to express a person of great riches, gave him the epithet of *πολυμηλων*, *πολυαγρων*, or *πολυεργος*; that is, 'a person that had a great number of sheep or cattle, or a person of great wealth.' This is likewise evident from the holy scriptures: David had his officers, like Ulysses, to attend his flocks and herds: thus 1 Chron. xxvii. Jehonathan was set over his treasures in the field, cities, and villages; Shimei over his vineyards; Zabdi over his wines, Baal-hanan over his olive-trees, and Joash over his oil: he had herdsmen that had charge over his cattle, sheep, camels, and asses. It was by cattle that the ancient kings enriched themselves from the earliest ages: thus no less a person than Pharaoh, a powerful king of Egypt, gave Joseph leave to appoint his brethren to be rulers over his cattle; and we read in all the Greek poets, that the wealth of kings originally consisted in herds and flocks. They lose much of the pleasure of Homer who read him only as a poet: he gives us an exact image of ancient life, their manners, customs, laws, and politics; and it must double our satisfaction, when we consider that in reading Homer we are reading the most ancient author in the world, except the great lawgiver Moses.

Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,  
 Eumæus pours on high the purple tide; 135  
 The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,  
 And thus the kind inviting host address'd.

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,  
 So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?  
 Late with such affluence and possessions blest, 140  
 And now in honour's glorious bed at rest.  
 Whoever was the warrior, he must be  
 To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;  
 Who (so the gods, and so the fates ordain'd)  
 Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land. 145

Small is the faith the prince and queen ascribe  
 (Reply'd Eumæus) to the wand'ring tribe.  
 For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,  
 And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.  
 Each vagrant traveller that touches here, 150  
 Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,  
 To dear remembrance makes his image rise,  
 And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.  
 Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you  
 crave

Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, 155  
 Or food for fish, or dogs, his relics lie,  
 Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.  
 So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)  
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.

So mild a master never shall I find: 160  
 Less dear the parents whom I left behind,  
 Less soft my mother, less my father kind.  
 Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,  
 Again to hail them in their native shore,  
 As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace, 165  
 Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.  
 That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,  
 Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear:  
 In my respect, he bears a prince's part;  
 But lives a very brother, in my heart. 170

Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd  
 The master of his grief, the man of patient mind.  
 Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,  
 (Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the gods.

V. 167. *That name for ever dread, &c.*] Eustathius excellently explains the sentiment of Eumæus, which is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call Ulysses, cries Eumæus, by the name of Ulysses, for from strangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my master, for as such he never was towards me; I will then call him brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother. *Ἠέλιος* properly signifies an elder brother.

What I would further observe is, the wonderful art of Homer in exalting the character of his hero: he is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful king: by this conduct the poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the hero: he makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole Odyssey.



Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd, 175  
 And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.  
 If so, a cloak and vesture be my need;  
 Till his return, no title shall I plead,  
 Though certain be my news, and great my need.  
 Whom want itself can force untruths to tell, 180  
 My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!  
 And ev'ry god inspiring social love!  
 And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits  
 Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates! 185  
 Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,  
 His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,

V. 186. *Ere the next moon increase, or this decay.*] These verses have been thought to be used enigmatically by Ulysses.

Τε δ' αὖτε λυκαῖαν ἔλευσεῖται ἐνθάδ' Οὐσσεύς,  
 Τε μὲν φθινοῖνός μινος, τὴ δ' ἵσταμενοις.

In the former verse Eustathius tells us there is a various reading, and judges that it ought to be written *τε δ' αὖτε*, and not *τε δ' αὖτε*; and it must be allowed that the repetition of *τε* gives a greater emphasis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the speaker in making his asseveration.

The latter verse in the obvious sense seems to mean that Ulysses would return in the space of a month, and so Eumæus understood it; but in reality it means in the compass of a day. Solon was the first who discovered the latent sense of it, as Plutarch informs us: 'Solon (says that author) observing the inequality of the months, and that the moon neither agreed with the rising or setting of the sun, but that often in the same day she overtook and went before it, named that same day *ἐνὴ και νεα*, 'the old and new moon;' and allotted that part

In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,  
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more 190  
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore,  
(Reply'd Eumæus :) to the present hour  
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.  
From sad reflection let my soul repose ;  
The name of him awakes a thousand woes. 195  
But guard him, gods ! and to these arms restore !  
Not his true consort can desire him more ;  
Not old Laertes, broken with despair ;  
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.

of the day that preceded the conjunction, to the old moon, and the other part of it to the new, from hence we may judge that he was the first that comprehended the sense of this verse of Homer.

*Τὴ μὲν φθινοῦνος μηνός, τὴ δ' ἰσταμενοιο.*

Accordingly he named the following day, "the day of the new moon." Ulysses then means that he will return on the last day of the month, for on that day the moon is both old and new; that is, she finishes one month, and begins another.' This is taken from the life of Solon; but whether the obvious sense in which Eumæus is supposed to understand it, or the latent meaning of Solon be preferable, is submitted to the reader's judgment; I confess I see no occasion to have recourse to that mysterious explication: what Ulysses intended was to certify Eumæus, that Ulysses would assuredly return very speedily; and the verse will have this effect, if it be understood literally and plainly: besides, Ulysses is to continue in an absolute disguise; why then should he endanger a discovery, by using an ambiguous sentence, which might possibly be understood? But if it was so dark that it was utterly unintelligible to Eumæus, then it is used in vain, and a needless ambiguity

Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow 200  
 Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!  
 Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,  
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;  
 In all the youth his father's image shin'd,  
 Bright in his person, brighter in his mind. 205  
 What man, or god, deceiv'd his better sense,  
 Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?  
 To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,  
 To seek his father's fate, and find his own!  
 For traitors wait his way, with dire design 210  
 To end at once the great Arcesian line.  
 But let us leave him to their wills above;  
 The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.  
 And now, my venerable guest! declare  
 Your name, your parents, and your native air: 215  
 Sincere from whence begun your course relate,  
 And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?

Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)  
 The cautious chief his ready story told.

On dark reserve what better can prevail, 220  
 Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,  
 Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place  
 Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;  
 But most the kind inviter's cheerful face?  
 Thus, might we sit, with social goblets crown'd, 225  
 Till the whole circle of the year goes round;

Not the whole circle of the year would close

My long narration of a life of woes.

But such was heav'n's high will! Know then, I came  
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of Fame: 230

V. 229. — — *Know then, I came*

*From sacred Crete, — —*

This whole narration is a notable instance of that artful dissimulation so remarkable in the character of Ulysses, and an evidence that Homer excellently sustains it through the whole poem; for Ulysses appears to be πολυτροπος, as he is represented in the first line, throughout the Odyssey. This narrative has been both praised and censured by the critics, especially by Rapin. I will lay his observations before the reader.

‘Homer is guilty of verbosity, and of a tedious prolix manner of speaking. He is the greatest talker of all antiquity: the very Greeks, though chargeable with an excess this way above all nations, have reprehended Homer for his intemperance of words, he is ever upon his rehearsals, and not only of the same words, but of the same things, and consequently is in a perpetual circle of repetitions. It is true he always speaks naturally, but then he always speaks too much. his adventures in Egypt, which he relates to Eumæus, are truly idle impertinent stories, purely for amusement: there is no thread in his discourse, nor does it seem to tend to any proposed end, but exceeds all bounds: that vast fluency of speech, and those mighty overflowings of fancy, make him shoot beyond the mark. Hence his draughts are too accurate, and leave nothing to be performed by the imagination of the reader, a fault which (as Cicero observes) Appelles found in the ancient painters.’ This objection is intended only against the fulness of Homer’s expression, not against the subject of the narration, for Rapin in another place, speaking of the beauties of Homer, gives this very story as an instance of his excellency. These are his words:

‘I shall say nothing of all the relations which Ulysses makes to Eumæus upon his return to his country, and his wonderful manage-

Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)  
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;  
Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.

ment to bring about his re-establishment, that whole story is dressed in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration'

If what Rapin remarks in the latter period be true, Homer will easily obtain a pardon for the fault of prolixity, imputed to him in the afore-mentioned objection. For who would be willing to retrench one of the most decent and noble narrations of antiquity, merely for the length of it? But it may, perhaps, be true that this story is not impertinent, but well suited to carry on the design of Ulysses, and consequently tends to a proposed end. for in this consists the strength of Rapin's objection.

Nothing is more evident than that the whole success of Ulysses depends upon his disguise, a discovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a single unassisted person into the power of his enemies. How then is this disguise to be carried on? especially when Ulysses in person is required to give an account of his own story? Must it not be by assuming the name of another person, and giving a plausible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him to a strange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumstantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than descending to particularities, and this necessitates his prolixity. The whole relation is comprehended in the compass of an hundred and seventy lines; and an episode of no greater length may not perhaps deserve to be called *verbose*, if compared with the length of the *Odyssey*: nay, there may be a reason given why it ought to be of a considerable-length: there is a pause in the action, while Minerva passes from Ithaca to Telemachus in Lacedæmon: this interval is to be filled up with some incident relating to Ulysses, until Telemachus is prepared to return; for his assistance is necessary to re-establish the affairs of Ulysses. This then is a time of leisure, and the poet fills it up with the narrations of Ulysses till the return of Telemachus, and consequently there is room for a long relation. Besides

Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,  
 I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race: 235  
 But when that fate, which all must undergo,  
 From earth remov'd him to the shades below,  
 The large domain his greedy sons divide,  
 And each was portion'd as the lots decide.  
 Little, alas! was left my wretched share, 240  
 Except a house, a covert from the air:  
 But what by niggard fortune was deny'd,  
 A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.  
 My valour was my plea, a gallant mind  
 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind, 245  
 (The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)  
 Now wasting years my former strength confound,  
 And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;

(remarks Eustathius) Homer interests all men of all ages in the story, by giving us pieces of true history, ancient customs, and exact descriptions of persons and places, instructive and delightful to all the world, and these incidents are adorned with all the embellishments of eloquence and poetry.

V. 234. *Sprung of a handmaid* — —] Ulysses says he was the son of a concubine: this was not a matter of disgrace among the ancients, concubinage being allowed by the laws.

The sons cast lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practice of the ancient Greeks. Hence an inheritance had the name *κληρονομία*, that is, from the lots; parents put it to the decision of the lot, to avoid the envy and imputation of partiality in the distribution of their estates. It has been judged that the poet writes according to the Athenian laws, at least this custom prevailed in the days of Solon; for he forbade parents who had several legitimate sons to make a will, but ordained that all the legitimate sons should have an equal share of their father's effects. EUSTATHIUS.

Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,  
 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man. 250  
 Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,  
 And the fair ranks of battle to deform:  
 Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,  
 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.  
 Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear, 255  
 I saw him not; it was not mine to fear.  
 Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;  
 The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.  
 But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,  
 The rural labour, or domestic care. 260  
 To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,  
 And send swift arrows from the bounding string,

V. 259. — — *My soul disdain'd to bear,  
 The rural labour — — —*]

Plutarch, in his comparison of Aristides and Cato, cites these verses,

— — εἶδον δὲ μοι θ φιλὸν εσκεν.  
 Ουδ' οἰκωφελίῃ, &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domestic concerns, usually draw their subsistence from violence and rapine. This is certainly a truth: men are apt to supply their wants, occasioned by idleness, by plunder and injustice: but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by Ulysses, for in his age piracy was not only allowable, but glorious; and sudden inroads and incursions were practised by the greatest heroes. Homer therefore only intends to shew that the disposition of Ulysses inclined him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by war, than the more lucrative, but more secure, method of life, by agriculture and husbandry.

Were arts the gods made grateful to my mind ;  
Those gods who turn (to various ends design'd)  
The various thoughts and talents of mankind. 265  
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,  
Nine times commander or by land or main,  
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,  
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :  
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,  
To Crete return'd, an honourable name. 271  
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,  
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty bleed,  
Our states myself and Idomen employ  
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy. 275  
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall;  
Homeward we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.  
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;  
So will'd the god who gives and takes away.  
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores, 280  
Intent to voyage to th' Egyptian shores ;  
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train  
Six days consum'd; the seventh we plough'd the main.  
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ;  
Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly ; 285  
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way ;  
The steerman governs, and the ships obey.  
The fifth fair morn we stem th' Egyptian tide,  
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :



To anchor there my fellows I command, 290  
And spies commission to explore the land.

But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,  
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamour to their city flies,  
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise. 295

The redd'ning dawn reveals the circling fields  
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.

Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head  
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance  
spread

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead. 300  
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove?

(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove;

Oh had he left me to that happier doom,  
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)

The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd, 305  
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,

I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,  
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.

He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;  
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd, 310

Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe exprest,  
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.

Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,  
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.

'In Egypt thus with peace and plenty blest, 315  
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,

On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;  
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.  
A false Phœnician of insidious mind,  
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind, 320  
With semblance fair invites me to his home;  
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam),  
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,  
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.  
To Libya then he meditates the way; 325  
With guileful art a stranger to betray,  
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:  
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.  
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,  
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales: 330  
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,  
And far from ken of any other coast,  
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;  
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.  
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head, 335  
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread)  
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole  
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;  
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,  
And all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost. 340  
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,  
The sable crows with intercepted flight  
Drop endlong; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous fume:  
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.

Such end the wicked found! But Jove's intent 345  
 Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.  
 Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)  
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife;  
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,  
 The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore. 350  
 The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,  
 The sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,  
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,  
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.  
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame 355  
 How late Ulysses to the country came,  
 How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,  
 And here his whole collected treasure laid;  
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store  
 Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore, 360  
 And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;  
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come!  
 Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will  
 Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill,

V. 363. — — *He voyag'd to explore the will  
 Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill.]*

These oaks of Dodona were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the ancients; and pigeons were supposed to be the priestesses of the deity. Herodotus in Euterpe gives a full account of what belongs to this oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the priestesses of Dodona, that two black pigeons flew away from Thebes in Egypt, and one of them perching upon a tree in Dodona, admonished the inhabitants, with a human voice, to erect an oracle in that

What means might best his safe return avail,      365  
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?

place to Jupiter. But Herodotus solves this fable after the following manner. 'There were two priestesses carried away from Egypt, and one of them was sold by the Phœnicians in Greece, where she in her servitude consecrated an altar to Jupiter under an oak, the Dodonæans gave her the name of a pigeon, because she was a barbarian, and her speech at first no more understood than the chattering of a bird or pigeon, but as soon as she had learned the Greek tongue, it was presently reported that the pigeon spoke with an human voice. She had the epithet black, because she was an Egyptian.'

Eustathius informs us, that Dodona was anciently a city of Thesprotia; and in process of time the limits of it being changed, it became of the country of the Molossians, that is, it lay between Thesaly and Epirus. Near this city was a mountain named Tmarus or Timourus; on this mountain there stood a temple, and within the precincts of it were these oraculous oaks of Jupiter. this was the most ancient temple of Greece, according to Herodotus, founded by the Pelasgians, and at first served by priests called Selli; and the goddess Dione being joined with Jupiter in the worship, the service was performed by three aged priestesses, called in the Molossian tongue *πελειαί*, as old men were called *πελαιοί*, (perhaps from the corrupted word *παλαιοί*, or ancients) and the same word *πελειαί* signifying also pigeons, gave occasion to the fable of the temple of Dodona having doves for priestesses. But if, as Herodotus affirms, the Phœnicians sold this priestess of Jupiter originally to the Greeks, it is probable they were called doves, after the Phœnician language, in which the same word, with a small alteration, signifies both a dove and a priestess. See note on ver. 75 of the twelfth Odyssey.

Eustathius gives us another solution of this difficulty, and tells us, that as there were *κορακομαντεις*, or augurs, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon doves; and from hence these doves were called the prophetesses of Dodona, that being the way by which the decrees of the gods were discovered by the augurs.

I have remarked, that the temple of Dodona stood upon the moun-

Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,  
 Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,  
 That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,  
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd. 370  
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,  
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;  
 To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:  
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors' mind:  
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train, 375  
 And misery demands me once again.  
 Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,  
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;  
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round,  
 (Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound. 380  
 At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land  
 The ship arriv'd: forth-issuing on the sand,

tain Timourus; hence the word *τιμῆραι* came to signify those oracles, and thus *τιμῆραι* is used by Lycophron. Now Homer in another place writes,

*Εἰ γε μὲν αἰνῆσθεσι Διὸς μέγαλοις θεμιστῆρες.*

Strabo therefore, instead of *θεμιστῆρες*, reads *τιμῆραι*; for, observes that author, the oracles, not the laws of Jupiter, are preserved at Dodona. EUSTATHIUS.

But whence arose the fable of these oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: they concealed themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks.

I refer the reader, for a larger account of these Dodonæan oracles, to the annotations upon book xvi, verse 285, of the Iliad.

They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,  
 The pitying gods themselves my chains unbind.  
 Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd 385  
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.  
 Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,  
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.  
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;  
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.  
 Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes, 391  
 They led me to a good man and a wise;  
 To live beneath thy hospitable care,  
 And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

V. 391. *Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes,  
 They led me to a good man and a wise.]*

This is a very artful compliment which Ulysses pays to Eumæus;  
 'The gods guided me to the habitation of a person of wisdom,' and  
 names not Eumæus, leaving it to him to apply it.

I doubt not but the reader agrees with Ulysses as to the character  
 of Eumæus; there is an air of piety to the gods in all he speaks, and  
 benevolence to mankind; he is faithful to his king, upright in his  
 trust, and hospitable to the stranger.

Dacier is of opinion, that *ανδρος επισταμενοιο* takes in virtue as  
 well as wisdom; and indeed Homer frequently joins *νοημονες ηδε  
 δικαιοι*, and *αδαημονες εδε δικαιοι*; that is, wisdom and virtue, folly  
 and impiety, throughout the Odyssey. 'For never, never wicked  
 man was wise.' Virtue in a great measure depends upon education:  
 it is a science, and may be learned like other sciences; in reality there  
 is no knowledge that deserves the name, without virtue; if virtue be  
 wanting, science becomes artifice: as Plato demonstrates from Homer;  
 who, though he is an enemy to this poet, has enriched his writings  
 with his sentiments.

V. 394. *And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.] It may*

Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!  
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd) 396  
For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,  
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;  
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy  
For him, whom heav'n has destin'd to destroy. 400  
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,  
Or in his friends embraces dy'd away!  
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise  
Historic marbles, to record his praise:

not perhaps be unsatisfactory to see how Ulysses keeps in sight of truth through this whole fabulous story.

He gives us a true account of his being at the war of Troy; he stays seven years in Egypt, so long he continued with Calypso; the king of Egypt, whose name Eustathius tells us was Sethon, according to the ancients, entertains him hospitably like that goddess; a Phœnician detains him a whole year; the same has been observed of Circe; the vessel of this Phœnician is lost by a storm, and all the crew perishes except Ulysses. The same is true of the companions of Ulysses: he is thrown upon the land of the Thesprotians by that tempest, and received courteously by Phidon, the king of that country; this represents his being cast upon the Phæacian shore by the storm, and the hospitable Phidon means Alcinous, king of the Phæacians: the manner likewise of his being introduced to Phidon, agrees with his introduction to Alcinous; the daughter introduces him to Alcinous, and the son to Phidon. Thus we see there is a 'concordia discors' through the whole narration, the poet only changing the names of persons and places. Ulysses lay under an absolute necessity thus to falsify his true history, and represent himself as a stranger to the whole island of Ithaca, otherwise it would have been natural for Eumæus to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a discovery must inevitably have followed, which would have proved fatal to that hero.

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone, 405  
 Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.  
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,  
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!  
 While pensive in this solitary den,  
 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men, 410  
 I linger life; nor to the court repair,  
 But when the constant queen commands my care;

V. 407. *Now snatch'd by harpies* — —] This place seems to evince, that the expression of being torn by the harpies, means that the dead person is deprived of the rites of sepulture; and not as Dacier understands it, that he is disappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of Eumæus turns upon this point, namely, that Ulysses is dead, and deprived of the funeral ceremonies.

V. 411. — — *Nor to the court repair,*  
*But when the queen* — —]

It may appear, at first view, as if Eumæus thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities, but this is not his meaning: he speaks thus to prevent Ulysses from asking him to introduce him immediately to Penelope; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the Ætolian, who had deceived him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of Ulysses.

It is remarkable, that almost all these fictions are made by Cretans, or have some relation to the island of the Cretans; thus Ulysses feigns himself to be of Crete, and this Ætolian lays the scene of his falsehood in the same island: which, as Eustathius observes, may possibly be a latent satire upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by St. Paul from Epimenides.

Κρητες αει ψευσται.

And κρηλιζειν signifies to lie.



Or when, to taste her hospitable board,  
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;  
 And these indulge their want, and those their woe,  
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow. 416  
 By many such have I been warn'd; but chief  
 By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,  
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,  
 For murder banish'd from his native home, 420  
 He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete  
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet;  
 A few revolving months should waft him o'er,  
 Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.  
 O thou! whom age has taught to understand, 425  
 And heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!  
 On god or mortal to obtrude a lie  
 Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.

St. Chrysostom fills up the broken verse thus,

— — και γαρ ταφην, ω ανα, σεις

Κρητες στεκίγγαντο, συ δ' ε θανες, εσσι γαρ αιει.

But this is added from Callimachus in his hymn to Jupiter, thus translated by Mr. Prior,

' The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft,  
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous  
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st  
 To die, but liv'st the same to day and ever.'

That the latter part of these verses belongs not to Epimenides, is evident, for St. Paul quotes the verse thus:

Κρητες αιει ψευσαι, κακα δηρια.

\*The two last words are not in Callimachus, and consequently the rest is only a conjectural and erroneous addition.

Not for such ends my house and heart are free,  
But dear respect to Jove, and charity. 430

And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!  
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)  
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,  
A solemn compact let us ratify,  
And witness ev'ry pow'r that rules the sky! 435  
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,  
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;  
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport  
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.  
But if he greets not thy desiring eye, 440  
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;  
The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were mine  
(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)  
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd, 445  
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood:  
How would the gods my righteous toils succeed,  
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?  
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night  
First claim refection, then to rest invite; 450  
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,  
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome  
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;  
Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties, 455  
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.

Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best  
 Select, in honour of our foreign guest:  
 With him, let us the genial banquet share,  
 For great and many are the griefs we bear; 460  
 While those who from our labours heap their board,  
 Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took  
 A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;  
 This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed, 465  
 Of five years age, before the pile was led:  
 The swain, whom acts of piety delight,  
 Observant of the gods, begins the rite;  
 First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,  
 And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry pow'r 470  
 To speed Ulysses to his native shore.

V. 455. *Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties,  
 With din ostrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.*]

There is scarce a more sonorous verse in the whole *Odyssey*

Κλαγγὴ δ' ἀσπείθει ὡς το σίων ἀυλιζόμεναυν.

The word swine is what debases our idea; which is evident, if we substitute 'shepherd' in the room of 'hogherd,' and apply to it the most pompous epithet given by Homer to Eumæus. For instance, to say δῖος, or the 'illustrious hogherd,' is mean enough. but the image is more tolerable when we say, the 'illustrious shepherd;' the office of a shepherd (especially as it is familiarized and dignified in poetry by the frequent use of it) being in repute. The Greeks have magnificent words to express the most common objects; we want words of equal dignity, and have the disadvantage of being obliged to endeavour to raise a subject that is now in the utmost contempt, so as to guard it from meanness and ignominy.

V. 469. *First shears the forehead of the bristly boar.*] I have

A knotty stake then aiming at his head,  
 Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.  
 The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:  
 Then the sing'd members they with skill divide; 475  
 On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.  
 Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw:  
 Some cut in fragments, from the forks they-drew:

already observed, that every meal among the ancients was a kind of sacrifice of thanksgiving to the gods; and the table, as it were, an altar.

This sacrifice being different from any other in Homer, I will fully describe the particulars of it from Eustathius. It is a rural sacrifice; we have before seen sacrifices in camps, in courts, and in cities, in the Iliad; but this is the only one of this nature in all Homer.

They cut off the hair of the victim, in commemoration of the original way of clothing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts.

Eumæus strows flour upon it; in remembrance, that before incense was in use, this was the ancient manner of offering to the gods, or, as Dacier observes, of consecrating the victim, instead of the barley mixed with salt, which had the name of immolation.

Eumæus cut a piece from every part of the victim; by this he made it an holocaust, or an entire sacrifice.

Eumæus divides the rest at supper; which was always the office of the most honourable person; and thus we see Achilles and other heroes employed throughout the Iliad. He portions it into seven parts; one he allots to Mercury and the Nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, Ulysses, and his four servants. He gives the chine to Ulysses, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus Ajax after a victory over Hector, is rewarded in the same manner.

Νῶταίσι δ' Αἰαντῆα διήνεκεσσι γεραιρεν  
 Ἀτρεΐδης.

These while on sev'ral tables they dispose, 480  
 As priest himself, the blameless rustic rose;  
 Expert the destin'd victim to dispart  
 In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.  
 One sacred to the Nymphs apart they lay;  
 Another to the winged son of May: 485

V. 484. *One sacred to the Nymphs — —  
 Another to the winged son of May ]*

It may be asked why Eumæus allots part of the victim to Mercury and the Nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole Iliad and Odyssey? This is done in compliance to the place and person of Eumæus, whose employment lies in the country, and who has the care of the herds of Ulysses; he therefore offers to the nymphs, as they are the presidents of the fountains, rivers, groves, and furnish sustenance and food for cattle: and Mercury was held by the ancients to be the patron of shepherds. Thus Simonides,

Θυειν Νυμφαῖς καὶ Μαῖαδ' ὅτι τοῦ  
 Οὗτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἶμα ἐχρεσι ποιμαίνων.

Eustathius adds (from whom this is taken), that Mercury was a lucrative god, and therefore Eumæus sacrifices to him for increase of his herds: or because he was δολιὸς ἐμψυγής, and, like Ulysses, master of all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, and then Eumæus may be understood to offer to him for the safety of Ulysses, that he might furnish him with artifice to bring him in security to his country; and we see this agrees with his prayer.

What Dacier adds is yet more to the purpose. Eumæus joins Mercury with the Nymphs because he was patron of flocks, and the ancients generally placed the figure of a ram at the base of his images; sometimes he is represented carrying a ram upon his arms, sometimes upon his shoulders: in short, it suffices that he was esteemed a rural deity, to make the sacrifice proper to be offered to him by a person whose occupation lay in the country.

The rural tribe in common share the rest,  
 The king the chine, the honour of the feast,  
 Who sat delighted at his servant's board;  
 The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.  
 Oh be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove, 490  
 As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!

Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain reply'd),  
 Enjoyment of the good the gods provide.  
 From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;  
 These he decrees, and he but suffers those: 495  
 All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,  
 The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.  
 This said, the first fruits to the gods he gave;  
 Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave: .  
 In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl, 500  
 He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.  
 The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,  
 (Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,  
 And led from Taphos, to attend his board,  
 (A servant added to his absent lord) 505

V. 504. *And led from Taphos* —] This custom of purchasing slaves prevailed over all the world, as appears not only from many places of Homer, but of the Holy Scripture, in which mention is made of slaves bought with money. The Taphians lived in a small island adjacent to Ithaca; Mentès was king of it, as appears from the first of the *Odyssey*: they were generally pirates, and are supposed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the Phœnician tongue (as Bochart observes) signifies rapine; 'Hataph,' and by contraction 'Taph,' bearing that signification.

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,  
 And from the banquet take the bowls away.  
 And now the rage of hunger was repress,  
 And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Frequent use has been made of Phœnician interpretations through the course of these notes, and perhaps it may be judged necessary to say something why they may be supposed to give names to countries and persons, more than any other nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of letters, Lucan, lib. iii.

‘Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi  
 Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.’

and were the greatest navigators in the world. Dionysius says they were the first,

Οἱ πρῶτοι νησσιν ἐπειρησαντὸ θαλάσσης,  
 Πρῶτοι δ' ἐμπορικῆς ἀλιδίνῃ ἐμνησαντὸ.

‘The first who used navigation, the first who trafficked by the ocean.’ If we put these two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were called by Phœnician names: for they being the first navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of islands, countries, and cities, to which they would be obliged to give names when they described them. And nothing is so probable, as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the nature of the several countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the present instance, the Taphians being remarkable pirates (as appears from Homer,

— — Ταφιοὶ ληιστορὲς ἄνδρες  
 — — ληιστήρσιν ἐπισπομένῃ Ταφιοῖσι.)

the Phœnicians, who first discovered this island, called it ‘Taph,’ the Island of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the people. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that Homer was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the Phœnicians; for he speaks frequently of that people through the course of the Odyssey.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er  
The face of things; the winds began to roar; 511

V. 510. *Now came the night — —*

*— — the winds began to roar; &c.]*

Eustathius observes, that Homer introduces the following story by a very artful connexion, and makes it, as it were, grow out of the subject: the coldness of the present season brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before Troy.

It is remarkable, that almost all poets have taken an opportunity to give long descriptions of the night; Virgil, Statius, Apollonius, Tasso, and Dryden, have enlarged upon this subject: Homer seems industriously to have avoided it: perhaps he judged such descriptions to be no more than excrescencies, and at best but beautiful superfluities. A modern hypercritic thinks Mr. Dryden to have excelled all the poets in this point.

'All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,' &c.

The last verse is translated from Statius,

'Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.'

which I mention only to propose it to consideration, whether 'cacumina' must, in this place, of necessity signify the tops of mountains; why may it not be applied, as it is frequently, to the tops of the trees? I question whether the nodding of a mountain, or the appearance of its nodding, be a natural image. whereas if we understand it of the trees, the difficulty vanishes; and the meaning will be much more easy, that the very trees seem to nod, as in sleep.

I beg the reader's patience to mention another verse of Statius, that has been undoubtedly mistaken.

'Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris,  
Horruit in maculas.' — —

Which Cowley renders,

'— — he swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all his spots on ev'ry side.'



The driving storm the wat'ry west wind pours,  
And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.  
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,  
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise; 515  
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,  
With artful preface to his host he spoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;  
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,  
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520  
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,  
The grave in merry measures frisk about,  
And many a long repented word bring out.  
Since to be talkative I now commence,  
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense. 525

In which sense also the author of the Spectator quotes it from Cowley. But it is impossible to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into spots, and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the spots remain when the passion was over? The assertion is absolutely against nature, and matter of fact; and as absurd as to affirm that the hair of a tiger blushes. This mistake arises from the double sense of the word '*maculæ*,' which signifies also 'the meshes of a net,' as any common dictionary will inform us. So Tully, '*Reticulum minutis maculis*;' Columella, '*Rete grandi macula*;' Ovid, '*Distinctum maculis rete*.' This way the sense is obvious: no wonder that a tiger, when enclosed in the toils, should '*horrere in maculis*,' or erect his hair when he flies against the meshes, endeavouring to escape; and it agrees with the nature of that animal, to roughen his hair when he is angry. I beg the reader's pardon for all this; but the mention of a hypercritic was infecting, and led me into it unawares.

Once I was strong (would heav'n restore those days)  
 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.  
 Ulysses, Menelaus led forth a band,  
 And join'd me with them ('twas their own command);  
 A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530  
 Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:  
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,  
 We made the osier-fringed bank our bed.  
 Full soon th' inclemency of heav'n I feel,  
 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel. 535  
 Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields  
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our shields.  
 There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,  
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.  
 Fool that I was! I left behind my own; 540  
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,  
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!

V. 540. *I left behind my cloak, &c.*] To understand this passage, we must remember, that in those eastern regions, after very hot days an extreme cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season. If it had been winter, no doubt Ulysses would have armed himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduced to such an extremity.

There is one incident in this story that seems extraordinary; Ulysses and Menelaus are said to form an ambush under the very walls of Troy, and yet are described to be sleeping while they thus form it. The words are, *ευδον ευκηλαί*. *Ευδον* does not necessarily signify to be asleep, as is already proved from the conclusion of the first Iliad: but here it must have that import; for Ulysses tells his

When now was wasted more than half the night,  
And the stars faded at approaching light;  
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid 545  
Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said.

Here longer in this field I cannot lie,  
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,  
And die asham'd (oh wisest of mankind)  
The only fool who left his cloak behind. 550

He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,  
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;  
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,  
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right)  
Hush thee, he cry'd (soft-whisp'ring in my ear) 555  
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—  
And then (supporting on his arm his head)  
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)  
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:  
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye, 560  
And sure the warning vision was from high:  
Let from among us some swift courier rise,  
Haste to the gen'ral, and demand supplies.

Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,  
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down; 565

companions, that he has had an extraordinary dream. Besides, even a tendency towards sleep should be avoided by soldiers in an ambuscade, especially by the leaders of it. The only answer that occurs to me is, that perhaps they had centinels waking while they slept; but even this would be unsoldierlike in our age.

Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground :  
 That instant, in his cloak I wrapp'd me round :  
 And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone  
 The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne. 569

Oh were my strength as then, as then my age !  
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.  
 Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then  
 The honours, and the offices of men :  
 Some master, or some servant would allow  
 A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now ! 575

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)  
 Thy lips let fall no idle words or vain !  
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,  
 Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.  
 But in the morning take thy clothes again, 580  
 For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain ;

V. 580. *But in the morning take thy clothes again.*] This is not spoken in vain, it was necessary for Ulysses to appear in the form of a beggar, to prevent discovery.

The word in the Greek is *δνοπαλιξεις*, which it is impossible to translate without a circumlocution. It paints (observes Eustathius) exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: *δνοπαλιξεις* is *ταῖς παλαμαῖς δονησεις*, or *δινησεις*, and expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his clothes.

V. 582. *For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain.*] It is not at first view evident, why Ulysses requests a change of raiment from Eumæus, for a better dress would only have exposed him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the

No change of garments to our hinds is known :  
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son  
With better hand shall grace with fit attires  
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires. 585

injunctions of the goddess of wisdom, who had not only disguised him in the habit of a beggar, but changed his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before Eumæus; he has already told him that he was once a person of dignity, though now reduced to poverty by calamities: and consequently a person who had once known better fortunes, would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself, therefore he asks a better dress, that Eumæus may believe his former story.

What Eumæus speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain Phæacians, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious Ithacan, Eumæus.

I wonder this last part of the relation of Ulysses has escaped the censure of the critics: the circumstance of getting the cloak of Thoas in the cold night, though it shews the artifice of Ulysses essential to his character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the majesty of epic poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of such a nature as to raise a smile, rather than admiration; and Virgil has utterly rejected such levities. Perhaps it may be thought that Ulysses adapts himself to Eumæus, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleasantry; yet this does not solve the objection, for Eumæus is not a person of a low character: no one in the *Odyssey* speaks with better sense, or better morality. One would almost imagine that Homer was sensible of the weakness of this story, he introduces it so artfully. He tells us in a short preface, that wine unbends the most serious and wise person, and makes him laugh, dance, and speak, without his usual caution: and then he proceeds to the fable of his ambush before Troy. But no introduction can reconcile it to those who think such comic relations should not at all be introduced into epic poetry. .

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,  
 And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:  
 The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide  
 He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;  
 With store to heap above him, and below, 590  
 And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.  
 There lay the king, and all the rest supine;  
 All, but the careful master of the swine:  
 Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:  
 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;  
 His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder ty'd: 595  
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd:  
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,  
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.  
 There to the tusky herd he bends his way, 600  
 Where screen'd from Boreas, high o'erarch'd they lay.

V. 594. *Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care.*] A French critic has been very severe upon this conduct of Eumæus. 'The divine hogherd,' says he, 'having given the divine Ulysses his supper, sends him to sleep with his hogs, that had white teeth.' When critics find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an author but what the author really speaks, otherwise it is not criticism, but calumny and ignorance. Monsieur Perrault is here guilty of both, for Ulysses sleeps in the house of Eumæus, and Eumæus retires to take care of his charge, not to sleep, but to watch with them.

This and the preceding book take up no more than the space of one day. Ulysses lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with Minerva how to bring about his restoration. About noon he comes to Eumæus, for immediately after his arrival they dine: they pass the afternoon and evening in conference: so that thirty-five days are exactly completed since the beginning of the Odyssey.

THE  
FIFTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

# THE ARGUMENT.

## THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

*THE goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos: where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast; and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.*



THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XV.\*

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,  
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns.  
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,  
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.

\* Neither this book, nor indeed some of the following, are to be reckoned among the most shining parts of the Odyssey. They are narrative, and generally low; yet natural, and just enough, considering Homer was resolved to describe and follow low life so very minutely. This great poet here resembles an evening sun; he has not the same heat or brightness; there are several little clouds about him, though in some places gilded and adorned: however, to make us amends, he breaks out again before the conclusion of his course, and sets at last in glory.

There is no doubt, but all the parts of a poem are not capable of equal lustre; nay, they ought not to dazzle us alike, or tire us by a perpetual strain upon the imagination. But in these cooler relations a translator has a hard task: he is expected to *shine*, where the author is *not bright*: and the unreasonable critic demands a copy more noble than the original. It is true, these are the passages of which he ought to take particular care, and to set them off to the best advantage: but however he may polish a vulgar stone, it will still retain its inherent degree of cloudiness.

Beneath the royal portico display'd,  
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid:

The story now turns to Telemachus, and the poet briefly describes his voyage to his country there is a necessity to be concise, for the hero of an epic poem is never to be out of sight, after his introduction. The little time that Homer employs in the return of Telemachus is not spent unusefully by Ulysses; during this interval, he learns the state of his public and domestic affairs from Eumæus, and prepares the way for the destruction of the suitors, the chief design of the whole *Odyssey*. There is another reason why the poet ought not to dwell at large upon the story of Telemachus: he bears but an incidental relation to the *Odyssey*; and consequently Homer was necessitated to pass over his actions with brevity, that he might describe the hero of his poem at full length. It has been objected, that no mention has been made of any action at all of Telemachus during his whole stay with Menelaus, and that he lies there idly, without making his voyage contribute any thing to the restitution of Ulysses: but from the former observation it is evident, that this silence in the poet proceeds from judgment. Nothing is to be inserted in an epic poem but what has some affinity with the main design of it. but what affinity could the actions of Telemachus in the Spartan court have with those of Ulysses? This would have been to make two heroes in one poem, and would have broken the unity of the action: whereas by the contrary conduct Homer unites the two stories, and makes the voyage of Telemachus subservient to the chief action; namely, the restitution of Ulysses. Telemachus undertakes a voyage to make inquiry after Ulysses: this the poet fully describes, because it has an immediate relation to Ulysses; but passes over all other adventures during the absence of Telemachus, because they have no relation to the design.

I know it has been objected, that the whole story of Telemachus is foreign to the *Odyssey*, and that the four first books have not a sufficient connexion with the rest of the poem, and therefore that there is a double action. but this objection will cease, if it be made appear, that this voyage contributes to the restoration of Ulysses; for whatever incident has such an effect, is united to the subject and

In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;  
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:

essential to it. Now that this voyage has such an effect is very evident, the suitors were ready to seize the throne of Ulysses, and compel his wife to marry; but by this voyage Telemachus breaks their whole designs. Instead of usurping the throne, they are obliged to defend themselves: they defer their purpose, and waste much time in endeavouring to intercept him in his return. By this method leisure is gained from the violence and addresses of the suitors, till Ulysses returns and brings about his own re-establishment. This voyage therefore is the secret source from which all the happiness of Ulysses flows. for had not Telemachus sailed to Pyle, Penelope must have been compelled to marry, and the throne of Ulysses usurped. I have been more large upon this objection, because many foreign critics lay great weight upon it. See note on v. 110 of the first book.

There has lately been a great dispute amongst the French, concerning the length of the stay of Telemachus from his country. The debate is not very material, nor is it very difficult to settle that point. Telemachus sailed from Ithaca in the evening of the second day, and returns to it on the thirty-eighth in the morning, so that he is absent thirty-five days complete.

V. 1. *Now had Minerva, &c.*] If this had been related by an historian, he would have only said that Telemachus judged it necessary for his affairs to sail back to his own country; but a poet steps out of the common beaten road, ascribes the wisdom of that hero to the goddess of it, and introduces her in person, to give a dignity to his poetry.

The reader may consult in general the extracts from Bossu (placed before the *Odyssey*) concerning machines, or the interposition of deities in epic poetry. I will here beg leave to set them in a different and more particular light.

It has been imagined that a deity is never to be introduced but when all human means are ineffectual: if this were true, Minerva would be in vain employed in bringing Telemachus back, when a common messenger might have answered that purpose as well as the

When, O Telemachus! (the goddess said)  
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.

*χορος*, 'dance,' seems a forced combination. Cowper has adopted the first sense, 'spacious,' simply. L.

V 3. *Anxious she flies*, &c ] Cowper, with his accustomed fidelity to the original, and very pleasingly,

'That she might summon thence

Ulysses' glorious son to his own home;

which is exactly,

•Θδυσσεος μεγαθυμε παιδιμον υιον  
— οἶκον εἰσα νεεσθαι,

except the omission of the epithet to Ulysses.

This might be expressed thus—

'High-soul'd Ulysses' glorious offspring home.' L.

V. 5. *Beneath the royal portico*, &c. Minerva here finds Telemachus in bed: it is necessary to remember that Ulysses landed in Ithaca in the morning of the thirty-fifth day; and when Minerva left him, she went to the Spartan court to Telemachus; this vision therefore appears to that hero in the night following the thirty-fifth day. On the thirty-sixth he departs from Menelaus, and lodges that night with Diocles; on the thirty-seventh he embarks towards the evening, sails all night, and lands on the thirty eighth in the morning in his own country. From this observation it is likewise evident, that Ulysses passes two days in discourse with Eumæus, though the poet only distinguishes the time by the voyage of Telemachus: for the preceding book concludes with the thirty fifth day, and Telemachus spends the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh and the following night in his return, and meets Ulysses in the morning of the thirty-eighth day. This remark is necessary to avoid confusion, and to make the two stories of Ulysses and Telemachus coincide, in this and the next book of the *Odyssey*.

V. 9. The beauty of the original no translation seems to have reached.

'Nor held Telemachus sweet sleep: his mind  
Cares for his father, through ambrosial night  
Oft waken'd.'

V. 7, 8. Τηλεμαχον δ'εκ υπνος εχε γλυκως. αλλ' ενι θυμῳ  
Νυκτα δι' αμβροσιην μελεδμηαλα Παλρος εγχειρειν.

When, O Telemachus! (the goddess said)

Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.

*χορος*, 'dance,' seems a forced combination. Cowper has adopted the first sense; 'spacious,' simply. L.

V 3 *Anxious she flies, &c*] Cowper, with his accustomed fidelity to the original, and very pleasingly;

'That she might summon thence

Ulysses' glorious son to his own home;'

which is exactly,

Θδυσσεος μεγαθυμῆς παιδὶμον υἱον  
 ——— ὀτρυνέσθαι νείεσθαι,

except the omission of the epithet to Ulysses.

This might be expressed thus—

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Thus leaving careless thy paternal right  
 The robbers prize, the prey to lawless might.  
 On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam, 15  
 Ev'n now, the hand of rapine sacks the dome.  
 Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore  
 To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:  
 Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands  
 Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands. 20  
 Through both, Eurymachus pursues the dame;  
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.

Chapman however, as Mr. Wakefield observes, is good, simple, and full.

' Sleep could not enter: cares did so excite  
 His soul, through all the solitary night,  
 For his lov'd father —'

The proper spelling of the *participle* oppressed, as distinguished from the *præterit*, is now given in the text agreeably to Wakefield's note: and rhimes are not for the eye, but for the ear. The pronunciation is the same. L.

V. 20. *Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands.*] Ovid had these lines in his view in his epistle of Penelope to Ulysses.

' Me pater Icarius viduo decedere lecto  
 Cogit, et immensas increpat usque moras.'

But why should Minerva make use of these arguments, to persuade Telemachus to return immediately; and give him no information concerning the safety of Ulysses, who was now actually landed in his own country? The poet reserves this discovery to be made in the future part of the story: if Telemachus had known of his father's being already returned, there could have been no room for the beautiful interview between the father and the son; for the doubts and fears, the surprise and filial tenderness, on the part of Telemachus; and for the paternal fondness, the yearnings of nature, and the transports of joy, on the part of Ulysses. Aristotle particularly commends this conduct of Homer with respect to Ulysses. These disguises and concealments

Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain.  
 Thou know'st the practice of the female train,  
 Lost in the children of the present spouse 25  
 They slight the pledges of their former vows:  
 Their love is always with the lover past;  
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.  
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,  
 Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride. 30  
 But now thy more attentive ears incline;  
 Observe the warnings of a pow'r divine:  
 For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay  
 In Samos sands, or straits of Ithaca:  
 To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band, 35  
 Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.

(says that author) perplex the fable with agreeable plots and intricacies, surprise us with a variety of incidents, and give room for the relation of many adventures, while Ulysses still appears in assumed characters, and upon every occasion recites a new history. At the same time the poet excellently sustains his character, which is every where distinguished by a wise and ready dissimulation.

V. 24. *Thou know'st the practice of the female train.*] This is not spoken in derogation of Penelope, nor applied to her in particular; it is laid down as an universal maxim, and uttered by the goddess of wisdom: but (says Madam Dacier) I wish the poet had told us, if the husbands in his days had better memories towards their departed wives. But what advantage would this be to the fair sex, if we allow that an husband may possibly forget a former wife? I choose rather to congratulate the modern ladies, against whom there is not the least objection of this nature.

V. 35. 'To seize their prey the murd'rous band.'

GRAY, on a distant Prospect of Eton  
 College. W.

No — sooner far their riot and their lust  
 All cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust '  
 Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,  
 Nor let the night retard thy full career; 40  
 Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales  
 To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:  
 And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,  
 Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;  
 But seek thou first the master of the swine, 45  
 (For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)  
 There pass the night: while he his course pursues  
 To bring Penelope the wish'd for news,  
 That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand  
 Art come to bless her in thy native land. 50

Thus spoke the goddess: and resum'd her flight  
 To the pure regions of eternal light.  
 Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,  
 And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes.

Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare, 55  
 And join the harness'd coursers to the car.

What cause, he cry'd, can justify our flight,  
 To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?

V. 41. Better, 'some' heavenly guardian.

V. 51. Better perhaps thus than with the change proposed by Mr. Wakefield.

'This said, the blue-ey'd maid resum'd her flight.'

V. 58. Closely to a passage in Dryden's Character of a good Parson.

'Tempting on foot alone without affright,  
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.'



Here wait we rather, till approaching day  
 Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way. 60  
 Nor think of flight before the Spartan king  
 Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;  
 Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,  
 The sacred act of friendship shall record.

Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the east,  
 The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest. 66  
 As soon as his approach the hero knew,  
 The splendid mantle round him first he threw,  
 Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,  
 Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke. 70

Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!  
 Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.

V. 63. Better if the word taken up in the following verse had appeared in this:

' — — and gifts abundant bring,  
 Gifts, which to distant ages — —' W.

V. 65. Preferably if this great artificer of verse and diction had chosen to say,

' Thus he: and Morn, the golden-thron'd.' L.

V. 67. Perhaps more poetic,

' Instant as his approach, &c.' L.

V. 72. *Licence*.—Now justly felt as unsuitable for heroic poetry, the word being worn thread-bare. But such is the fate of words—and not of words only.

' Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.'

Variable associations of ideas in the lapse of ages give dignity to particular words, or take it away. L.

Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,  
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire so strong thy bosom glows, 75  
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;  
For oft in others freely I reprove  
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;  
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,  
And both the golden mean alike condemn. 80  
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,  
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;  
True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

V. 79. This often too applicable aphorism is expressed in better rhyme, and clearer diction, by Wakefield.

‘ Who love too much, hate in the same excess,  
And both the golden mean alike transgress.’

And yet, in reality, none hate worse than those who never love any thing but themselves. L.

V. 84. *Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.*] Homer has here laid together admirable precepts for social life; the passage was much admired; Herodotus borrowed it, as we are informed by Eustathius.

— — — — τραπεζη

Μειλιξαντ' αποπεμψαι επαν εθελωσι νεεσθαι

But perhaps Eustathius quoted by memory, or through inadvertency wrote down Herodotus for Theocritus, in whom these lines are to be found.

Μηδε ξεινοδοκον κακον εμμεναι, αλλα τραπεζα

Μειλιξαντ' αποπεμψαι, επαν εθελωντι νεεσθαι.

Idyll. xvi. 17.

Quod ‘ Gratia’ sive ‘ Hieron’ inscribitur. L.

Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take 85  
 The noblest presents that our love can make:  
 Meantime commit we to our women's care  
 Some choice domestic viands to prepare:  
 The trav'ler rising from the banquet gay,  
 Eludes the labours of the tedious way. 90  
 Then if a wider course shall rather please  
 Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,  
 Atrides in his chariot shall attend;  
 Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.  
 No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove 95  
 Without some pledge, some monument of love:  
 These will the caldron, these the tripod give,  
 From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,  
 Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, reply'd:  
 O monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride! 101  
 No friend in Ithaca my place supplies;  
 No pow'rful hands are there, no watchful eyes:  
 My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand  
 The speediest succour from my guardian hand; 105  
 Lest in a search too anxious and too vain  
 Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

V. 106. This line perhaps would have been more simple and pleasing if the poet,—as frequently Shakespere does in like cases; and as Robert Bloomfield has done in the word 'menial' in the beginning of his 'Farmer's Boy,'—had made 'anxious' a dissyllable. 'Anxious and vain.' L.

His purpose when the gen'rous warrior heard,  
 He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.  
 Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home, 110  
 Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;  
 Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,  
 And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.  
 Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went  
 Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent. 115  
 The king selected from the glitt'ring rows  
 A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.

V 109. *He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.*] It is in the original, 'He commanded Helen and her maids' to do it. The moderns have blamed Menelaus for want of delicacy in commanding his queen to perform such household offices. I read such passages with pleasure, because they are exact pictures of ancient life: we may as well condemn the first inhabitants of the world for want of politeness, in living in tents and bowers, and not in palaces. This command of Menelaus agrees with those manners, and with the patriarchal life. Gen. xviii. 6. 'Abraham hastened into his tent, and said unto Sarah his wife, make ready quickly three measures of fine meal: knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.'

I doubt not but the continual descriptions of entertainments have likewise given offence to many, but we may be in some degree reconciled to them, if we consider they are not only instances of the hospitality of the ancients, but of their piety and religion: every meal was a religious act, a sacrifice, or a feast of thanksgiving; libations of wine, and offerings of part of the flesh, were constantly made at every entertainment. This gives a dignity to the description: and when we read it, we are not to consider it as an act merely of eating or drinking, but as an office of worship to the gods.

This is a note of the critics; but perhaps the same thing might as well be said of our modern entertainments, wherever the good practice of saying *grace* before and after meat is not yet laid aside.

The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes  
 Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,  
 And chose the largest; with no vulgar art 120  
 Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part:  
 Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,  
 Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.  
 Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,  
 And thus the king Ulysses' heir address. 125

Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring Jove  
 With happiest omens thy desires approve!  
 This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine  
 Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine;  
 To me this present, of Vulcanian frame, 130  
 From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;

V. 123. *Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night* ] If this passage were translated literally, it would stand thus, 'Helen chose a vesture of most beautiful embroidery, and of the largest extent, a vesture that lay beneath the rest.' We are to understand by the last circumstance, that this vesture was the choicest of her wardrobe, it being repositd with the greatest care, or *νειστος αλλων*. The verses are taken from lib. vi. of the Iliad. This robe was the work of Helen's own hands; an instance that in those days a great lady, or a great beauty, might be a good workwoman: and she here seems to take particular care to obviate an opinion one might otherwise have, that she did not apply herself to those works till her best days were past. We are told in the Iliad,

' Her in the palace, at her loom she found,  
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd:  
 The Trojan wars she weav'd, herself the prize,  
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.'

To thee we now consign the precious load;  
The pride of kings, and labour of a god.

Then gave the cup; while Megapenthes brought  
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought. 135  
The beauteous queen advancing next, display'd  
The shining veil, and thus endearing said.

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,  
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove;  
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay, 140  
To deck thy bride and grace thy nuptial day.  
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain  
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil:—with grateful look  
The prince the variegated present took. 145  
And now, when through the royal dome they pass'd,  
High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.  
A golden ew'r th' attendant damsel brings,  
Replete with water from the crystal springs;  
With copious streams the shining vase supplies 150  
A silver laver of capacious size.

V 132. Better by Wakefield; for rhyme, diction, and correspondence, to the original.

‘ This bowl of work cœlestial, precious load,  
And pride of kings, be now on thee bestow'd.’

After all this ‘ precious load’ has a bombast turn, and is not warranted by the original. L.

V. 134. Megapenthes, the proper reading, is inserted here with scruple by the present Editor instead of ‘ Megapenthe.’ L.

V. 139. ‘ Wove’ for ‘ woven,’ seems fair in poetry: and ‘ thy Helen’ is a remedy which introduces a greater blemish. L.

They wash. The tables in fair order spread,  
 The glitt'ring canisters are crown'd with bread;  
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste  
 Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast! 155  
 While Eteoneus portions out the shares,  
 Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.  
 And now (each sated with the genial feast,  
 And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)  
 Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend, 160  
 The horses join, the polish'd car ascend:  
 Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,  
 And the wide portal echoes to the sound.  
 The king precedes: a bowl with fragrant wine  
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'rs divine) 165  
 His right hand held: before the steeds he stands,  
 Then, mix'd with pray'rs, he utters these commands.  
 Farewell and prosper, youths!—let Nestor know  
 What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,  
 For all the proofs of his paternal care, 170  
 Through the long dangers of the ten years war.  
 Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)  
 Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.  
 And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!  
 To him thy presents shew, thy words repeat: 175

V. 174. *And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet! &c.*] It is not impossible but a false reading may have crept into the text in this verse. In the present edition it stands thus, *αι γαρ εγυνωις*.

How will each speech his grateful wonder raise?

How will each gift indulge us in thy praise?

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right  
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!

A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore, 180

With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.

Peasants in vain with threat'ning cries pursue,

In solemn speed the bird majestic flew

Full dexter to the car: the prosperous sight

Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight. 185

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,

And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.

Say if to us the gods these omens send,

Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?

Νοστήσας, Ἰθάκην δὲ κίων, Ὀδυσσεὶ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ

ἔπιθιμ'.——

The sense will be less intricate, and the construction more easy, if instead of κίων we insert κίχων, and read the line thus pointed.

Νοστήσας Ἰθακὴν δέ, κίχων Ὀδυσσεὶ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ

ἔπιθιμ'.

Then the verse will have this import, 'O may I, upon my return to Ithaca, finding Ulysses in his palace, give him an account of their friendship!' whereas in the common editions there is a tautology, and either κίων or νοστήσας must be allowed to be a superfluity.

This reading requires Ὀδυσή'. It is also very remarkable that the Annotator, speaking of the text of Homer, should have used the words "in the present edition." L.

V. 176, 7. There is rather too much amplification here on the simplicity of the original; not altogether agreeable to the manners of Telemachus, and of antiquity, nor to the style of Homer on such occasions, and of the Odyssey in particular: but the two preceding lines are faithful and delightful. L.



Whilst yet the monarch paus'd, with doubts oppress'd,  
The beauteous queen reliev'd his lab'ring breast. 191

Hear me, she cry'd, to whom the gods have giv'n  
To read this sign, and mystic sense of heav'n.  
As thus the plummy sov'reign of the air  
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care, 195

V. 192. *Hear me, she cry'd, &c.*] It is not clear why the poet ascribes a greater quickness and penetration to Helen in the solution of this prodigy, than to Menelaus. Is it, as Eustathius asserts, from a superior acuteness of nature and presence of mind in the fair sex? I would willingly believe that Helen might happen to stand in such a position, as to be able to make more minute observation upon the flight of the eagle, than Menelaus, and being more circumstantial in the observation, she might for that reason be more ready and circumstantial in the interpretation. But Homer himself tells us, that she received it from the gods. This is a pious lesson; to teach us in general, that all knowledge is the gift of God: and perhaps here particularly inserted, to raise the character of Helen, and make us less surprised to see her forgiven by Menelaus, when she is not only pardoned, but favoured thus with inspiration. And indeed it was necessary to reconcile us to this fatal beauty; at whom the reader is naturally enough offended: she is an actress in many of the scenes of the Odyssey, and consequently to be redeemed from contempt: this is done by degrees; the poet steals away the adulteress from our view, to set before us the amiable penitent.

V. 194. *As thus the plummy sov'reign, &c.*] Ulysses is the eagle, the bird represents the suitors: the cries of the men and women when the eagle seized his prey, denote the lamentations of the relations of the suitors, who are slain by Ulysses. The circumstance of the flight of the eagle close to the horses, is added to shew that the prodigy had a fixed and certain reference to a person present; namely Telemachus: the eagle comes suddenly from a mountain; this means that Ulysses shall unexpectedly arrive from the country to the suitors destruction. The fowl is said to be fed by the family; this is a full designation of the

And wander'd through the wide ethereal way  
 To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;  
 So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain  
 Through all the dangers of the boundless main,  
 Arrive (or is perchance already come) 200  
 From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thund'ring Jove  
 (The prince reply'd), stand fix'd in fate above;  
 To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise;  
 And crown thy altars with the costly blaze. 205

He said; and bending o'er his chariot, flung  
 Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;  
 The bounding shafts upon the harness play,  
 Till night descending intercepts the way.

suitors, who feed upon Ulysses, and prey upon his family.' And as this bird is killed by the talons of the eagle, so the suitors fall by the spear of Ulysses. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 194. Here the apocope on sovereign is proper: as the vowel is quiescent. L.

V. 195. 'Callow care,' an exceedingly bad collision. 'Unfledg'd care' would have been preferable. It puts me in mind of

'O care, est cariosa caro sub carice.' L.

V. 198. 'So after suffering much and wandering long,  
 Ulysses shall return, and shall avenge ——'  
 is pretty close to the original. L.

V. 200. There is exceeding beauty in the position of 'arrive.' L.

V. 204. Much too strong for his author; who is well given by Chapman.

'When I arrive, I will perform to thee  
 My daily vows, as to a deity.'

To Diocleus, at Pheræ, they repair, 210  
 Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;  
 With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,  
 Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.  
 But soon as Morning, from her orient bed,  
 Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red, 215  
 They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung;  
 The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came: when thus begun  
 To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:  
 Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest: 220  
 Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;  
 His friend by long hereditary claim,  
 In toils his equal, and in years the same.  
 No farther from our vessel, I implore,  
 The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore. 225  
 Too long thy father would his friend detain;  
 I dread his proffer'd kindness, urg'd in vain.

V. 210. 'Diocles' would have been the better English form; and this form Cowper adopts. L.

V. 216. 'Sprang' and 'rang' are more correct: but useless surely for imitative harmony, or exactness of rhyme with another word. The ear seems to be better satisfied with 'sprung' and 'rung.' L.

V. 226. *Too long thy father would his friend detain.*] This has been objected against, as contrary to the promise of Telemachus, who assured Menelaus that he would 'acquaint Nestor with his great friendship and hospitality:' is he therefore not guilty of falsehood, by embarking immediately without fulfilling his promise? Eustathius answers, that the prodigy of the eagle occasions this alteration; and that the not fulfilling his promise is to be ascribed to accident and ne-

The hero paus'd; and ponder'd this request:  
 While love and duty warr'd within his breast.  
 At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,      230  
 And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.  
 There, while within the poop with care he stor'd  
 The regal presents of the Spartan lord;  
 With speed be gone (said he), call ev'ry mate,  
 Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate.      235  
 'Tis true, the fervor of his gen'rous heart  
 Brooks no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart;  
 Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,  
 In words alone, the Pylia monarch kind.

cessity. But the words of Telemachus sufficiently justify his veracity: they are of the plural number, καταλεξόμεν, 'I and Pisistratus will inform Nestor of your hospitality.' This promise he leaves to be performed by Pisistratus, who returns directly to Nestor. Others blame Telemachus as unpolite, in leaving Nestor without any acknowledgment for his civilities. Dacier has recourse to the command of Minerva, and to the prodigy of the eagle, for his vindication: he is commanded by the gods to return immediately; and therefore not blameable for complying with their injunctions. But perhaps it is a better reason to say, that the nature of the poem requires such a conduct; the action of the Odyssey stands still till the return of Telemachus (whatever happens to him in Pyle being foreign to it), and therefore Homer shews his judgment, in precipitating the actions of Telemachus, rather than trifling away the time, while the story sleeps, only to shew a piece of complaisance and ceremony.

V. 232. It would be exact thus, with the first line from Ogilby.

'There, while with beauteous gifts he stores the hold,  
 The gifts of Menelaus, vest and gold.' W.—L.

V. 236. Very well: and even better than ὑπερβίος in the original. But, 241, 'fury' is assuredly, 'quelque chose de trop.' L.

But when arriv'd he thy return shall know, 240  
How will his breast with honest fury glow?  
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,  
And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.

Now (cry'd Telemachus) with speedy care  
Hoise ev'ry sail, and ev'ry oar prepare. 245  
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,  
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores  
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;  
When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore, 250  
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore:  
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,  
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,

V. 247. Thus, on account of the rhyme:

' Spring to their seats, and speed the destin'd way.'

V. 252. — — *From great Melampus sprung*] There is some obscurity in this genealogical history. Melampus was a prophet, he lived in Pylos, and was a person of great wealth: his uncle Neleus seized his riches, and detained them a whole year, to oblige him to recover his herds detained by Iphiclus in Phylace; he failed in the attempt, and was kept in prison by Iphiclus, the son of Phylacus. Bias, the brother of Melampus, was in love with Pero the daughter of Neleus; Neleus, to engage Melampus more strongly in the enterprise, promises to give Pero in marriage to his brother Bias, upon the recovery of his herds from Iphiclus. At length Iphiclus releases Melampus from prison, upon his discovering to him how he might have an heir to succeed to his dominions, and rewards him with restoring the herds of Neleus. Then Neleus retracts his promise, and refuses to give his daughter Pero to Bias the brother of Melampus. Upon this Neleus and Melampus quarrel; and engaging in a single combat,

Till urg'd by wrongs a foreign realm he chose,  
 Far from the hateful cause of all his woes. 255  
 Neleus his treasures one long year detains;  
 As long, he groan'd in Phylacus's chains:  
 Meantime, what anguish and what rage, combin'd,  
 For lovely Pero rack'd his lab'ring mind!  
 Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong 260  
 To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:  
 Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair  
 To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air:  
 Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,  
 There form'd his empire; there his palace rose. 265  
 From him Antiphates and Mantius came:  
 The first begot Oiclus great in fame,  
 And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!  
 The People's saviour, and divinely wise,  
 Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies, 270  
 Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.

Neleus is vanquished, and Melampus retires to Argos. See lib. xi. ver. 350, &c. and the annotations, note 23.

V. 266—71. This double triplet, without interruption, can hardly ever be graceful: and we may be surprised at it here in so great a master of versification; unless he admitted it for the sake of conciseness.

V. 270. *Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,*

*Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.]*

The poet means Eriphyle, who, being bribed with a golden bracelet by Polynices, persuaded her husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, where he lost his life.—This is a remarkable passage: ‘Though he was loved by Jupiter and Apollo, yet he reached not to old age.’ Is a short life the greatest instance of the love of the gods? Plato quotes the verse to this purpose. ‘The life of man is so loaded with

From Mantius, Clitus; whom Aurora's love  
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:

calamity, that it is an instance of the favour of heaven to take the burden from us with speed.' The same author in Axiochus (if that dialogue be his) asserts, that the gods, having a perfect insight into human affairs, take speedily to themselves those whom they love. Thus when Trophonius and Agamedes had built a temple to Apollo, they prayed to receive a blessing the most beneficial to mankind. the god granted their prayers, and they were both found dead the next morning. Thus, likewise, the priestess of Juno, when her two sons had yoked themselves to her chariot, and drawn her for the greater expedition to the temple, prayed to the goddess to reward their filial piety; and they both died that night. This agrees with the expression of Menander, 'He whom the gods love dies young.'

Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλεῖσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

A remark this too much verified in our island. where consumption is fatal to those whose genius and disposition gives the happiest promise. L.

V. 270. The periphrasis in the latter part of this verse is perhaps not very graceful. The original is simply this, 'To Phœbus dear, and Ægis-bearing Jove.' L.

V. 272. — — — — *Aurora's love*

*Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above.]*

There is nothing more common than such accounts of men being carried away by Goddesses, in all the Greek poets; and yet what offends more against credibility? The poets invented these fables merely out of compliment to the dead. When any person happened to be drowned in a river, if a man, some water nymph stole him; if a woman, she was seized to be the wife of the river god. If any were lost at sea, Neptune or some of the sea gods or goddesses had taken them to their beds. But to speak to the present purpose:—If any person died in the fields, and his body happened not to be found, if he was murdered and buried, or devoured by wild beasts, so that no account was heard of his death, he was immediately imagined to be taken from the earth by some deity who was in love with his beauty. Thus Clitus being lost in his morning sports, like Orion while he was hunt

And Polyphides; on whom Phœbus shone  
 With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;                    275  
 In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,  
 And taught mankind the counsels of the God.  
 From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found  
 (The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)  
 Telemachus: whom, as to heav'n he prest                    280  
 His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest.\*

O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare  
 With pure libations, and with solemn pray'r;

ing, he was fabled to be carried to heaven by Aurora; being lost at the time of the morning, over which that deity presides.

V. 278. *From him sprung Theoclymenus* —] We have had a long genealogical digression to introduce Theoclymenus. Such passages might be useful in the age of Homer for by such honourable insertions he made his court to the best families then in Greece. It is true the story is told concisely, and this occasions some obscurity; distance of time, as well as place, makes us see all objects somewhat confusedly and indistinctly. In the days of Homer these stories were universally known; and consequently wanted no explication: the obscurity therefore is not to be charged upon Homer, but time, which has defaced and worn away some parts of the impression, and made the image less discernible.

The use the poet makes of the adventure of Theoclymenus, is to give encouragement to Telemachus: he assists him with his advice; and by his gift of prophecy explains to him a prodigy in the conclusion of this book. By this method he connects it with the main action: in giving Telemachus assurances that his affairs hasten to a re-establishment. Besides, these short relations are valuable, as they convey to posterity brief histories of ancient facts and families that are extant no where else.

V. 278. Both correctness and the ear would prefer 'sprang' in this verse. L.



By that dread pow'r to whom thy vows are paid;  
 By all the lives of these; thy own dear head; 285  
 Declare, sincerely, to no foe's demand,  
 Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know  
 A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.

V 287 *Declare — thy name, and lineage, &c.*] These questions may be thought somewhat extraordinary for what apparent reason is there for this fugitive to be told the name of the parents of Telemachus? But the interrogations are very material. He makes them to learn if Telemachus or his father are friends to the person slain by his hand? if they were, instead of sailing with him, he would have reason to fly from him, as from a person who might take away his life by the laws of the country. Thus in the Hebrew law, Numb. xxxv. 19. 'The revenger of blood (*ὁ ἀγχιστεύων*, or 'propinquus') shall slay the murderer, when he meeteth him' But the Jews had cities of refuge, to which the murderers fled as to a sanctuary: the Greeks in like manner, if the homicide fled into a voluntary exile, permitted him to be in security till the murder was atoned, either by fulfilling a certain time of banishment, or by a pecuniary mulct or expiation.

I will only further remark the conciseness of these interrogations of Theoclymenus; he asks four questions in a breath, in the compass of one line, his apprehensions of being pursued give him no leisure to expatiate. Homer judiciously adapts his poetry to the circumstances of the murderer, a man in fear being in great haste to be in security. Telemachus answers with equal brevity; being under a necessity to finish his voyage in the night, to avoid the ambush of the suitors. For this reason Homer shortens the relation, and complies with the exigency of Telemachus: with this further view; to unite the subordinate story of Telemachus with that of Ulysses, it being necessary to hasten to the chief action, and without delay carry on the main design of the Odyssey in the re-establishment of Ulysses.

V. 288. Much best, and nearest to the original, with the variation of one word from Wakefield, thus:

From Ithaca, of royal birth I came, 290

And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)

Was once my sire: though now for ever lost

In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!

Whose fate inquiring, through the world we rove;

The last, the wretched proof of filial love. 295

The stranger then. Nor shall I aught conceal,  
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.

Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;

Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue

With unrelenting rage, and force from home 300

The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.

But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood;

Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger (reply'd the prince) securely rest  
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our guest. 305

'Then thus Telemachus: Incline thine ear,  
The simple narrative of truth to hear.' L.

V. 294, 5. Much too boasting for Telemachus. Thus the original.

'Therefore, with comrades and my sable ship,  
I sought my father's hop'd return:—long lost!' L.

V. 297. This pompous line (unseasonably pompous) has no other foundation than the too great love of embellishment: with the necessity, perhaps, of supplying a rhyme. L.

Cowper is exact and graceful in giving this passage.

'Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus:  
I also am a wanderer; having slain  
A man of my own tribe.

V. 298. *Wretch*, a groundless and ill-placed word. L.

Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir  
 Takes from the stranger's hand the glitt'ring spear:  
 He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,  
 And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.  
 The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band 310  
 With due observance wait the chief's command:  
 With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind  
 The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.  
 Minerva calls; the ready gales obey  
 With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea. 315

V. 308. *He climbs, &c.*] The reference of the pronoun is not quite clear. And the passage is obscured and made less picturesque by omitting a line of the original. The original is thus:

'Takes from his hand the stranger's brazen spear,  
 And lays it on the wave-toss'd vessel's deck.'

Και ἰὸδ' ἐπ' ἰκρίοφιν ἰανυσεν νεὸς ἀμφιελίσσης. L.

V. 315 *With rapid speed, &c.*] Beside the bad rhyme, this line very ill expresses the harmony of cadence in the original, which is as swift and smooth as the sailing which it describes of a light vessel over the sea with a favouring gale.

οφρα ἰαχιστὰ

Νηὺς ἀνυσεῖε θεῖσα θαλασσης ἀλμυρον ὕδωρ. L.

V. 316. *Crurus they pass'd, next Chalcis — &c.*] This whole passage has been greatly corrupted; one line is omitted in all our editions of Homer, and the verses themselves are printed erroneously: for thus they stand, lib. viii. p. 539, of Strabo's Geography.

Βαν δὲ παρα Κρηνες, καὶ Χαλκίδα καλλιρεεθρον.

Ἦυσσετο τ' ἡελίος σκιωντὸ τε πασαι ἀγυιαί,

Ἦ δὲ Φεας ἐπεβαλλεν ἀγαλλομένη διος ἔρω.

Crusus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,  
 When thick'ning darkness clos'd the doubtful day;  
 The silver Phæa's glitt'ring rills they lost,  
 And skimm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.  
 Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind, 320  
 And turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

The first line is added from Strabo: thus in Latin,

‘Præterierunt Crunos, et Chalcida fluentis amœnam.’

He writes *αγαλλομενη* for *επειγομενη*, and *φεας* instead of *φερας*. The course that Telemachus steered is thus explained by the same author: he first sailed northwardly as far as Elis; then he turned towards the east, avoiding the direct course to Ithaca, to escape the ambush of the suitors, who lay between Samos and Ithaca. Then he passed the Echinades (called *Θραι*, that is *οξειαι*, or ‘sharp-pointed,’ by Homer. See Strabo, lib. x. They are called Oxias by Pliny) lying near the gulf of Corinth, and the mouths of Achelous: thus leaving Ithaca on the east, and passing it, he alters his course again, sails northwardly between Ithaca and Acarnania, and lands on the coast opposite to the Cephallenian ocean, where the suitors formed their ambush. The places mentioned by Homer lie in this order, Cruni, Chalcis, and Phæa: and are all rivers of small note, or rather brooks, as Strabo expresses it: *αδοξων ποταμων ονοματα, μαλλον δε Οχετων*.

It is highly probable that Phæa, and not Pheræ, is the true reading. For Pheræ lay in Messenia, and not in Elis, as Strabo writes. Besides, it would be absurd to join Pheræ directly with Chalcis, when the one was in Messenia, the other in Elis; this would make the course of Telemachus's navigation unintelligible, if Elis and Messenia were confounded in the relation, and used promiscuously without order or regularity. P.—For Pheræ, which had been passed, see v. 210. L.

I will only add that Strabo in the xxth book of his Geography, instead of *Καλλιρεεθρον*, reads *πετρηοεσσαν*, perhaps through a slip of his memory.

Meantime the King, Eumæus, and the rest,  
 Sat in the cottage, at their rural feast:  
 The banquet past, and satiate ev'ry man,  
 To try his host Ulysses thus began. 325

Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;  
 The last I purpose in your walls to rest:  
 To-morrow for myself I must provide,  
 And only ask your counsel, and a guide:  
 Patient to roam the street, by hunger led, 330  
 And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.  
 There in Ulysses' roof I may relate  
 Ulysses' wand'rings to his royal mate;  
 Or mingling with the suitors haughty train,  
 Not undeserving, some support obtain. 335  
 Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,  
 Patron of industry and manual arts:

V 320, 1. Rather—

‘Thence, mid the sharp rock'd isles, he urg'd her way;  
 Doubtful, if to escape or fall a prey.’ L.

V. 336. *Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,  
 Patron of industry and manual arts.]*

Mercury was the servant and minister of the gods, and was feigned to be the patron of all persons of the like station upon earth; it was supposed to be by his favour that all servants and attendants were successful in their several functions. In this view the connexion will be easy. ‘I will go (says Ulysses) and offer my service to the suitors: and by the favour of Mercury, who gives success to persons of my condition, shall prosper; for no man is better able to execute the offices of attendance, than myself.’ It may be objected, that these functions are unworthy of the character, and beneath the dig-

Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,  
 The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;  
 To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;                      340  
 Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.  
 Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,  
 Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)  
 How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind? 345  
 If on that godless race thou wouldst attend,  
 Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!  
 Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,  
 And pull descending vengeance from on high.

nity of an hero; but Ulysses is obliged to act in his assumed, not real character; as a beggar, not as a king. Athenæus (lib. i. p. 18.) vindicates Ulysses in another manner. 'Men (says he) in former ages performed their own offices, and gloried in their dexterity in such employments. Thus Homer describes Ulysses as the most dexterous man living, in ordering wood for the fire, and in the arts of cookery.'

V. 340, 1. The original simply thus: though *οἰνοχοῦσαι* is grand and poetical by its very sound.

'To roast, and to divide, and wine to pour;  
 Such service from the poor as the rich claim.'

Amplified into four lines. more splendid indeed; but for that reason, less suitable to the character and subject.

V. 344. Beautifully Chapman, as corrected by Wakefield.

'Eumæus then with sighs:—Alas, poor guest,  
 Why did this counsel ever touch thy breast?' L.

V. 347. Justly observed by Wakefield as a line very unfortunately interpolated. L.

Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast; 350  
A blooming train in rich embroid'ry drest.

With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends;  
And smiling round celestial youth attends.

Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;  
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear; 355  
Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,  
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest  
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,  
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.

To him the man of woes:—O gracious Jove! 360  
Reward this stranger's hospitable love,  
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,  
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.

V. 348. *Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky.*] The sense of this passage appears to me very obvious. Dacier renders it, 'whose violence and insolence is so great that they regard not the Gods, and that they attack even the heavens.' I should rather choose to understand the words in the more plain and easy construction: Grotius is of this judgment, and thinks they bear the same import as these in Gen. xviii. 21. 'I will go down and see if they have done according to the cry which is come unto heaven.' And indeed there is a great similitude between the expressions.

V. 354. Mr. Wakefield has well observed a conformity of expression here to Par. L. iv. 506. L.

Perhaps better:

'When thus Ulysses:—May our father Jove  
Reward, Eumæus, pleas'd like me, thy love.' W.—L.

or exactly thus:

If yet they live beneath the solar light,  
'Or dead inhabit the deep realms of night.' W.—L.

Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,  
 A life of wand'rings is the greatest woe: 365  
 On all their weary ways wait care and pain,  
 And pine and penury, a meagre train.  
 To such a man since harbour you afford,  
 Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;  
 What cares his mother's tender breast engage, 370  
 And sire, forsaken on the verge of age;  
 Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,  
 Or range the house of darkness and of death?

V. 370. *What cares his mother's tender breast engage,  
 And sire, forsaken on the verge of age.]*

• These questions may seem to be needless, because Ulysses had been fully acquainted with the story of Laertes, and the death of his mother Anticlea, by the shade of Tiresias: but Ulysses personates a stranger; and to carry on that character, pretends to be unacquainted with all the affairs of his own family. I cannot affirm that such frequent repetitions of the same circumstances are beautiful in Homer: the retirement of Laertes has been frequently mentioned, and the death of Anticlea related in other parts of the *Odyssey*; however necessary such reiterated accounts may be, I much question whether they will prove entertaining. Homer himself in this place seems to apprehend it: for Eumæus passes over the questions made by Ulysses with a very short answer, and enlarges upon other circumstances, relating to his family and affairs, to give (as Eustathius observes) variety to his poetry. But this conduct is very judicious upon another account: it lets Ulysses into the knowledge of his condition, and by it he is able to take his measures with the greater certainty, in order to bring about his own re-establishment. This is a demonstration that the objection of Rapin is without foundation; he calls these interviews between Ulysses and Eumæus mere idle fables, invented solely for amusement, and contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*; but the contrary is true, for Ulysses directs his course according to these informations.



To whom the swain. Attend what you inquire:  
 Quæres lives, the miserable sire;— 375  
 Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay  
 The burden down, and wishes for the day.  
 Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,  
 Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,  
 Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away 380  
 Old age, untimely posting ere his day.

V. 377. Rather, 'and wishes for that day.' L.

Or to avoid the quick recurrence of rhyme:

'Lives; but of Jove daily implores the power,  
 In his lone house to speed his fatal hour.' W.—L.

'For his lost sire so desolate his life,  
 And, partner of his youth, his prudent wife'

Εκπαγλως γαρ παῖρος οδυρεῖται αιχιμενεοιο  
 Κερειδης Ἰ' αλοχοιο δαιφρονος.

Precision in such instances is worth a thousand foreign embellishments. L.

V. 380. *Old age.*] Εν ωμω γηραι θυγε,

is the expression of the original, which is answerable to Hesiod.

Ωμω γηραι δακε—as Eustathius observes. L.

Cowper excellently: with an alteration printed in *Italic*.

'So deeply his long absent son he mourns:  
 And the *sage* consort of his early youth,  
 Whose death is his chief sorrow, and hath brought  
 Old age on him ere yet its date arriv'd.  
 She died of sorrow for her glorious son,  
 And died deplorably!—May never friend  
 Of mine, or benefactor, die as she.'

She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost  
 Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.  
 (So dire a fate, ye righteous gods! avert,  
 From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart!) 385  
 While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,  
 Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:  
 With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,  
 One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.

It seems next to impossible to imagine any thing more faithful, yet at the same time more unconstrained, than this simple and pathetic passage.

Cowper, with some ancient commentators, to whom Eustathius refers, understands that the mother of Laertes hung herself. This shocking, and disgusting, and indecent mode of putting an human being to death, was detested by all antiquity, both of Greece and Rome, and the eastern nations. It is still abominated in the east; as appeared in the case of Nuncomar.—Yet this death, which appears from its circumstances incapable of being suffered with dignity, was met with the utmost dignity, with meek composure and unaffected firmness, by a very young woman; wholly uneducated, and unprepared by her former habitudes of life, which had been untroubled as her temper and disposition, to meet the horrors of such a fate. She suffered April 23, 1800, at Bury St. Edmonds: with the general sympathy and admiration of the beholders; amid their tears, prayers, and blessings. Having never been present at an execution before this of Sarah Lloyd, but owing then an attendance to the singularity of her most affecting case, and to her admirable behaviour after her conviction, the author of this note has allowed himself the painful indulgence of saying thus much. He owns that he was always beyond measure shocked with the passage in the xxii. of the *Odyssey*, describing the fate of the female servants of Ulysses, and the horrid punishment of Melanthius. Yet the crimes of those female servants were the crimes of years: not the fatal error of an instant of overpowering astonishment. 'L.

But when the softly stealing pace of time 390  
 Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,  
 To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;  
 Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;  
 Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,  
 Nor less the darling object of her love. 395  
 Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,  
 Yet Providence deserts me not at last;  
 My present labours food and drink procure,  
 And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.

V. 399. *And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.*] This verse,

Τῶν ἐφαχόντ', ἐπιούτε, καὶ αἰδοιοισιν ἐδωκα.

means, 'I have sustained myself with meat and drink by an honest industry, and have got wherewithal to relieve virtue that wants.' Eustathius vindicates the expression, and interprets αἰδοιοισιν, by ἀνδρασιν αἰδῆς ἀξίοις, or, 'men worthy of regard and honour: ξενοῖς καὶ ἰκεταῖς. The following words,

— — Οὐ μείλιχον ἔστιν ἀκῆσαι  
 Οὐτ' ἔπος, ἔτε τι ἐγγόν — —

are capable of a double construction, and imply either that 'I take no delight in hearing of Penelope, she being in distress, and in the power of the suitors,' or that the suitors so besiege the palace, that 'it is impossible for me to hear one gentle word from Penelope, or receive one obliging action from her hand.' The preference is submitted to the reader's judgment; they both contain images of tenderness and humanity.

The whole context is for the latter interpretation:—from *ἐπεὶ*  
 —to

— — — — — μέγα γὰρ δῆμιες χάλευσιν  
 Ἀνὴρ δαεσποινῆς φασδαὶ καὶ ἐκάσῳ πυθεσδαί.

Small is the comfort from the queen to hear      400  
 Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;  
 Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,  
 Nor dare to question where the proud command.  
 No profit springs<sup>©</sup> beneath usurping pow'rs:  
 Want feeds not there, where luxury devours;      405  
 Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:  
 Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suff'ring chief at this began to melt:—  
 And, oh Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt  
 The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand      410  
 Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!  
 Snatch'd from thy parents arms, thy parents eyes,  
 To early wants! a man of miseries!  
 Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare:  
 Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,      415  
 Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,  
 In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?

The servants were so restrained by the insolence and violence of the suitors, that they did not dare to speak or inquire in the presence of their mistress. L.

V. 399. If 'poor' is pronounced as 'lure,' which seems the right and the usual pronunciation, there is no incorrectness in this rhyme; otherwise if it is pronounced as 'door.' L.

V. 404—8. This is a moral and spirited poetical amplification; beautiful in its place, but I doubt out of character here. The original might be rendered thus:

'Nor free to eat and drink, and carry home  
 What dole, to servants dear, is wont to come.' L.

So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,  
 Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main?  
 Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,  
 The worthy purchase of a foreign lord. 421

If then my fortunes can delight my friend,  
 A story, fruitful of events, attend:  
 Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy;  
 And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ. 425  
 Long nights the now declining year bestows:  
 A part we consecrate to soft repose;  
 A part in pleasing talk we entertain,  
 For too much rest itself becomes a pain.  
 Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey, 430  
 Their cares resuming with the dawning day:  
 Here let us feast;—and to the feast be join'd  
 Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;—

V. 426. *Long nights the now declining year bestows, &c.*] From hence we may conclude, that the return of Ulysses was probably in the decline of the year, in the latter part of the autumn, and not in the summer; the nights then being short cannot be called Νυκτες αἰσφατοι. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 429. ——— *Too much rest itself becomes a pain.*] This aphorism is agreeable to nature and experience. The same thing is asserted by Hippocrates: 'Sleep or watchfulness, when excessive, become diseases.' Too much sleep occasions an excess of perspiration, and consequently weakens and dissipates the animal spirits. DACIER.

V. 432. Mr Wakefield represents this natural and very affecting passage, in a close translation, thus:

'We in the tent, with wine and food regal'd,  
 Will sooth remembrance with our tales of woe.  
 Tales sadly pleasing;—for e'en woes delight  
 Him who has suffer'd much and wander'd far.'

Review the series of our lives, and taste  
The melancholy joy of evils past :

And says they please him beyond any thing in Homer. This, and from him, is high praise to them. But it may safely be said that they are indeed delightful. Let them speak here for themselves :

Νῶϊδ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃ πιονῶϊέϊε ἱερπομενώϊε  
Κηδεσὶν ἀλλήλων ἱερπωμέθ' αὐγαλεοῖσι  
Μνωομενω. μέλα γάρτε καὶ ἀλγεσὶ ἱερπέϊαι ἀνὴρ  
'Ὅστις δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πάθῃ καὶ πολλ' ἐπαλῆθῃ. 397—400.

The exceedingly good effect of the dual number, the simplicity of the diction, the sweet flow of the rhythm, the natural and tender beauty of the sentiment, all concur in giving a powerful interest to such a passage

Mr. W. has quoted a very pleasing one from 'The Fair Penitent' It shall be here quoted divested of rhyme, by an easy transposition.

——— 'O my brother!

Think not but we will share in all thy woes.

We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love.

And when we light upon some faithless woman,

Some beauty like Calista, fair and false,

We'll fix our grief and our complaining there.

We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,

And mourn the youth that was undone like thee.' L.

V. 434. — — — — — and taste

*The melancholy joy of evils past.*]

There is undoubtedly a great pleasure in the remembrance of past sufferings. Nay, calamity has this advantage over prosperity:—an evil when past turns into a comfort. but a past pleasure, though innocent, leaves in its room an anxiety for the want of it; and if it be a guilty pleasure, a remorse. The reason (observes Eustathius) why past evils delight, is from the consciousness of the praise due to our prudence, and patience under them, from the sense of our felicity in being delivered from them, and from gratitude to divine Providence,

For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;  
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,  
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name:  
(There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace  
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race) 441

which has delivered us. It is the joy of good men to believe themselves the favourites of heaven.

V 438. *Ortygia*.] This is an ancient name of Delos. so called from *ορτυξ*, a 'quail,' from the great numbers of those birds found upon that island. Lycophion, in his obscure way of writing, calls it *ορτυξ πτερυμένη*, or the 'winged quail.' perhaps from the fable of Asteria being turned into that bird in her flight from Jupiter, and giving name to the island from the transformation she suffered upon it. It is one of the Cyclades, and lies in the Ægean ocean. Syria, or Syros, is another small island lying eastward of Ithaca, according to true geography.

V. 440. *There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace  
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race.*]

The words in Homer are *τροπαι ηελιοιο*, or 'solis conversiones.' Monsieur Perrault insults the poet as ignorant of geography, for placing Syros under the tropic: an error (says he) which commentators in vain have laboured to defend, by having recourse to a sun-dial of Pherecydes on which the motions of the sun (the *τροπαι ηελιοιο*) were designed. The last defence would indeed be ridiculous; since Pherecydes flourished three hundred years after the time of Homer. No one (replies Monsieur Boileau) was ever at any difficulty about the sense of this passage. Eustathius proves that *τροπεσθαι* signifies the same as *δυνειν*, and denotes the setting of the sun: so that the words mean, that Syros is situate above Ortygia, on that side where the sun sets, or westerly, *προς τα δυτικα μερη της Ορτυγιας*. This indeed would fully vindicate Homer: but Bochart and others affirm, that Eustathius is in an error; and that Syros is so far from lying to the

Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass to keep  
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.

west, or *προς τροπας ηελιοιο*, that it bears an eastern position both with respect to Ithaca and Delos. How is this objection to be answered? Bochart (p. 411 of his *Geographia sacra*) explains it by having recourse to the bower mentioned by Eustathius, in which the motions of the sun were drawn. Pherecydes (says Hesychius Milesius) having collected the writings of the Phœnicians, from the use of them alone, without any instructor, became famous in the world by the strength of his own genius: and Laertius writes, that an Heliotrope made by him was preserved in the island of Syros. Thus it is evident, that he borrowed his knowledge from the Phœnicians: and probably his skill in astronomy; they being very expert in that science, by reason of its use in their navigation. Why then might there not be a machine which exhibited the motions of the sun, made by the Phœnicians: and why might not Homer be acquainted with it? It is probable that Pherecydes took his pattern from this Heliotrope: which being one of the greatest rarities of antiquity, might give a great reputation to Syros, and consequently was worthy to be celebrated by Homer, the great preserver of antiquities. If this answer appears to any person too studied and abstruse, the difficulty may be solved, by supposing Eumæus speaking of Delos, as it lay with respect to Syrus, before he was carried from it: for instance, if Syrus lies on the east of Delos to a man in Ithaca, both Ithaca and Delos will lie on the west of Syrus to one of that island. I would therefore imagine, that Eumæus speaks as a native of Syrus, and not as a sojourner in Ithaca: and then Delos will lie towards the sun-setting, *οι προς ηλια Τροπας* but this last I only propose as a conjecture, not presuming to offer it as a decision.

V. 440, 1. This is a very ample latitude of interpretation when the original had said only, 'Where the turnings (or conversions) of the sun.' L.

V. 442. *Not large, but fruitful, stor'd with grass to keep  
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.*]

It is probable that Homer was well acquainted with the nature of this island: and that it really enjoyed an admirable temperature of air;



Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,  
 And her rich valleys wave with golden corn. 445  
 No want, no famine the glad natives know,  
 Nor sink by sickness to the shades below:  
 But when a length of years unnerves the strong,  
 Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along;

and therefore was exceedingly healthful. The fertility of the soil proves the happiness of the air, which would naturally free the inhabitants from the maladies arising from a less salubrious situation. It is for this reason that they are to be slain by Diana and Apollo. All deaths that were sudden, and without sickness, were ascribed to those deities. Bochart (p 410) tells us, that the name of Syros was given to the island by the Phœnicians; 'Asira,' or 'Sira,' signifying 'rich,' in their language: or rather it was so called from 'Sura,' or 'Asma,' signifying 'happy.' Either of these derivations fully denote the excellence both of the soil and air: and that this name is of Phœnician extract is probable from the words of Homer; who assures us that they staid a whole year upon this island, and consequently had opportunity to know the healthfulness and fertility of it.

So 'Asire ha eesh,' אשירי עש, 'happiness of the man,' in the first Psalm. L.

V. 445. 'Her fertile,' better: to avoid the appearance of a cold quibble. W.—L.

But these three lines and an half are comprised in one of the original; most full and musical.

Εὐεόλος, ευμηλός, οἰνοπληθής, παλυπύρος. V. 405.

'Well pastur'd—rich in herds, and wine, and grain.' L.

V. 446. Well may Mr. Wakefield say—'Delightful verse! upon the same construction with one no less delightful in his Messiah.'

'No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear.' W.—L.

Mr. W. is displeased, and not without reason, with this prosaic close of a line:

*Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.* V. 449.

They bend the silver bow with tender skill, 450  
 And void of pain the silent arrows kill.  
 Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,  
 Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.  
 But both in constant peace one prince obey,  
 And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway. 455  
 Freight'd, it seems, with toys of ev'ry sort  
 A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;  
 What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,  
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.

Yet the original has a like, but much greater, fault, a preposition (and that a monosyllable) at the end of the verse.

Ελθων αργυροξος Απαλλων Αρτεμιδι ξυν. V. 409.

‘ Comes Phœbus, silver-bow'd, Diana with.’ L.

V. 457. *A ship of Sidon* —] Here is a full testimony, that the Phœnicians were remarkable for arts and navigation over all the old world. They were expuls'd from their country by Joshua: (as Bochart informs us): and then settling along the sea-coasts, they spread over all the Mediterranean; and by degrees sent out colonies into Europe, Asia, and Afric. That they were in Afric, appears from Procopius, where he mentions a pillar with a Phœnician inscription. *Ἡμεῖς ἐσμεν οἱ φυγοντες ἀπο προσωπε Ἰησε τε ληστες Ναυη*, that is, ‘ We are a people that fly from Joshua the son of Nun, the robber,’ they gave him that title out of resentment for their dispossession. The character they bear in the scriptures agrees with this in Homer. Isaiah xxiii. 2. ‘ The merchants of Sidon, that pass over the seas:’ and it likewise appears from the Scriptures, that they excelled in all arts of embroidery, and works of curiosity.

V. 458. *What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,  
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.*]

I was surpris'd to find that Eustathius mistook this Phœnician woman

This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train 460  
 To wash her robes descending to the main,  
 A smooth-tongu'd sailor won her to his mind ;  
 (For love deceives the best of woman-kind.)  
 A sudden trust from sudden liking grew ;  
 She told her name, her race, and all she knew. 465  
 I too (she cry'd) from glorious Sidon came,  
 My father Arybas, of wealthy fame ;  
 But snatch'd by pirates from my native place,  
 The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.

Haste then (the false designing youth reply'd) 470  
 Haste to thy country: love shall be thy guide :  
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast ;  
 For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.

' Swear first (she cry'd) ye sailors ! to restore  
 A wretch in safety to her native shore.' 475  
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.

for the mother of Eumæus; she herself tells us, that she was only his governess :

Παιδα γαρ ανδρος εη@ ενι μεγαροις απιταλλω.

It is not probable that Eumæus would have painted his own mother an adulteress, and an abandoned traitress. Nay, he directly distinguishes his mother from this Phœnician in the sequel of the story (where he calls her ποτνια μητηρ, or his 'venerable mother'); and when he speaks of the Phœnician, he constantly calls her γυνη, not μητηρ. Nor indeed could he have called her ποτνια at all, if she had been a person of such a detestable character.

V. 464. Mr. Wakefield very happily,

' A sudden trust from sudden dalliance grew.' L.

She then proceeds: Now let our compact made  
 Be nor by signal nor by word betrayed,  
 Nor near me any of your crew descried  
 By road frequented, or by fountain side. 480  
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies  
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)  
 Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be  
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.  
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past, 485  
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:  
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,  
 And more, the infant offspring of the king.  
 Him, child-like wand'ring forth, I'll lead away,  
 (A noble prize!) and to your ship convey. 490

Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.  
 A year they traffic, and their vessel load.  
 Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,  
 A spy was sent their summons to convey:

V. 478. As except in Greek proper names, the *y* with us is either an initial consonant or a final vowel, the diphthongal *ie* seems, as the usual, to be also the preferable spelling; as such it is here adopted. L.

V. 488—90. Chapman very fully and closely to the original:

' — — — — — who with me,  
 Run every way along: and I will be  
 His leader, till your ship has made him sure.  
 He will an infinite great price procure,  
 Transfer him to what languag'd men you may.

In this diction and manner one might almost think one were reading Shakespere, instead of Chapman. W.—L.

An artist to my father's palace came, 495  
 With gold and amber chains, elabo'rate frame:  
 Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ;  
 They turn, review, and cheapen ev'ry toy.  
 He took th' occasion as they stood intent,  
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went. 500  
 She straight pursu'd, and seiz'd my willing arm;  
 I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.  
 Three golden goblets in the porch she found;  
 (The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd;)  
 Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore. 505  
 Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore:  
 Arriving then, where tilting on the tides  
 Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides,  
 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep  
 With level oar along the glassy deep. 510

V. 502. *I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.*] There is a little incredibility in this narration. For if Eumæus was such an infant as he is described to be at the time when he was betrayed by his Phœnician governess, what probability is there that he should be able to retain all these particulars so circumstantially? He was not of an age capable of making, or remembering, so many observations. The answer is, that he afterwards learned them from Laertes, who bought him of the Phœnicians: and no doubt they told him the quality of Eumæus, to enhance the price, and make the better bargain. It is also natural to imagine, that Eumæus, when he grew up to manhood, would be inquisitive after his own birth and fortunes, and therefore might probably learn these particulars from Laertes. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 504. Not quite exact: but if accuracy were attainable here in rhyme, it is of small moment. L.

To him the King. Reciting thus thy cares,  
 My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares:  
 But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)  
 Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill: 525  
 Torn from thy country to no hapless end,  
 The gods have, in a master, giv'n a friend.  
 Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,  
 (For she needs little) daily bread and wine.  
 While I, so many wand'rings past and woes, 530  
 Live but on what thy poverty bestows.

So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away  
 The night: then down to short repose they lay;  
 Till radiant rose the messenger of day.

The main story is at a stand: but we are to consider that this relation takes up but a small part of one leisure evening, and that the action cannot proceed till the return of Telemachus. It is of use to set off the character of Eumæus. So the story has a distant relation to the Odyssey; and perhaps is not to be looked upon merely as an excrescence from the main building; but a small projection to adorn it.

V. 523 'Sorrow' for 'sorrows:' carefully, and very advantageously restored by Mr. W. from the first edition. L.

V. 526. Much preferably Wakefield.

'Thy sufferings to compensate, gracious heaven  
 A master mild and bountiful has given.'

V. 530. Thus closely to the original:

'While I so many woes and wanderings past,  
 Hither am come. Thus they discoursing spake,  
 And slept, not long, but for a little space.  
 For soon the fair thron'd morn arriv'd.' W.—L.

V. 534. *Till radiant rose the messenger of day.*] This is the morn-

While in the port of Ithaca, the band 335

Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;

Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,

And cast their anchors, and the cables tied :

Then on the breezy shore descending join

In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine. 540

When thus the Prince: Now each his course pursue;

I to the fields, and to the city you.

Long absent hence, I dedicate this day

My swains to visit, and the works survey.

Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies 545

Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.

Then Theoclymenus. But who shall lend,

Meantime, protection to thy stranger-friend?

Straight to the Queen and palace shall I fly;

Or yet more distant, to some lord apply? 550

The Prince return'd: — Renown'd in days of yore

Has stood our Father's hospitable door;

ing of the thirty-eighth day since the beginning of the *Odyssey*. It is observable that Telemachus takes more time in his return from Pylos, than in sailing thither from his own country: for in the latter end of the second book he sets sail after sun-setting, and reached Pyle in the morning; here he embarks in the afternoon, and yet arrives not at Ithaca till after break of day. The reason of it is not to be ascribed to a less prosperous wind; but to the greater compass he was obliged to fetch, to escape the ambush of the suitors. In the former voyage he steered a direct course; in this he sails round about to the north of Ithaca, and therefore wastes more time in his voyage to it.

V. 539, 40. If this rhyme appear vicious, it is because recent usage has changed the pronunciation of 'join,' which was 'gine.'

No other roof a stranger should receive,  
 Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.  
 But in my absence riot fills the place: 555  
 Nor bears the modest Queen a stranger's face;  
 From noisy revel far remote she flies;  
 But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.  
 No:—let Eurymachus receive my guest;  
 Of nature courteous, and by far the best; 560  
 He wooes the Queen with more respectful flame,  
 And emulates her former husband's fame.  
 With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,  
 And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air 565  
 The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger;

V. 555. Well corrected by Mr. W. for the accuracy of rhyme:

‘Nor other hands than ours his wants relieve.’

but yet the sense, of more importance than the accuracy of rhyme, appears in this instance better and more gracefully represented, on the whole, as the passage stands in Pope. L.

V. 561. *He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,  
 And emulates her former husband's fame.*]

The words in the original are *οδυσσηος γeras εξειν*.—Which may either be rendered, ‘to obtain the honour of marrying Penelope,’ agreeably to the former part of the verse; or it means that Eurymachus has the fairest hopes to marry Penelope, and ‘obtain the throne’ or *γeras* of Ulysses. The ‘former’\* in my judgment is the better construction:—especially because it avoids a tautology, and gives a new image in the second part of the verse, very different from the sense expressed in the former part of it.

\* By the reason added, Pope seems to have meant the ‘latter.’ L.



His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove :  
 The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,  
 Between the hero and the vessel pour  
 Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine show'r. 570  
 Th' observing Augur took the Prince aside,  
 Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried.

V. 566 *The hawk, Apollo's swift wing'd messenger*] The augury is thus to be interpreted:—Ulysses is the hawk, the suitors the pigeon. The hawk denotes the valour of Ulysses, being a bird of prey; the pigeon represents the cowardice of the suitors, that bird being remarkable for her timorous nature. The hawk flies on the right, to denote success to Ulysses.

Homer calls this bird the messenger of Apollo. Not that this augury was sent by that deity: (though that be no forced interpretation) but the expression implies, that the hawk was sacred to Apollo; as the peacock was to Juno, the owl to Pallas, and the eagle to Jupiter. Thus Ælian, anim. lib. x. c. 14. *Αἰγυπῆσις τον ἱερακα τω Απολλωνι τιμᾶν εοικασι*, &c. and he gives the reason of it: for the hawk is the only bird that is capable to bear the lustre of the sun without inconvenience and difficulty; the same is said of the eagle. But the hawk is reckoned to be of the Aquiline kind. It was death among the Egyptians to kill this bird, because it was dedicated to Apollo.

There is another reason why any bird that was taken notice of by way of augury, may be said to be the messenger of Apollo; that deity presiding over divination.

V. 571. *Th' observing augur took the prince aside*.] The reason why Theoclymenus withdraws Telemachus, while he interprets the augury, is not apparent at the first view: but he does it out of an apprehension lest he should be overheard by some of the company; who might disclose the secret to the suitors, and such a discovery might prove fatal to his own person, or to the fortunes of Telemachus.  
 EUSTATHIUS.

Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,  
 Rose ominous, nor flies without a God!—  
 No race but thine shall Ithaca obey: 575  
 To thine, for ages, heav'n decrees the sway.  
 Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)  
 Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind;  
 And soon each envied happiness attend  
 The man who calls Telemachus his friend. 580  
 Then to Peiræus — Thou whom time has prov'd  
 A faithful servant, by thy Prince belov'd!  
 Till we returning shall our guest demand,  
 Accept this charge, with honour, at our hand.  
 To them Peiræus;—Joyful I obey; 585  
 Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.  
 The presence of thy guest shall best reward  
 (If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.  
 With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,  
 Mount the tall bark and launch into the sea. 590

V. 581. *Then to Peiræus — Thou whom time has prov'd, &c.*] We find that Telemachus intended to deliver Theoclymenus to the care of Eurymachus: what then is the reason why he thus suddenly alters that resolution, and intrusts him to Peiræus? This is occasioned by the discovery of the skill of Theoclymenus in augury: he fears lest the suitors should extort some prediction from him that might be detrimental to his affairs, or should he refuse it, to the person of Theoclymenus. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 585. —amplified from this,

‘ Though long thou shouldst remain,  
 I cherish him. No welcome he shall want.’ W.—L.

All with obedient haste forsake the shores,  
And plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.  
Then from the deck the Prince his sandals takes;  
Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin shakes.  
They part; while less'ning from the hero's view, 595  
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:  
The hero trod the margin of the main,  
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

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This Book comprehends somewhat more than the space of two days and one night: for the vision appears to Telemachus a little before the dawn, in the night preceding the thirty-sixth day, and he lands in Ithaca, on the thirty-eighth in the morning.

I find this Book marked P. in the copy which I possess of the edition of the Odyssey, 1725. L.

THE  
SIXTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

# THE ARGUMENT.

## THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

*TELEMACHUS* arriving at the lodge of *Eumæus*, sends him to carry *Penelope* the news of his return. *Minerva* appearing to *Ulysses*, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept *Telemachus* in his way, their project being defeated, return to *Ithaca*.

# THE ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK XVI.

Soon as the Morning blush'd along the plains,  
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains  
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,  
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.

V. 1. *Soon as the Morning blush'd along the plains, &c.*] This book opens with the greatest simplicity imaginable Dionysius Halicarnassus quotes the sixteen first lines to this purpose: the Poet, says that author, describes a low and vulgar action, yet gives it an inexpressible sweetness; the ear is pleased with the harmony of the poetry, and yet there is nothing noble in the sentiments. Whence, continues he, does this arise? from the choice of the words, or from the placing of them? No one will affirm that it consists in the choice of the words: for the diction is entirely low and vulgar; so vulgar, that a common artificer or peasant, who never studied elocution, would use it in conversation. Turn the verses into prose, and this will appear. There are no transpositions, no figures, no variety of dialect, nor any new and studied expressions. Where then is the beauty of the poetry? It must be entirely ascribed to the harmonious juncture and position of the words; and he concludes that the 'collocation' of words has a greater efficacy both in prose and poetry, than the 'choice.' And indeed a judicious disposition of them (like what is feigned of Minerva in this book) makes a mean, deformed, and vulgar period, rise,

Their gentle blandishment the King survey'd,  
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:

But we are not therefore to imagine that this was an unusual meal; Homer in other places expresses it by *δειπνον*, as is observed by Athenæus, lib. 1.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δειπνον ἔλονται ἀπο δ' αὐτῶ Σωρῆσσοντο.

At the dawn of the day they took repast and armed themselves for battle.' The Greeks had three customary meals. which are distinctly mentioned by Palamedes in Æschylus,

Ἀριστα, δειπνα, δορπαθ' αἰρεῖσθαι τριτα.

Homer, adds Athenæus, mentions a fourth repast, lib. xvii. of the Odyssey.

——— συ δ' ἐρχεο δειελισσας.

This the Romans called 'commessationem,' we a collation, a repast taken, as the same author explains it, between dinner and supper; the word is derived *ἀπο της δειλης ὀψιας*, or 'the evening twilight.' But Athenæus refutes himself, lib. v. p. 193 I have already (says he) observed that the ancients eat thrice a day; and it is ridiculous to imagine that they eat four times from these words of Homer,

——— συ δ' ἐρχεο δειελισσας.

For that expression meant only that Eumæus should return in the evening, *δειλινον διατριψας χρόνον*. But this is not the full import of the word *δειελισσας*, for it undoubtedly means, to take the evening repast or supper, as is evident from the conclusion of the seventeenth book of the Odyssey: 'Return,' says Telemachus to Eumæus, 'but first take refreshment:' and Eumæus accordingly eats; and the poet immediately adds, 'because the evening was come,' or *ἐπηλυθε δειελον ημαρ*. However, in no sense can this word be brought to prove that the Greeks eat four times in the day: but if any person will imagine, that it signifies in that place an immediate meal, all that can be gathered from it is, that Telemachus, out of kindness to Eumæus, commands him to eat before the usual hour of repast, before he leaves his palace: but Hesychius rightly interprets it by *το δειλινον λαβων ἐμ-*

Some well-known friend (Eumæus) bends this way;  
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play. 10

While yet he spoke, the Prince advancing drew  
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.  
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,  
Dropt the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;

*ἔρωμα*, that is, 'eating his supper,' for as *δειπνον* and *αριστον* signify the dinner, so *δορπον* and *δειλινον* denote the time of supper promiscuously.

I will add no more, but refer the reader for a full explication of *δειπνον*, *αριστον* and *δειλινον*, to lib. viii. quest. 6 of Plutarch's *Symposiacs*.

V. 14. *Dropt the full bowl* —] In the original it is, Eumæus dropped the bowl as he tempered it with water. It was customary not to drink wine unmixed with water among the ancients. There was no certain proportion observed in the mixture. some to one vessel of wine poured in two of water; others to two of wine five of water. Homer tells us that the wine of Maron was so strong as to require twenty measures of water to one of wine: but perhaps this is spoken hyperbolically, to shew the uncommon strength of it. The Lacedæmonians used to boil their wine till the fifth part was consumed, and then keeping it four years, drank it: but sometimes the Grecians drank it without water (but this they called reproachfully *επισκυθισαι*, or to act like a Scythian, from whom they borrowed the custom). It was usual even for children to drink wine thus tempered amongst the Grecians, thus in this book Eurymachus,

— — *επέσχε δὲ οἶνον ἐρυθρόν.*

And Phœnix in the ninth of the Iliad, speaking of Achilles;

— — *οἶνον ἐπισχών.*

At Athens there was an altar erected to Bacchus *οφθίος*, because from thus tempering the wine men returned 'upright,' or sober, from entertainments, and a law was enacted by Amphitryon,\* and afterwards revived by Solon, that no unmixed wine should be drank at any entertainment.

Amphitryon seems to have nothing to do here. L.



Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye 15  
The tears rain'd copious in a show'r of joy.

As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,  
From foreign climes an only son receives,  
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy  
Forward he springs, and clasps the fav'rite boy: 20  
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,  
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead.

And is it thou, my ever-dear delight!  
O art thou come to bless my longing sight!  
Never, I never hop'd to view this day, 25  
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desp'rate way.  
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,  
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.  
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers  
Too much detain thee from these silvan bowers. 30

The Prince replied; Eumæus, I obey.  
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.  
But say, if in the court the Queen reside  
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride?

V. 22. Very rightly Ogilby, with one word chang'd.

'And oft, as *one* escap'd from death, embrac'd.' W.—L.

V. 33. — — — *if in the court the Queen reside  
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride.*]

Homer here makes use of a proverbial expression. It may thus be literally translated:

Or say, if obstinate no more to wed,  
She dooms to spiders nets the imperial bed:

Thus he: and thus the monarch of the swains; 35  
 Severely chaste Penelope remains,  
 But lost to ev'ry joy, she wastes the day  
 In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.

He ended, and (receiving as they pass  
 The jav'lin, pointed with a star of brass) 40  
 They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shin'd;  
 His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.

Telemachus means by this question, if Penelope be determined no more to marry, for the marriage bed was esteemed so sacred, that upon the decease or absence of the husband, it remained unused.

Eustathius quotes the same expression from other authors of antiquity; thus Hesiod,

Εκ δ' αἰγέων ελασείας αραχνία.

'You shall clear the vessels from spiders webs' meaning, that 'you shall have so full employment for your vessels, that the spiders shall no more spread their looms there.' And another poet \* praying for peace, wishes spiders may weave their nets upon the soldiers arms: *ἐτέροις ποιητῆς ἐθελων εἰρηγὴν εὐξασθαι, αραχνας ἐπευχεται νηματα υφαναι τοις σπλοις*. Thus we find among the Greeks it was an expression of dignity, and applied to great and serious occasions. I am not certain that it is so used by the Romans. Catullus uses it jocosely, speaking of his empty purse.

' — — — nam tui Catulli  
 Plenus sacculus est araneorum.'

Plautus does the same in his *Aulularia*:

' — — — anne quis ædes auferat?  
 Nam hinc apud nos nihil est aliud quæsti furibus,  
 Ita inanis sunt oppletæ, atque araneis.'

I am doubtful if it be not too mean an image for English poetry.

\* He means Bacchylides. I.

Not so:—(exclaims the Prince with decent grace)  
 For me, this house shall find an humbler place:  
 T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs 45  
 And rev'rend strangers, modest youth forbears.  
 Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,  
 And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.  
 There sat the Prince: the feast Eumæus spread,  
 And heap'd the shining canisters with bread. 50  
 Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,  
 The frugal remnants of the former day.

V. 43. *Not so* — (*exclaims the Prince* —] Nothing can more strongly represent the respect which antiquity paid to strangers, than this conduct of Telemachus: Ulysses is in rags, in the disguise of a beggar, and yet a prince refuses to take his seat. I doubt not but every good man will be pleased with such instances of benevolence and humanity to his fellow-creatures. one well natured action is preferable to a thousand great ones; and Telemachus appears with more advantage upon this heap of hides and osiers, than a tyrant upon his throne.

V. 48. *And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.*] So Chapman, 'Which made him a throne:' and so Bloomfield, in a most affecting passage.

'Some tufted molehill, through the livelong day,  
 She calls her throne.'—Aur. v. 149. W.—L.

V. 52. *The frugal remnants of the former day.*] This entertainment is neither to be ascribed to parsimony nor poverty, but to the custom and hospitality of former ages. It was a common expression among the Greeks at table, 'leave something for the Medes;' intimating that something ought to be left for a guest that might come accidentally. Plutarch in his seventh book of the Sympos. (question 3,) commends this conduct. Eumæus (says that author) a wise scholar of a wise master, is no way discomposed, when Telemachus pays him a visit, he immediately sets before him

'The frugal remnants of the former day.'

Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines,  
 Around whose verge a mimic Ivy twines.  
 And now the rage of thirst and hunger fled,  
 Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said. 55

Whence, father, from what shore this stranger, say?  
 What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?  
 To human step our land impervious lies,  
 And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise. 60

The swain returns:—A tale of sorrows hear.  
 In spacious Crete he drew his natal air:  
 Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main;  
 For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.  
 Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew 65  
 From Thesprot mariners, a murd'rous crew.  
 To thee my son the suppliant I resign:  
 I gave him my protection;—grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend  
 Willing to aid, unable to defend. 70

Besides, the table was accounted sacred to the Gods, and nothing that was sacred was permitted to be empty. This was another reason why the ancients always reserved part of their provisions; not solely out of hospitality to men, but piety to the Gods.

V. 70. *Willing to aid, —*] It has been observed that Homer intended to give us the picture of a complete hero in his two poems, drawn from the characters of Achilles and Ulysses. Achilles has consummate valour; but wants the wisdom of Ulysses: Ulysses has courage; but courage inclining to caution and stratagem, as much as that of Achilles to rashness. Virgil endeavoured to form a complete hero in Æneas, (by joining in his person the forward courage of Achilles, with the wisdom of Ulysses,) and by this conduct give

Can strangers safely in the court reside,  
Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?

perfect character. The same observation holds good with respect to the subordinate characters introduced into the two Poems of the Iliad and Odyssey, and makes an essential difference between them. Thus the Iliad exhibiting an example of heroic valour, almost all the characters are violent and heroic. Diomed, Ajax, Hector, &c. are all chiefly remarkable for courage: but the Odyssey being intended to represent the patience and wisdom of an hero, almost all the characters are distinguished by benevolence and humanity. Telemachus and Eumæus, Alcinous, Nestor, and Menelaus, are every where represented in the mild light of wisdom and hospitality. This makes a continued difference of style in the poetry of the two Poems; and the characters of the agents in the Odyssey necessarily exhibit lectures of piety and morality. The reader should keep this in his view. In reading Homer, the Odyssey is to be looked upon as a sequel of the Iliad: and then he will find in the two Poems the perfection of human nature; consummate courage joined with consummate piety. He must be an unobserving reader, who has not taken notice of that 'vein of humanity' that runs through the whole Odyssey; and a bad man, that has not been pleased with it. In my opinion, Eumæus tending his herds is more amiable than Achilles in all his destructive glory. There is scarce a speech made in the Odyssey by Eumæus, Telemachus or Ulysses, but what tends to the improvement of mankind. It was this that endeared the Odyssey to the ancients: and Homer's sentences of morality were in every mouth, and introduced in all conversations for the better conduct of human life. This verse was thus applied by some of the ancients; a person being asked what was the duty of an orator, or pleader, answered from Homer,

*Ἀνδρ' ἀπαμύνασθαι ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνη. v. 72.*

In short, I will not deny but that the Iliad is by far the nobler Poem with respect to the poetry; it is fit to be read by kings and heroes: but the Odyssey is of use to all mankind; as it teaches us to be good men rather than great, and to prefer morality to glory.

Ev'n I unsafe.—The Queen, in doubt to wed,  
 Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed!  
 Perhaps she weds; regardless of her fame, 75  
 Deaf to the mighty Ulyssæan name.  
 However, stranger! from our grace receive  
 Such honours as befit a prince to give:  
 Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove;  
 And safe to sail with ornaments of love. 80  
 Till then, thy guest amid the rural train  
 Far from the court, from danger far, detain.  
 'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,  
 And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.  
 Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs, 85  
 And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.  
 For should'st thou suffer, pow'rless to relieve  
 I must behold it, and can only grieve.  
 The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,  
 O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain. 90

V. 70. The *Odyssey* and the *Paradise Regained* seem both to have been rated exceedingly below their merit as poems. L.

V. 72. 'Swill'd' for 'swell'd,' is rightly restored by Mr. Wakefield on the authority of the first edition and of the parallelism of a passage in the *Comus*:

' — — — — I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness and 'swill'd insolence'  
 Of such late wassailers.' W.—L.

V. 79, 80. Obscure, and far deviating. And here, perhaps, though true to the sense, the translation suggested by Mr. Wakefield is not so happy as usual. L.

To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,  
 With warmth replies the man of mighty woes.  
 Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue  
 At once to pity and resent thy wrong.  
 My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave 95  
 Live to base insolence of pow'r a slave.

V. 92 *With warmth replies the man of mighty woes* ] There is not a more spirited speech in all the *Odyssey* than this of Ulysses.— His resentment arises from the last words of Telemachus, observes Eustathius:

‘The brave encompass’d by an hostile train,  
 O’erpower’d by numbers, is but brave in vain.’

He is preparing his son for the destruction of the suitors, and animating him against despair by reason of their numbers. This he brings about, by representing that a brave man in a good cause prefers death to dishonour. By the same method Homer exalts the character of Ulysses. Telemachus thinks it impossible to resist the suitors, Ulysses not only resists them, but almost without assistance works their destruction. There is a fine contrast between the tried courage of Ulysses, and the inexperience of Telemachus.

V. 105. — — — (*And soon appear  
 He shall, I trust — a hero scorns despair*).]

Some ancient critics, as Eustathius informs us, rejected this verse, and thus read the passage:

Ἡ παῖς ἐξ Ὀδυσῆος ἀμυμονος, ἥε καὶ αὐτος.  
 Αὐτὴν' ἐπειτ' ἀπ' ἐμεῖο κάρη ταμοὶ ἀλλοτριος φῶς—

Then the sense will be, ‘Oh that I were the son of Ulysses, or Ulysses himself,’ &c.

For, add they, if this verse be admitted, it breaks the transport of Ulysses’s resentment, and cools the warmth of the expression. Eustathius confesses that he was once of the same opinion: but afterwards seems dubious; for, continues he, Ulysses by saying, ‘Oh that I were

But tell me, dost thou, Prince, dost thou behold,  
 And hear, their midnight revels uncontroll'd?  
 Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise;  
 Or priests in fabled oracles advise? 100  
 Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,  
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?  
 O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,  
 Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;  
 Or, heav'ns! might he return! (and soon appear 105  
 He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair)

the son of Ulysses, or Ulysses himself,' gave room to suspect that he was himself Ulysses, and therefore to efface this impression, he adds with great address,

— — — (And soon appear

He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair).

And by this method removes all jealousy that might arise from his former expression. Dacier misrepresents Eustathius. she says, 'Il avoit donné lieu à quelque soupçon \* qu'il ne fust véritablement Ulysse;' whereas he directly says *μη υποπτευθῇ ὅτι Οδυσσεὺς ἐστὶν ὁ λαλῶν*, that is, 'he uses this expression, that it may not be suspected that he is Ulysses who speaks;' in reality he inserts these words solely to avoid discovery, not judging it yet reasonable to reveal himself to Telemachus, much less to Eumæus.

V. 105. It seems to me quite astonishing that Pope should say here that Madame Dacier misrepresents Eustathius. Her words, as quoted by him, correctly answer to the Greek, and to Pope's own words in the preceding part of the note, 'gave room to suspect that he was himself Ulysses.' L.

V. 105, 6. More exactly thus:

'Or might his-self return (to hope no more  
 Fate bids not yet) a wanderer, to this shore.' L.

\* 'Soupçon' we spell now.



Might he return, I yield my life a prey  
 To my worst foe, if that avenging day  
 Be not their last.—But should I lose my life,  
 Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife, 110  
 I choose the noble part; and yield my breath,  
 Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;  
 Than see the hand of violence invade  
 The rev'rend stranger, and the spotless maid;  
 Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,  
 The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast. 116

V. 108. *To my worst foe.*] The words in Greek are *αλλοτριος φως*, or, 'may I fall by the hand of a stranger.' that is, by the worst of enemies; foreigners being usually the most barbarous enemies. This circumstance therefore aggravates the calamity. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 109. It seems next to impossible to reach the ardent, impassioned, yet dignified brevity of the original.

Εἰδ' αὖ με πληθύνει δαμασσαιῶ μοῖρον ἐνθά,  
 Βελοίμην κ' ἐν ἐμοῖσι καὶ ἀκλῆμενος μεγαρύνει  
 Τεθναίμεν, ἢ ἰαδὲ γ' αἰεὶ ἀσικεᾶ ἐργ' ὄρασθαι.

I can imagine nothing more perfect in rhythm and expression. The *τεθναίμεν* at the beginning of the verse; the rapid dactylic flow after it; the whole conception and execution of this passage are above praise.

'But if me, sole, by numbers they o'ercome,  
 Rather in my own house thus slain would I  
 Perish, than such unseemly deeds behold.'

These lines may give some faint similitude of the original. But it will yet be faint indeed, and beyond expression inferior.

On the dreadful 10th of August, immediately before the storming of the Tuilleries, Marie Antoinette is said to have expressed herself in a manner very much resembling this of Telemachus. L.

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;  
 Sincere the youthful hero made reply.  
 Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise;  
 Nor priests in fabled oracles advise: 120  
 Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r  
 Turn'd mean desèrters in the needful hour.  
 Ah me! I boast no brother:—heaven's dread King  
 Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:  
 Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir; 125  
 Alone Ulysses drew the vital air;  
 And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,  
 An unblest offspring of a sire unblest!  
 Each neighb'ring realm, conducive to our woe,  
 Sends forth her peers, and ev'ry peer a foe: 130  
 The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,  
 And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills.  
 Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade  
 Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.  
 The queen averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r, 135  
 Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:

V. 117. The anger flashing from the eye of Ulysses is an addition by the Translator. L.

V. 127. *And I alone the bed connubial grac'd*] Homer mentions but one son of Ulysses: other authors name another, Archesilaus; and Sophocles, Eurylaus slain by Telemachus, but perhaps these descended not from Penelope. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 133, 4. More correctly,

' And those who now rough Ithaca command,  
 Devour our house, and court my mother's hand.'

which will avoid an incongruity of figure noticed by Spence. (Esq. on the ODYSSEY. 187.) L.

Meantime their licence uncontroll'd, I bear;  
 Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:  
 But heav'n will sure revenge, and Gods there are.

But go, Eumæus! to the Queen impart 140  
 Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.  
 Yet secret go: for num'rous are my foes;  
 And here at least I may in peace repose.

To whom the swain, I hear, and I obey.  
 But old Laertes weeps his life away, 145  
 And deems thee lost.—Shall I my speed employ  
 To bless his age, a messenger of joy?

V. 137. Thus more correctly:

' Meantime their licence uncontroll'd I bear.  
 My substance they consume;—myself would tear.  
 This rests with heav'n!—thou to the Queen impart.' L.

V. 140. *But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart.*] There is nothing more wonderful in Homer, than the distribution of his incidents. And how fully must he be possessed of his whole subject, and take it in all at one view, to bring about the several parts of it naturally? Minerva in the beginning of the fifteenth Book commanded Telemachus to dispatch Eumæus to Penelope, to inform her of his return. Here this command is executed. But is this all the use the poet makes of that errand? It is evident it is not: this command furnishes him with a natural occasion for the removal of Eumæus while Ulysses discovers himself to Telemachus. But why might not the discovery have been made before Eumæus? It was suitable to the cautious character of Ulysses not to trust the knowledge of his person to too many people. Besides, if he had here revealed himself to Eumæus, there would not have been room for the discovery which is made in the future \* parts of the Odyssey; and consequently the reader

This should be 'subsequent;' a confusion too common in later writers of not<sup>ing</sup> and eminence. L.

The mournful hour that tore his son away  
 Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray:  
 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe, 150  
 He drest the vine, and bade the garden blow;  
 Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day  
 That you to Pylos plough'd the wat'ry way,  
 Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,  
 Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows;  
 Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost, 155  
 Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.

Wretched old man! (with tears the Prince returns)  
 Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?

had been robbed of the pleasure of it and it must be allowed, that the several concealments and discoveries of Ulysses through the Odyssey add no small pleasure and beauty to it

V. 159. *Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?* Eustathius reads the words differently: either ἀχρυσμενον περ, or ἀχρυσμενοι περ. If we use the former reading, it will be understood according to the recited translation, if the latter, it must then be referred to Telemachus, and imply, 'let us cease to inform Laertes, though we grieve for him' I suppose some critics were shocked at the words in the former sense; and thought it cruel in Telemachus not to relieve the sorrows of Laertes, which were occasioned chiefly through fondness to his person. Dacier is fully of this opinion. Eustathius prefers neither of the lections; I doubt not but Homer wrote ἀχρυσμενον περ—this agrees with the whole context.

'Wretched old man! (with tears the Prince returns)  
 Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?  
 Were every wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies,  
 This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes'

And as for the cruelty of Telemachus, in forbidding Eumæus to go to Laertes, there is no room for this objection: he guards against

Were every wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies, 160  
 This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.  
 But to the Queen with speed dispatchful bear  
 Our safe return, and back with speed repair:  
 And let some handmaid of her train resort  
 To good Laertes in his rural court. 165

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay  
 He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away.  
 Then from the heav'ns the martial Goddess flies  
 Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;  
 In form, a virgin in soft beauty's bloom, 170  
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

by requesting Penelope to give him immediate information; which might be done almost as soon by a messenger from her, as by Eumæus. Besides, such a messenger to Laertes would be entirely foreign to the poem; for his knowledge of the return of Telemachus could contribute nothing to the design of the Odyssey: whereas the information given to Penelope has this effect; it puts the suitors upon new measures, and instructs her how to regulate her own conduct with regard to them; and therefore the Poet judiciously dwells upon this, and passes over the other.

V. 166. Ambiguity will be removed, if we read thus:

'He spake. Eumæus, brooking no delay,  
 His sandals brac'd, and instant strode away.' W.—L.

V. 170. *In form, a virgin* —] Some of the ancient philosophers thought the poets guilty of impiety, in representing the Gods assuming human appearances: Plato in particular (lib. ii. de Repub.) speaks with great severity. 'If a God (says that author) changes his own shape, must he assume a more or less perfect form? undoubtedly a shape less perfect: for a Deity, as a Deity, can want no perfection; therefore all change must be for the worst. Now it is absurd to imagine that a deity can be willing to assume imperfection; for this

Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd;  
 But unapparent as a viewless shade  
 Escap'd Telemachus: (the pow'rs above  
 Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move) 175  
 The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread  
 Of pow'r divine; and howling, trembling, fled.

would be a degradation unworthy of a divine power: and consequently it is absurd to imagine that a Deity can be willing to change the form of a deity. It therefore follows, that the Gods enjoying a perfection of nature, must eternally and unchangeably appear in it. Let no poet therefore (meaning Homer) persuade you that the Gods assume the form of strangers, and are visible in such appearances' It must be confessed, that if Plato had thus spoken only to refute the absurd opinions of antiquity, which imagined the Gods to assume unworthy shapes of bulls, dragons, swans, &c. only to perform some rape, or action unbecoming a deity, reason would have been on his side: but the argument proves too much; it supposes that a deity must lose his perfections by any appearance, but of a deity; which is an error. if a God acts suitably to the character of a God, where is the degradation? Aristotle was of this judgment, in opposition to his master Plato; and thought it no diminution to a God to appear in the shape of man, the glory of the creation. In reality, it is a great honour to Homer, that his opinions agree with the verity of the Scriptures, rather than the conjectures of philosophers: nay, it is not impossible but these relations might be borrowed from the sacred history; it being manifest that Homer had been in Egypt, the native country of Moses, in whose writings there are frequent instances of this nature\*.

V. 170. Nearer to the original:

'Nor unobserv'd to Pallas his retreat,  
 She from the skies 'approach'd,' descending fleet,  
 Like a tall comely nymph in beauty's bloom.' L.

I do not comment upon this comment: not because it would be difficult; but because it is not necessary. L.

The Goddess, beck'ning, waves her deathless hands;  
Dauntless the King before the Goddess stands.

V. 176. *The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread  
Of pow'r divine —*]

This may seem a circumstance unworthy of poetry, and ridiculous;—to ascribe a greater sagacity to the brute creation, than to man:—but it may be answered, that it was the design of the Goddess to be invisible only to Telemachus, and consequently she was visible to the æge. But I am willing to believe that there is a deeper meaning, and a beautiful moral couched under this story and perhaps Homer speaks thus, to give us to understand that the brute creation itself confesses the divinity DACTER.

V. 170 Thus characteristically, and very near absolute exactness, with a word from Chapman.

'Ulysses and the Dogs acknowledg'd near  
The pow'r divine. They howl'd not; but with fear  
Low whining, sought the shed.—Her nod commands;  
Ulysses, rising, in her presence stands.'

Let it never be forgotten, that the rage of decoration is the bane of natural beauty. It above all is discordant to the character of the Odyssey. L.

V. 178. *The Goddess, beck'ning, waves her deathless hands* ] The Goddess evidently acts thus, that Telemachus might not hear her speak to Ulysses: for this would have made the discovery, and precluded that beautiful interview between Ulysses and Telemachus that immediately follows. It is for the same reason that she conceals herself from Telemachus: for the discovery must have been fully and convincingly made by the appearance and veracity of a deity; and then there could have been no room for all those doubts and fears of Telemachus, that enliven and beautify the manner of the discovery. The whole relation is indeed an allegory. The wisdom of Ulysses (in poetry, Minerva) suggests to him, that this is a proper time to reveal himself to Telemachus; the same wisdom (or Minerva) instructs him to press himself like a king, that he may find the readier credit with

Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies! 180  
 Why to thy god-like son this long disguise?  
 Stand forth reveal'd:—with him thy cares employ  
 Against thy foes.—Be valiant, and destroy!  
 Lo, I descend in that avenging hour,  
 To combat by thy side,—thy guardian pow'r. 185

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;  
 Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:  
 At once with grace divine his frame improves;  
 At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:  
 Youth flush'd his red'ning cheek, and from his brows  
 A length of hair in sable ringlets flows; 191

son: in this dress he appears a new man, young and beautiful, which gives occasion to Telemachus to imagine him a Deity; especially because he was an infant when his father sailed to Troy, and therefore, though he now appears like Ulysses, Telemachus does not know him to be his father. This is the naked story, when stript of its poetical ornaments.

V. 184. More exactly thus:

‘Nor absent I long from you: (in that hour  
 Eager to combat,)—thy protecting power.’ L.

The position of the pronouns and the adverb is very energetic in the original.

— — — — εὖ' ἐγω ΑΥΤΗ  
 ΔΗΡΟΝ ἀπὸ ΣΦΩΙΝ ἐσομαι. V. 170, 1.

V. 190 Mr. Wakefield, with exquisite accuracy and elegance,

‘Youth flush'd his rising cheek.’——

The appropriate and peculiar for the general and common epithet,  
 γυναιμοειδὲς λαυσεύει. V. 175. L.



His black'ning chin receives a deeper shade;  
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior-maid.

The Hero re-ascends: the Prince o'eraw'd  
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God. 195

V. 192. Mr. Wakefield's objection of pleonastic terms, 'darkening' and 'deeper,' is right: but I would prefer, with an epithet at once Homeric and Miltonian,

'His chin receives an hyacinthine shade'

V. 194 — *The prince o'eraw'd*

*Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.]*

I must offer a remark in opposition to that of Dacier upon this place: 'This fear of Telemachus (says that author) proceeds from the opinion of the ancients. When the Gods came down visibly, they thought themselves so unworthy of such a manifestation, that whenever it happened, they believed they should die, or meet with some great calamity.' thus the Israelites address Moses; 'Speak thou to us, and we will hear; but let not the Lord speak to us, lest we die.' Thus also Gideon; 'Alas! O Lord, my God, because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face: and the Lord said to him, Fear not; thou shalt not die.' Hence it is very evident, that this notion prevailed amongst the Israelites. but how does it appear that the Greeks held the same opinion? The contrary is manifest almost to a demonstration. The Gods are introduced almost in every book both of the Iliad and Odyssey; and yet there is not the least foundation for such an assertion: nay, Telemachus himself in the second book returns thanks to Minerva for appearing to him, and prays for a second vision.

'O Goddess! who descending from the skies,  
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my longing eyes;  
Hear from thy heav'ns above, O warrior maid,  
Descend once more propitious to my aid!'

It is not to be imagined that Telemachus would have preferred this prayer, if the presence of the deity denoted death, or some great calamity: and all the heroes throughout the Iliad esteem such inter-

Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)  
 How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!  
 Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,  
 Far other glories lighten from thy face!  
 If heav'n be thy abode, with pious care 200  
 Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:  
 Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,  
 To win thy grace:—O save us, pow'r divine!  
 Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,  
 Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky. 205

courses as their glory, and converse with the Gods without any apprehensions. But whence then proceeds this fear of Telemachus? entirely from a reverential awe, and his own modesty while he stands in the presence of a Deity, for such he believes Ulysses. The words of Telemachus agree with his behaviour; he speaks the language of a man in surprise: it is this surprise at the sudden change of Ulysses, that first makes him imagine him a Deity, and upon that imagination offer him sacrifice and prayer. The whole behaviour paints the nature of man under surprise, and which transports the speaker into vehemence and emotion.

V. 198—204. Exquisite pathos, animation, and dignity. It is Homer still: but Homer, like his Ulysses in this passage, touched by Minerva; or, like the Æneas of Virgil, deriving new and celestial lustre from the Goddess of grace and beauty. Here the most elevated diction is natural, and in its place; and the improvement of the passage (for gloriously improved it is) is worthy of the great original, and of the admirable Poet who translates him. L.

V. 204, 5. *Few are my days — —*]

More exactly thus:

‘No God thou seest, Ulysses made reply.

Not with immortals to compare am I.’

The answer is very like that of Paul to the people of Lystra. *Καὶ ἡμεῖς ὁμοιοπαθεῖς ἐσμὲν ἡμῖναν, ἄνθρωποι.* L.

I am thy father.—O my son! my son!  
 That father, for whose sake thy days have run  
 One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,  
 And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy 210  
 With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.

Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:  
 He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.  
 Ah me! (exclaims the Prince with fond desire)

Thou art not — no, thou canst not be my sire. 215  
 Heav'n such illusion only can impose,  
 By the false joy to aggravate my woes.

Who but a God can change the general doom,  
 And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?  
 Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;  
 Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a God! 221

Forbear, he cry'd: for heav'n reserve that name;  
 Give to thy father but a father's claim:  
 Other Ulysses shalt thou never see:  
 I am Ulysses; — I (my son), am he. 225

V. 216. Rather,

'Some power the illusion wills to interpose:—  
 Sooths, but to heighten by false joy, my woes.'

That the beauty of the pause on *θελγεν* in the beginning of V. 195 of the original may be imitated. L.

V. 220, 1. *Late, worn with years, &c.*] In these fine lines I would make no farther alteration than 'clad' instead of 'cloath'd.' The sublime orientalism is not foreign to the language of a poet who himself has said, *επισειμμενος αλκην*, 'Clad with strength.' L.

Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,  
 'Tis giv'n at length to view thy native coast.  
 Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds  
 With grace divine;—her pow'r admits no bounds:  
 She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;      230  
 Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.  
 The Gods with ease frail man depress, or raise;  
 Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

V. 222—5. This passage is admirable and delightful; and the 224th line most happily expresses 204 of the original.

*Ου μὲν γὰρ τοι εἴ' ἄλλος ἐλευσείαι ἐνθάδ' Ὀδυσσεύς.*

V. 226. Better thus:

' Twenty long years o'er earth and ocean cast,  
 I come to view my native land at last.' W—L.

I should add, Cowper has followed the simplicity of the original: preferring the twentieth year, *εικοσῆω εἴει*, to the twice ten, an embellishment rather worn, and here, at all events, not well placed. L.

V. 229. Preferably,

' — — Heaven's power admits no bounds,  
 She erst old age and wrinkles o'er me shed:  
 Now cloaths in radiance, crowns with youth, my head.'

But almost literally thus

' Me she hath fashion'd as she will'd: (for such  
 Her power :) erst as a beggar. now again  
 As a fair-vested youth. The Gods, who dwell  
 In spacious heaven, with ease can glorify  
 A mortal, or, if so they please, abase.' L.

V. 233. This from Virgil:

' *Parcere subjectis; et debellare superbos.*'

The diction in part perhaps formed on our translation of the 'magnificat.'

He spoke and sat. The Prince with transport flew;  
 Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:  
 Nor less the father pour'd a social flood! 236  
 They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.  
 As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,  
 Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young:—

V. 238. *As the bold eagle* —] This is a beautiful comparison. — but to take its full force, it is necessary to observe the nature of this φῆνη, or 'vulture' Homer does not compare Ulysses to that bird merely for its dignity, it being of the aquiline kind, and therefore the king of birds; but from the knowledge of the nature of it, which doubles the beauty of the allusion. This bird is remarkable for the love it bears towards its young. 'Tearing open her own thigh, she feeds her young with her own blood' Thus also another author;

Τὸν μηρὸν ἐκλεμνοντες, ἡμάλιμνοις  
 Γαλακτὶ ὅλοις ζωपुरασί τε βρεφῇ.

'Femore exsecto, sanguineo lactis defluxu suos foetus refocillant.' And the Egyptians made the vulture their hieroglyphic, to represent a compassionate nature. This gives a reason why this bird is introduced with peculiar propriety to represent the fondness of Ulysses for Telemachus. But where is the point of the similitude? Ulysses embraces his son, but the vulture is said to mourn the loss of her young: Eustathius answers, that the sorrow alone, and vehemence of it, is intended to be illustrated by the comparison. I think he should have added, the affection Ulysses bears to Telemachus.

It is observable, that Homer inserts very few similitudes in his Odyssey; though they occur frequently almost in every book of the Iliad. The Odyssey is wrote with more simplicity, and consequently there is less room for allusions. If we observe the similies themselves inserted in each poem, we shall find the same difference. In the Iliad they are drawn from lions, storms, torrents, conflagrations, thunder, &c. In the Odyssey, from lower objects: from an heap of thorns, from a shipwright playing the whimble, an armourer tem-

They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey  
To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away. 241

pering iron, a matron weeping over her dying husband, &c. The similies are likewise generally longer in the *Iliad* than the *Odyssey*; and less resemblance between the thing illustrated, and the illustration. The reason is, in the *Iliad* the similitudes are introduced to illustrate some great and noble object; and therefore the poet proceeds till he has raised some noble image to inflame the mind of the reader: whereas in these calmer scenes the poet keeps closer to the point of allusion, and needs only to represent the object, to render it entertaining.\* By the former conduct he raises our admiration above the subject, by adding foreign embellishments; in the latter he brings the copy as close as possible to the original, to possess us with a true and equal image of it.

It has been objected by a French critic, that Homer is blameable for too great a length in his similitudes: that in the heat of an action he stops short, and turns to some allusion, which calls off our attention from the main subject. It is true, comparisons ought not to be too long: and are not to be placed in the heat of an action, as Mr. Dryden observes, but when it begins to decline. Thus in the first *Æneis*, when the storm is in its fury, the Poet introduces no comparison; because nothing can be more impetuous than the storm itself; but when the heat of the description abates, then, lest we should cool too soon, he renews it by some proper similitude, which still keeps up our attention, and fixes the whole upon our minds. The similitude before us is thus placed at the conclusion of the hero's lamentation: and the Poet by this method leaves the whole deeply mixed upon the memory. Virgil has imitated this comparison in his fourth *Georgic*. but very judiciously substituted the Nightingale in the place of the vulture; that bird being introduced to represent the mournful music of Orpheus.

\* Change only the word 'entertaining' for 'interesting,' and it will be difficult to find any thing more elegant, refined, and just, than this criticism. L.

So they aloud—and tears in tides had run,  
 Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;  
 But checking the full torrent in its flow,  
 The Prince thus interrupts the solemn woe. 245

' Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ  
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator  
 Observans nido implumes detraxit at illa  
 Flet noctem,' &c. G IV. 511.

Nothing can be sweeter than this comparison of Virgil. But the learned Huetius thinks he has found a notorious blunder in it. This Nightingale (says he) in the first lines it, in the shade of a poplar; and yet in the fourth she mourns by night, 'flet noctem.' It is evident that Monsieur Huet mistakes the word 'umbra' for the shade of a tree, which it casts while the sun shines upon it, whereas it only means that the bird sings 'sub foliis,' or 'concealed in the leaves of it,\*' which may be done by night as well as by day. But if it be thought that this is not a sufficient answer, the passage may be thus understood: the Nightingale mourning under the shade of a poplar, &c. ceases not all night, or 'flet noctem;' that is, she begins her song in the evening by day, but mourns all night. Either of these answers are sufficient for Virgil's vindication.

V 241. Well may the taste and feeling of Mr. Wakefield praise the exquisite delicacy and tenderness of such a couplet as that of Dryden.

' Whose 'nest' some prying 'churl' had found, and thence  
 By stealth convey'd the 'unfledg'd innocence.' L.

V. 245. *The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.*] It does not appear at first view why the poet makes Telemachus recover himself from his transport of sorrow sooner than Ulysses. Is Telemachus a greater master of his passions? or is it to convince Ulysses of his

So Milton:—probably in allusion to this very passage:

' Beneath the shelter of 'umbrageous' boughs.' L.





Hither, intent the rival rout to slay  
 And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:  
 So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain  
 The names, and numbers of th' audacious train;  
 'Tis mine to judge if better to employ 260  
 Assistant force, or singly to destroy.

O'er earth (returns the Prince) resounds thy name,  
 Thy well-try'd wisdom, and thy martial fame:  
 Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost—  
 Can we engage;—not decads, but an host? 265  
 Can we alone in furious battle stand,  
 Against that numerous, and determin'd band?  
 Hear then their numbers:—From Dulichium came  
 Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name;  
 Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast 270  
 Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coast:

V. 268. *Hear then their numbers* —] According to this catalogue, the suitors with their attendants (the two sewers, and Medon, and Phemius) are an hundred and eighteen; but the two last are not to be taken for the enemies of Ulysses; and therefore are not involved in their punishment in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*. EUSTATHIUS.

Spondanus mistakes this passage egregiously.

Μεδων κηρυξ και Σειος αιιδος.

He understands it thus, 'Medon who was an herald and a divine bard.' 'Præco unus qui et idem musicus:' it is true, the construction will bear this interpretation; but it is evident from the latter part of the *xxiid Odyssey*, that the *Κηρυξ* and the *Αιιδος* were two persons, namely, Medon and Phemius: Medon acts all along as a friend to Penelope and Telemachus; and Phemius is affirmed to be detained by the suitors involuntarily: and consequently they are both guiltless.

And twelve our country's pride; to these belong  
 Medon and Phemius skill'd in heav'nly song.  
 Two sew'rs from day to day the revels wait,  
 Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state. 275  
 With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,  
 Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.  
 Then what assistant pow'rs you boast, relate,  
 Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.

Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies: 280  
 What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?  
 If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,  
 By mighty Pallas, and by thund'ring Jove.

Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)  
 Against the banded pow'rs of all mankind: 285  
 They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,  
 Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.

Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might  
 We rise terrific to the task of fight.

V. 275. Better with Wakefield—

‘ Both skill'd the banquet to serve up in state.’

The Translator's imagination was led aside here, as often, by the tasters of modern times. And even thus corrected, the line is here perhaps too formal and pompous—

More literally thus:

‘ With two, of skill to order well the feast.’

V. 286, 7. ‘ Them in the clouds enthron'd in sovereign sway,  
 Men, and the deathless Gods themselves, obey.’

\* W.—A.

But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain, 290  
The court revisit, and the lawless train :

V. 288. *Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might  
We rise terrific to the task of fight.*]

This whole discourse between Ulysses and Telemachus is introduced to prepare the reader for the catastrophe of the Poem. Homer judiciously interests heaven in the cause—that the reader may not be surprised at the event, when he sees such numbers fall by the hands of these heroes. He consults probability; and as the Poem now draws to a conclusion, sets the assistance of heaven full before the reader.

It is likewise very artful to let us into some knowledge of the event of the Poem: all care must be taken that it be rather guessed than known. If it be entirely known, the reader finds nothing new to awaken his attention; if on the contrary it be so intricate, that the event cannot possibly be guessed at, we wander in the dark, and are lost in uncertainty. The art of the Poet consists not in concealing the event entirely. but when it is in some measure foreseen, in introducing a number of incidents that bring us almost into the sight of it, then by new obstacles perplex the story to the very conclusion of the poem. Every obstacle, and every removal of it fills us with surprise, with pleasure or pain alternately: and consequently calls up our whole attention. This is admirably described by Vida, lib. ii.

‘ — — — Eventus nonnullis sæpe canendo  
Indiciis porrò ostendunt: in luce malignâ  
Sublustrique, aliquid dant cernere noctis in umbrâ.’

‘ Th’ event should glimmer with a dubious ray;  
Not hid in clouds; nor glare in open day.’

This rule he afterwards illustrates by a very happy similitude.

Haud aliter longinqua petit qui forte viator  
Mœnia, si positas altis in collibus arces  
Nunc etiam dubiis oculis videt, incipit ultro  
Lætior ire viam, placidumque urgere laborem,  
Quàm cùm nusquam ullæ cernuntur quas adit arces,  
Obscurum sed iter tendit convallibus imis.’

Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads;  
 An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.  
 There, if base scorn insult my rev'rend age;  
 Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage. 295  
 If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;  
 Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.

The conduct both of Virgil and Homer are agreeable to this observation. For instance: Anchises and Tiresias in the shades, \* foretel Æneas and Ulysses that all their troubles shall end prosperously:—that the one shall found the Roman empire, the other regain his kingdoms. But the means being kept concealed, our appetite is rather whetted than cloyed, to know by what means these events are brought about. Thus, as in Vida's allusion, they shew us the city at a great distance; but how we are to arrive at it, by what roads they intend to guide us to it, this they keep concealed: the journey discovers itself; and every step we advance leads us forward, and shews where we are to take the next. Neither does the poet directly lead us in the straight path: sometimes we are as it were in a labyrinth, and we know not how to extricate ourselves out of it; sometimes he carries us into bye-ways, and we almost lose sight of the direct way: and then suddenly they open into the chief road, and convey us to the journey's end. In this consists the skill of the Poet. He must form probable intricacies, and then solve them probably; he must set his hero in dangers, and then bring him out of them with honour. This observation is necessary to be applied to all those passages in the Odyssey, where the event of it is obscurely foretold; and which some tasteless critics have blamed, as taking away the curiosity of the reader by an unseasonable discovery.

V. 294. The poet has here, and judiciously perhaps in this instance, given the general turn of the passage rather than follow it in the detail of circumstances. See Wakefield. The original is something like the passage, Matth. v. 39. which conveys a general precept of humility and forbearance, in circumstantial and high terms. L.

\* The sense requires ' foretels to ' L.

Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain  
 Their lawless insults: though thou strive in vain;  
 For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call; 300  
 And vengeance strikes whom heav'n has doom'd to fall.  
 Once more attend: When She\* whose pow'r inspires  
 The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires,  
 I give the sign:—that instant from beneath,  
 Aloft convey the instruments of death, 305

V. 296. *If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;  
 Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.]*

Plutarch, in his Treatise upon reading Poems, observes the wisdom of Ulysses in these instructions. He is the person who is more immediately injured: yet he not only restrains his own resentment, but that of Telemachus: he perceives that his son is in danger of flying out into some passion; he therefore very wisely arms him against it. Men do not put bridles upon horses when they are already running with full speed; but they bridle them before they bring them out to the race. This very well illustrates the conduct of Ulysses. He fears the youth of Telemachus may be too warm, and through an unseasonable ardour at the sight of his wrongs, betray him to his enemies: he therefore persuades him to patience and calmness, and predisposes his mind with rational considerations to enable him to encounter his passions, and govern his resentment.

V. 304. As Mr. Wakefield observes, 'I 'nod' the sign,' would have been here preferable: in conformity to his original *νεύω μὲν τοι εἰς κρηβάνη*. v. 283. As the catastrophe turns upon this point of exactly understood concert between Ulysses and his son, the utmost circumstantiality here is natural and affecting. In *Odyssey* xxi. v. 431, this tremendous signal is given accordingly: precisely as intimated here.

V. 304. — — — *That instant, from beneath,  
 Aloft convey the instruments of death ].*

These ten lines occur in the beginning of the nineteenth Book: and

Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,  
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise.

‘ These glitt’ring weapons, ere he sail’d to Troy,  
Ulysses view’d with stern heroic joy :  
Then, beaming o’er th’ illumin’d wall they shone :  
Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone. 311  
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)  
From the pollution of the fuming fires;  
Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood  
Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood; 315  
Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite  
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.’

the ancients (as Eustathius informs us) were of opinion, that they are here placed improperly. For how, say they, should Ulysses know that the arms were in a lower apartment, when he was in the country, and had not yet seen his palace? But this is no real objection. his repository of arms he knew was in the lower apartment; and therefore it was rational to conclude that the arms were in it. The verses are proper in both places: here Ulysses prepares Telemachus against the time of the execution of his designs; in the nineteenth Book that time is come, and therefore he repeats his instructions.

V. 316. *Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite  
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight* ]

This seems to have been a proverbial expression. At least it has been so used by latter writers\*. The observation holds true to this day, and it is manifest that more men fall by the sword in countries where

\* Short, pertinent, and pointedly expressed observations, easily become ‘Proverbs’—especially when the author is generally read, admired, and repeated. This a lady of uncommon skill and taste in the French language observed to me to have happened to the first tirade of lines in the ‘Plaideurs of Racine.’—the only comedy of that exquisite tragical writer. but such a comedy as prompts an earnest wish he had written more. L.

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:  
 For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.  
 Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield, 320  
 A pointed jav'lin, and a fenciful shield.  
 But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,  
 By that regard a son his father owes,—  
 The secret that thy father lives, retain  
 Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train. 325

the inhabitants daily wear swords, than in those where a sword is thought no part of dress or ornament. DACIER.

It is but lately that the custom has ceased in this country of every gentleman going into company with a sword as a necessary part of dress. L.

V 316.

‘Steel of itself attracts man to the fight.’

Αὐτός γὰρ ἐφελκεῖται ἀνδρὰ σιδηρός.

And Cowper well:

‘— — for the view

Itself of arms incites to their abuse.’

Whether the Poet knew the attractive property of the loadstone seems uncertain. This passage appears, however, as if he did: and as if he meant to say;—‘As the loadstone to steel, so is steel to man.’

L.

‘— these rushing we will seize, but them the power

Of Pallas then shall quell, and Jove th’ all-wise.’

This I take to be the meaning. And Cowper has similarly translated. The force of *Θελξει* (298) in the Original is very remarkable.—  
 ‘Shall charm, shall subdue by supernatural influence.’

Cowper seems to have taken the right sense of *Ἐπιθυσαίης* (227), from *Θυω*, irruo.

V. 324. *The secret, that thy father lives, retain*

*Lock'd in thy bosom——]*

This injunction of secrecy is introduced by Ulysses with the utmost

Hide it from all:—ev'n from Eumæus hide;—  
 From my dear father, and my dearer bride.  
 One care remains: to note the loyal few  
 Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;  
 And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove 330  
 Who loves his Prince;—for sure you merit love.

To whom the youth: To emulate I aim  
 The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.  
 But reconsider, since the wisest err:—  
 Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dang'rous to defer. 335

splennity. And it was very necessary that it should be so: the whole hopes of his re-establishment depending upon it. Besides, this behaviour agrees with the character of Ulysses; which is remarkable for disguise and concealment. The Poet makes a further use of it: namely; to give him an opportunity to describe at large the several discoveries made to Penelope, Laertes, and Eumæus personally by Ulysses, in the sequel of the *Odyssey*. which are no small ornaments to it; yet must have been omitted, or have lost their effect, if the return of Ulysses had been made known by Telemachus; this would have been like discovering the plot before the beginning of the play. At the same time this direction is an excellent rule to be observed in management of all weighty affairs, the success of which chiefly depends upon secrecy.

V. 330, 1. The original 306, 7.

'Who honours and who fears us, both to prove,  
 Or heeds not:—but slights thee so worthy love.'

V. 332—4. Rather—

'Father, I trust my spirit thou shalt know  
 Hereafter, nor shalt timid deem, or slow:  
 Yet I thy plan not best account to find;  
 And wish it reconsider'd in thy mind.' L.

V. 334. *But reconsider* —] The Poet here describes Telemachus rectifying the judgment of Ulysses. Is this any disparagement



What length of time must we consume in vain,  
 Too curious to explore the menial train?  
 While the proud foes, industrious to destroy  
 Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.  
 Suffice it in this exigence alone 340  
 To mark the damsels that attend the throne:  
 Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove  
 Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove.

to that hero? It is not, but an exact representation of human nature. For the wisest men may receive, in particular cases, instructions from men less wise and the eye of the understanding in a young man, may sometimes see further than that of age. That is, in the language of the Poet, a wise and mature Ulysses may sometimes be instructed by a young and unexperienced Telemachus.

342, 3 Rather—

‘Dispers’d they dwell.—These we hereafter prove;  
 If true thou know’st the ‘sign’ of ‘thund’ring’ Jove.’ L.

V. 343. *If thou hast spoke from Jove.*] The expression in the Greek is obscure. and it may be asked, to what refers *Διὸς τερας*? Dacier renders it, ‘S’il est vray que vous ayez vû un prodige,’ or, ‘if it be true that you have seen a prodigy.’ Now there is no mention of any prodigy seen by Ulysses in all this interview;—and this occasions the obscurity:—but it is implied, for Ulysses directly promises the assistance of Jupiter; and how could he depend upon it, but by some prodigy from Jupiter? Eustathius thus understands the words. *Τερας ἐξ ὁρμωμένου εἴητος ἀμυνίοντα τον Δία ἡμῖν εἰσεσθαι.* And then the meaning will be, ‘If the prodigy from Jupiter be evident, there is no occasion to concern ourselves about the household train.’ But then does not that expression imply doubt, and a jealousy, that Ulysses might possibly depend too much upon supernatural assistance? It only insinuates, that he ought to be certain in the interpretation of the prodigy; but Telemachus refers himself intirely to Ulysses, and acquiesces in his judgment.

While in debate they waste the hours away,  
 The associates of the Prince repass'd the bay. 345  
 With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;  
 With speed debarking land the naval stores;  
 Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,  
 And trust the presents to his friendly care.  
 Swift to the Queen a herald flies t' impart 350  
 Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;  
 Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,  
 Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.

V. 345. *Th' associates of the Prince repass'd the bay.*] It is manifest that this vessel had spent the evening of the preceding day, the whole night, and part of the next morning, in sailing from the place where Telemachus embarked. For it is necessary to remember that Telemachus, to avoid the suitors, had been obliged to fetch a large compass, and land upon the northern coast of Ithaca; and consequently the vessel was necessitated to double the whole isle on the western side to reach the Ithacan bay. This is the reason that it arrives not till the day afterwards and that the herald dispatched by the associates of Telemachus, and Eumæus from the country, meet upon the road, as they go to carry the news of the return of Telemachus to Penelope. It is likewise evident that the lodge of Eumæus was not far distant from the palace for he sets out toward the city after eating in the morning; and passing some time in conference with Telemachus, delivers his message, and returns in the evening of the same day.

V. 350—4.

' They bid an herald promptly to impart  
 News to the Queen discreet to sooth her heart:  
 To tell her, that Telemachus her son,  
 For whom she fear'd, was to the country gone:  
 And bade the ship return; to spare her tears,  
 And save her gen'rous mind its tender fears.' L.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,  
 And cries aloud;—Thy son, oh Queen, returns. 355  
 Eumæus sage approach'd th' imperial throne,  
 And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,  
 Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band  
 Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;  
 And issuing from the dome, before the gate, 360  
 With clouded looks, a pale assembly, sat.

V. 355. *And cries aloud;—Thy son, oh Queen, returns.*] This little circumstance distinguishes characters, and gives variety to poetry: it is a kind of painting, which always varies its figures by some particular ornament, or attitude, so as no two figures are alike: the contrary conduct would make an equal confusion both in poetry and painting, and an indistinction of persons and characters. I will not promise that these particularities are of equal beauty, as necessity; especially in modern languages the Greek is always flowing, sonorous, and harmonious; the language, like leaves, oftentimes conceals barrenness, and a want of fruit, and renders the sense at least beautiful, if not profitable; this is wanted in some degree in English poetry, where it is not always in our power to conceal the nakedness with ornaments. This particularity before us is of absolute necessity, and could not well be avoided:—the indiscretion of the herald in speaking aloud, discovers the return of Telemachus to the suitors, and is the incident that brings about their following debates, and furnishes out the entertainment of the succeeding part of this book.

V. 356. *Imperial throne.*] These exaggerations, and they are frequent, even burlesque the simplicity of the Odyssey; and substitute for its natural greatness and interesting truth of character, the glare of a false splendour. If a prosaic close may be pardoned, this represents the original:

‘Nigh to Penelope the herdsman stood;  
 And told her all her lov'd son wish'd he should.’

I have only taken a more general term instead of ‘swineherd.’ L.

At length Eurymachus. Our hopes are vain;  
 Telemachus in triumph sails the main.  
 Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;  
 Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey! 365

Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand  
 Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band;  
 Full to the bay within the winding shores  
 With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.  
 O friends! he cry'd,—elate with rising joy,\* 370  
 See to the port secure the vessel fly!  
 Some God has told them; or themselves survey  
 The bark escap'd, and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores,  
 They moor the vessel and unlade the stores: 375  
 Then moving from the strand, apart they sat;  
 And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy? he lives (Antinous cries)  
 The care of Gods and fav'rite of the skies.  
 All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels 380  
 Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills.

V. 370. Wakefield very ingeniously corrects the rhyme

' O friends, with rising joy elate he cries,  
 See to the port secure the vessel flies.' L.

V. 377. 'Frequent and full —MILTON.' P. L.—L.

V. 380. Beside the false and unseasonable pomp of Aurora, (of which not a word in the original,) there is an ambiguous construction. Antinous only says.

And from the lofty brow of rocks by day  
 Took in the ocean with a broad survey.  
 Yet safe he sails!—the pow'rs cœlestial give  
 To shun the hidden snares of death, and live. 385  
 But die he shall:—and thus condemn'd to bleed,  
 Be now the scene of instant death decreed:  
 Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe.  
 Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.  
 Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws 390  
 The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?

‘ By day the watch sat on the wind-beat heights,  
 Assiduous still —but with the setting sun  
 We left the land, and taking to the sea,  
 In our swift ship awaited heav'nly morn.’ L.

V. 391. *The Greeks averse to justify our cause.* This verse is inserted with great judgment; and gives an air of probability to the whole relation. For if it be asked why the suitors defer to seize the supreme power, and to murder Telemachus, they being so superior in number, Antinous himself answers; that they fear the people, who favour the cause of Telemachus, and would revenge his injuries. It is for this reason that they formed the ambush by sea and for this reason Antinous proposes to intercept him in his return from the country. They dare not offer open violence, and therefore make use of treachery. This speech of Antinous forms a short under-plot to the Poem: it gives us pain (says Eustathius) for Telemachus, and holds us in suspense till the intricacy is unravelled by Amphinomus.

The whole harangue is admirable in Homer. The diction is excellently suited to the temper of Antinous, who speaks with precipitation: his mind is in agitation and disorder; and consequently his language is abrupt: and not allowing himself time to explain his thoughts at full length, he falls into ellipses and abbreviations. For instance, he is to speak against Telemachus: but his contempt and resentment will not permit him to mention his name, he therefore

Strike, ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray  
 Our murd'rous ambush on the wat'ry way.  
 Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly  
 Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky? 395  
 The brave prevent misfortune:—then be brave,  
 And bury future danger in his grave.  
 Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,  
 Or where he hides in solitude and shade:  
 And give the palace to the Queen a dow'r, 400  
 Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.  
 But if submissive you resign the sway,  
 Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.

calls him *τον ανδρα*. Thus in *μητι κακον ρεζωσι, δεδοικα* is understood. Thus likewise in this verse,

*Αλλ' αγετε πριν κεινον ομηγυρισασθαι Αχαιας*

*Εις αγορην ———*

the word *ολοθρευσωμεν*, or *ανελωμεν*; must be understood, to make the sense intelligible. Thus also after *ει δ' υμιν οδε μυθος αφανδανει*, to make *Αλλα* in the next sentence begin it significantly, we must supply *και ε δοκει καλον ο φονος*; then the sense is complete; 'If this opinion displease, and his death appear not honourable,' but you would have him live, &c. otherwise *αλλα βελεσθε* must be construed like *βελεσθε δε*. And lastly, to image the disorder of Antinous more strongly, Homer inserts a false quantity; by making the first syllable in *βελεσθε* short. Antinous attends not, through the violence of his spirit, to the words he utters, and therefore falls into this error, which excellently represents it. It is impossible to retain these ellipses in the translation.—but I have endeavoured to shew the warmth of the speaker, by putting the words into interrogations, which are always uttered with vehemence, and signs of hurry and precipitation.

V. 402. I believe nothing of the supposed false quantity in v. 387 of the Original. It was originally *εολω*, whence 'volo.'

Retire we instant to our native reign,  
 Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain. 405  
 Then wed whom choice approves: the Queen be giv'n  
 To some bless'd Prince, the Prince decreed by heav'n.

Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;  
 Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,  
 Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign:—  
 (A land of plenty, bless'd with ev'ry grain:)— 411  
 Chief of the numbers who the Queen address;  
 And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.

V. 409 'Ascends' is awkward for 'rising from his seat.'

V. 413. *And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.*] We are not to gather from this expression, that Penelope had any particular tenderness for Amphinomus: but it means only that he was a person of some justice and moderation. At first view, there seems no reason why the Poet should distinguish Amphinomus from the rest of the suitors, by giving him this humane character; but in reality there is an absolute necessity for it. Telemachus is doomed to die by Antinous: here is an intricacy formed, and how is that hero to be preserved with probability? The Poet ascribes a greater degree of tenderness and moderation to one of the suitors: and by this method preserves Telemachus. Thus we see the least circumstance in Homer has its use and effect; the art of a good painter is visible in the smallest sketch, as well as in the largest draught.

415. Cowper, I think, has observed those introductions in the manner of Milton, characteristic of the speaker and the occasion:—as here,

'Graceful awhile he paused:—and thus he said.'

Perhaps—

'Prudent benignity his actions sway'd.'

would have been better, and nearer to the original in the preceding line.' L.

Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd:

Graceful awhile he paus'd;—then mildly said. 415

O friends forbear! and be the thought withstood:  
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!

Consult we first th' all-seeing pow'rs above,  
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.

417. Here again, 'imperial'

'Of a king's race 'tis ill to shed the blood.'

—— δεινον δε γενος βασιληισιν εστι  
κλεινειν. v. 401.

V. 419. *And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.*] Strabo, lib. vii. quotes this verse of Homer, and tells us that some critics thus read it:

Εἰ μὲν κ' αἰνησωσὶ Διὸς μεγαλοῖο τομῆροι.

preferring *τομῆροι* to *θεμιστες*: for, add they, *θεμιστες* no where in Homer signifies oracles; but constantly laws or councils. Tmarus or Tomarus was a mountain on which the oracle of Jupiter stood. and in process of time it was used to denote the oracles themselves. *τομῆρος* is formed like the word *οικηρος*: the former signifies 'custos Tmari,' the latter 'custos domûs:' in this sense Amphinomus advises to consult the Dodonian oracles, which were given from the mountain Tmarus. But, adds Strabo, Homer is to be understood more plainly. and by *θεμιστες*, the councils, the will and decisions of the oracles are implied, for those decisions were held as laws. Thus *βελη*, as well as *θεμιστες*, signifies the Dodonian oracles.

Εκ δρυὸς ὑψικομοῖο Διὸς βελὴν ἐπακῆσαι.

Neither is it true (observes the scholiast upon Strabo) that *θεμιστες* never signifies oracles in Homer: for in the hymn to Apollo, (and Thucydides quotes that hymn as Homer's) the Poet thus uses it,

—— ἀγγελλεσὶ θεμιστᾶς  
Φοῖβε Ἀπολλωνοῦ ———



If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies; 420

If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said: The rival train his voice approv'd,  
And, rising, instant to the palace mov'd.

Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sat,  
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state. 425

Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,  
The murd'rous council to the Queen relates.

Strabo himself uses *ἑμιστευειαν* in this sense, lib. xvii. and in the oracles that are yet extant, *ἑμιστευειν* frequently signifies 'oracula reddere' and in *Ælian* (continues the scholiast) lib. iii. chap. 43, 44. *ε σ ε ἑμιστευσω*, signifies 'non tibi oracula reddam,' and *Hesychius* renders *ἑμισστες*, by *μαντεια*, *χρησμοι*, 'prophecy or oracles.'

V. 419. 'Mighty' would much better answer the original; *μεγαλοιο* (403), and better suit the occasion. L.

V. 421.

*Εἶδε πνευμα αὐτῷ ἡ ἀγγέλως ἐλάλησε μὴ θεομαχῶμεν.*

Acts xxiii. 9.

'If a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not contend against God.'

V. 425. Here again, as if we were in an eastern palace. Thus—

'To Ulysses' house they went:

And there arriv'd, on polish'd benches sat.'

*Ελθόντες δὲ καθίζον ἐπὶ ξυστοῖσι θρόνοισι.* V. 408. L.

V. 426. — *Medon, conscious of their dire debates.*] After this verse *Eustathius* recites one that is omitted in most of the late editions as spurious, at least improper.

*Αὐλῆς ἔκτος εὖν, οἱ δ' ἐνδοθὲς μῆτιν ὕφαινον.* V. 413.

That is, Medon was out of the court, whereas the suitors formed their council within it: the line is really to be suspected; for a little above, Homer directly tells us, that the suitors left the palace.

Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends:  
 Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.  
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands, 130  
 Sudden before the rival pow'rs she stands:  
 And veiling decent with a modest shade  
 Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said:

O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!  
 Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accurs'd! 435

Then issuing from the dome, before the gate,  
 With clouded looks, a pale assembly sat.

It is likewise very evident that they stood in the open air: for they discover the ship returning from the ambush, and sailing into the bay. How then can it be said of the suitors, that they formed their assembly in the court, οἱ δ' ἐνδοθε μηχανὴν ὑφαινον. Besides, continues Dacier, they left the palace, and placed themselves under the lofty wall of it.

Εκ δ' ἡλθον μεγαροιο, παρεκ μεγάλῃ τειχεῖον αὐλῃς.

How then is it possible to see the ship entering the port, when this wall must necessarily obstruct the sight? the two verses therefore evidently contradict themselves; and one of them must consequently be rejected. She would have the line read thus;

Αὐλῃς ἐνὶ οὐρανῷ, οἱ δ' ἐκδοθε, &c.

But all the difficulty vanishes by taking Αὐλῃς, as it is frequently used, to denote any place open to the air, and consequently not the court; but the court-yard. And this is the proper signification of the word. Then Medon may stand on the outside of the wall of the court-yard, Αὐλῃς ἐκτος, and overhear the debates of the suitors who form their council within it, or ἐνδοθε μηχανὴν ὑφαινον. And as for the wall intercepting the view of the suitors, this is merely conjecture: and it is more rational to imagine that the court-yard was open sea-ward, that so beautiful a prospect as the ocean might not be shut up from the palace of a king; or at least, the palace might stand upon such an eminence as to command the ocean.

Mistaking Fame proclaims thy gen'rous mind!  
 Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.  
 Wretch! to destroy a Prince that friendship gives;  
 While in his guest his murd'rer he receives:  
 Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong 440  
 The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.  
 Hast thou forgot, (ingrateful as thou art)  
 Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?  
 Lawless he ravag'd with his martial pow'rs  
 The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores; 445  
 Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;  
 Ulysses sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.

444, 5. Rightly corrected by Mr. W. and translated by Ogilby, Hobbes, and Cowper, agreeably to the original, 426, 7.

‘Ουνεκα δη ξεινοισιν επισπομενος Ταφιοισιν  
 Ηχαχε Θεσπρωτες.

Rather—

‘Nor let him by the suitors fear to die:—  
 But if from heav'n;—none escapes destiny.’

— εδε η μιν θανατον τρομεσσαι ανωγα.

Εκ γε μνηστηρων. Θανατον δ' εκ εσ' αλεασσαι. 446, 7. L.

V. 447. — — *From th' avenger's hand.*] This whole passage is thus understood by Eustathius By Δημον υποδδειςας Homer means the Ithacans: and he likewise affirms that the people who demanded vengeance of Ulysses were also the Ithacans. It is not here translated in this sense: the construction rather requires it to be understood of the Thesprotians, who were allies of Ulysses, and by virtue of that alliance demanded Eupithes, the father of Antinous, out of the hands of Ulysses. But I submit to the reader's judgment.

And would'st thou evil for his good repay?  
 His bed dishonour, and his house betray?  
 Afflict his Queen? and with a murd'rous hand 450  
 Destroy his heir?—but cease;—'tis I command.

Far hence those fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)  
 O prudent Princess! bid thy soul confide.

V. 447. I have corrected here a misprint of the Greek agreeably to the original, (v 425). In other places this will be done also. L.

V. 449. *His bed dishonour, and his house betray?*  
*Afflict his Queen? &c ]'*

It is observable, that Penelope in the compass of two lines recites four heads of her complaint; such contractions of thought and expression being natural to persons in anger, as Eustathius observes. She speaks with heat, and consequently starts from thought to thought with precipitation. The whole speech is animated with a generous resentment: and she concludes at once like a mother and a queen. Like a mother, with affection for Telemachus; and like a queen with authority, *παυσασθαι κελομαι*.

V. 450. More exactly thus:

— 'His heir with murd'rous hand  
 Destroy?—but cease;—and them to cease command.' L.

V. 452. — — (*Eurymachus reply'd.*)] This whole discourse of Eurymachus is to be understood by way of contrariety: there is an obvious and a latent interpretation. For instance when he says,

'His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear,'

it obviously means the blood of the person who offers violence to Telemachus; but it may likewise mean the blood of Telemachus: and the construction admits both interpretations. Thus also when he says, that no person shall lay hands upon Telemachus, while he is alive;—he means that he will do it himself. and lastly, when he adds,

'Then fear no mortal arm: if heav'n destroy,  
 We must resign, for man is born to die.'

Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,  
 While I behold the golden light of day? 455  
 No: by the righteous pow'rs of heav'n I swear,  
 His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.  
 Ulysses, when my infant days I led,  
 With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:  
 My gen'rous soul abhors th' ungrateful part, 460  
 And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.  
 Then fear no mortal arm:—if heav'n destroy,  
 We must resign: for man is born to die.

Thus smooth he ended;—yet his death conspir'd:  
 Then sorrowing, with sad step the Queen retir'd, 465  
 With streaming eyes, all comfortless, deplor'd,  
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;  
 Nor ceas'd, till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,  
 And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.

And now Eumæus, at the ev'ning hour, 470  
 Came, late returning to his silvan bower.  
 Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art  
 A yearling boar: and gave the Gods their part,

the apparent signification is, that Telemachus has occasion only to fear a natural death; but he means if the oracle of Jupiter commands them to destroy Telemachus, that then the suitors will take away his life. He alludes to the foregoing speech of Amphinomus:

' Consult we first th' all-seeing pow'rs above,  
 And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.  
 If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies;  
 If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

EUSTATHIUS.

Holy repast ! That instant from the skies  
 The martial goddess to Ulysses flies : 475  
 She waves her golden wand, and reassumes  
 From ev'ry feature every grace that blooms ;  
 At once his vestures change ; at once she sheds  
 Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads.  
 Lest to the Queen the swain with transport fly, 480  
 Unable to contain th' unruly joy.

When near he drew, the Prince breaks forth ;—  
 proclaim

What tidings, friends ? what speaks the voice of Fame ?  
 Say, if the suitors measure back the main ;  
 Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain ? 485

476. ' Reassumes' and ' resumes,' are words both of use in poetry : but they should be kept distinct. ' Reassumes,' that which had been laid aside : ' resumes,' that which had been previously granted or indulged.

' She waves her golden sceptre, and resumes.' L.

V. 480.

' Lest to the Queen with the discov'ry fly  
 The herdsman ; nor contain the unruly joy.' L.

V. 480. Two lines omitted :

' But from the suitors a swift messenger  
 Brought the first tidings to thy mother's ear.  
 He with me went.'

The word, ' homereese,' ὁμηρεῖσε, (from which, Homer) is remarkable here in the Original, v. 468. The language of the Odyssey is much more antique than of the Iliad.

Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood,  
 Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,  
 Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,  
 (Thy mandate borne,) my soul disdain'd to stay.  
 But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view, 490  
 Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;  
 Her freight a shining band: with martial air  
 Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:  
 And if aright these searching eyes survey,  
 Th' eluded suitors stem the wat'ry way. 495

The Prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,  
 Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.

V. 485. Rather—

‘Or wait they for me ere my house again.’

But the temptation of a fine hemistich from his Windsor Forest was too great. W. F. v. 422.

V. 490. *From th' Hermæan height* — —] It would be superfluous to translate all the various interpretations of this passage. It will be sufficiently intelligible to the reader, if he looks upon it only to imply that there was an hill in Ithaca called the Hermæan hill, either because there was a temple, statue, or altar of Mercury upon it; and so called from that Deity.

It has been written that Mercury being the messenger of the Gods, in his frequent journeys cleared the roads, and when he found any stones he threw them in an heap out of the way, and these heaps were called *ἑρμαῖοι*, or Mercuries. The circumstance of his clearing the roads is somewhat odd; but why might not Mercury as well as Trivia preside over them, and have his images erected in public ways, because he was supposed to frequent them as the messenger of the Gods?

V. 497. Not even Cowper has expressed the sublime and characteristic beauty of this passage.

And now a short repast prepar'd, they fed,  
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:

— μείδησεν δ' ἱερὴ ἰς Τηλεμαχίῳ,  
Εἰς Παλλερ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν· ἀλείπει δ' ὑφορβόν.

'The sacred courage of Telemachus  
Smil'd, ey'd his father, but the herdsman shunn'd.' L.

Or rather—

'Smil'd, ey'd his father, shunn'd the herdsman ~~there~~: L.

I must own I think the beauty of this Book wonderful.

The translation of this Book is marked B. in my copy: and my grandfather Capell was, I believe, rather intimate with Broome. L.

This Book takes up no more time than the space of the thirty-eighth day:—for Telemachus reaches the lodge of Eumæus in the morning a little after he dispatches Eumæus to Penelope; who returns in the evening of the same day. The Book in general is very beautiful in the Original. The discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus is particularly tender and affecting: it has some resemblance with that of Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren, and it may not perhaps be disagreeable to see how two such authors describe the same passion,

'I am Joseph, I am your brother Joseph.'

'I am Ulysses, I, my son! am he!'

'And he wept aloud, and fell on his brother's neck, and wept.'

Gen. xlv.

'He wept abundant, and he wept aloud.'

But it must be owned that Homer falls infinitely short of Moses: he must be a very wicked man, that can read the history of Joseph without the utmost touches of compassion and transport. There is a majestic simplicity in the whole relation: and such an affecting portrait




Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay, 500  
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

of human nature, that it overwhelms us with vicissitudes of joy and sorrow. This is a pregnant instance how much the best of heathen writers is inferior to the divine historian upon a parallel subject, where the two authors endeavour to move the softer passions. The same may with equal truth be said in respect to sublimity, not only in the instance produced by Longinus, viz 'Let there be light, and there was light'—'Let the earth be made, and the earth was made.' but in general, in the more elevated parts of Scripture, and particularly the whole book of Job; which, with regard both to sublimity of thought, and morality, exceeds beyond all comparison the most noble parts of Homer.



THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*TELEMACHUS* returning to the city, relates  *Penelope* the sum of his travels. *Ulysses* is conducted by *Eumæus* to the palace: where his old Dog *Argus* acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. *Eumæus* returns into the country: and *Ulysses* remains among the suitors; whose behaviour is described.



But thou attentive, what we order heed : 10  
 This hapless stranger to the city lead ;  
 By public bounty let him there be fed,  
 And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.  
 To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,  
 My will may covet, but my pow'r denies. 15

any particular observation. Besides, Eumæus is still to be kept in ignorance concerning the person of Ulysses. Telemachus therefore gives him a plausible reason for his return; namely, that his mother may no longer be in pain for his safety: this likewise excellently contributes to deceive Eumæus. Now as the presence of Ulysses in the palace is absolutely necessary to bring about the suitors destruction, Telemachus orders Eumæus to conduct him thither; and by this method he comes as the friend and guest of Eumæus, not of Telemachus. Moreover, this injunction was necessary. Eumæus was a person of such generosity, that he would have thought himself obliged to detain his guest under his own care and inspection: nay, before he guides him towards the palace, in the sequel of this book, he tells Ulysses he does it solely in compliance with the order of Telemachus, and acts contrary to his own inclinations.

V. 14. *To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,  
 My will may covet, but my pow'r denies ]*

This might appear too free a declaration, if Telemachus had made it before he knew Ulysses: for no circumstance could justify him for using any disregard toward the poor and stranger, according to the strict notions, and the sanctity of the laws of hospitality amongst the ancients. But as the case stands, we are not in the least shocked at the words of Telemachus: we know the reason why he thus speaks; it is to conceal Ulysses. He is so far from shewing any particular regard to him, that he treats him with a severity in some degree contrary to the laws of hospitality; by adding, that if he complains of this hard usage, the complaint will not redress but increase his calamity.

If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,  
 The pain of anger punishes the fault.  
 The very truth I undisguis'd declare;  
 For what so easy as to be sincere?

To this Ulysses:—What the Prince requires      20  
 Of swift removal, seconds my desires.  
 To want like mine, the peopled town can yield  
 More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.  
 Nos fits n<sup>y</sup> age to till the labour'd lands,  
 Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.      25  
 Adieu!—but since this ragged garb can bear  
 So ill, th' inclemencies of morning air,

V 14, 15. The nearest to exactness perhaps would be this variation on Ogilby.

'I cannot, though myself I suffer grief,  
 Supply to all who suffer due relief.'

— — — — — εμε δ' ὅπως ἐστὶν ἀπανίας  
 Ἀνδρῶπιες ἀνεχέσθαι ἐχόντα περ ἀλγεα θυμῳ.

Virgil had probably this passage in his thought when he composed that admirable line, which Rousseau thinks the finest in the compass of poetry.

'Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.'

The lines of the Translator well retain the general sense; and are exquisitely poetical and pathetic. W.—L.

Thus in the Messiah:

'From ev'ry eye he wipes off ev'ry tear.'

V. 16—20. The substance of these four lines may be thus expressed.

'If this incense the stranger, it will be  
 Worse for himself:—Truth still is dear to me.'

A few hours space permit me here to stay :  
 My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,  
 With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day. }

Thus he:—nor aught Telemachus reply'd, 31  
 But left the mansion with a lofty stride :  
 Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,  
 Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate.

Arriving now before th' imperial hall, 35

He props his spear against the pillar'd wall  
 Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds ;  
 The marble pavement with his step resounds.  
 His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads  
 With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds: 40

She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,  
 And reach'd her master with a long embrace.

All crowded round: the family appears  
 With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears. }  
 Swift from above descends the royal fair;  
 (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,  
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air)

V. 32. ' With a rapid stride,' as Wakefield justly observes.

*Κρατῖνα προσέειπας*—v. 27. L.

V. 37—8. This exaggeration of the mere circumstance thus well  
 and literally expressed by Mr. W.

' He enter'd, and overstept the stony floor.'  
 seems far from pleasing. L.

V. 45—7. Perhaps thus:

' Like Dian or like golden Venus flies,  
 From her recess, Penelope the wise.



Hangs o'er his son; in her embraces dies;  
 Rains kisses on his necks, his face, his eyes:  
 Few words she spoke, though much she had to say; 50  
 And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!  
 Has heav'n from Pylos brought my lovely boy?

The following is literal.

' About her son she throws her arms and cries;  
 Kisses his head and both his beauteous eyes;  
 And utters these wing'd words, mingled with sighs '

V. 46. *Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,  
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.*

This description presents us with a noble idea of the beauty and chastity of Penelope 'her person resembles Venus, but Venus with the modest air of Diana.' Dionysius Halicarn. takes notice of the beauty and softness of these two verses.

Ἡ δ' ἔεν ἐκ θαλαμοῖο περιφῶν Πηνελόπεια  
 Ἀρτεμίδι ἱκέλη, ἥδε χρύση Ἀφροδίτῃ.

When Homer (remarks that author) paints a beautiful face, or an engaging object, he chooses the softest vowels, and most smooth and flowing semivowels: he never clogs the pronunciation with rough sounds, and a collision of untunable consonants, but every syllable, every letter conspires to exhibit the beauty of the object he endeavours to represent. there are no less than three and thirty vowels in two lines, and no more than twenty-nine consonants; which makes the verses flow away with an agreeable smoothness and harmony.

Penelope, we see, embraces her son with the utmost affection: 'kissing the lip' was not in fashion in the days of Homer; 'No one' (remarks the bishop) 'ever kisses the lip or mouth.' Penelope here kisses her son's eyes, and his head; that is, his cheeks, or perhaps forehead; and Eumæus, in the preceding book, embraces the hands, eyes, and head of Telemachus. I rejoice to observe that all these were ceremonious kisses from a mother to a son, or from an inferior to a superior: this therefore is no argument that lovers thus embraced,

So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known  
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own. 55

Oh dearest, most rever'd of womankind!  
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind;  
(Reply'd the Prince); nor be our fates deplor'd,  
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.  
Go bathe, and rob'd in white, ascend the tow'rs; 60  
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal pow'rs;  
To ev'ry God vow hecatombs to bleed,  
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed:  
While to th' assembled council I repair;  
A stranger sent by heav'n attends me there; 65

nor ought it to be brought as a reason why the present manner of salutation should be abrogated.

V. 65. *A stranger sent by heav'n attends me there.*] There is a vein of sincere piety that runs through the words and actions of Telemachus: he has no sooner delivered his mother from her uneasy apprehensions concerning his safety, but he proceeds to another act of virtue toward Theoclymenus, whom he had taken into his protection: he performs his duty towards men and towards the Gods. It is by his direction that Penelope offers up her devotions for success, and thanks for his return. It is he who prescribes the manner of it: namely, by washing the hands, in token of the purity of mind required by those who supplicate the Deities; and by putting on clean garments, to shew the reverence and regard with which their souls ought to be possessed when they appear before the Gods. I am not sensible that the last ceremony is often mentioned in other parts of Homer; yet I doubt not but it was practised upon all religious solemnities. The moral of the whole is, that piety \* is a sure way to victory. Telemachus appears every where a good man, and for this

\* What does this assertion mean? unless so far as piety includes justice. Heaven is not to be bribed by flattery like weak mortals. L.

My new accepted guest I haste to find,  
 Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd,  
     The Matron heard, nor was his word in vain.  
 She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,  
 To ev'ry God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,      70  
 And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.  
 Arm'd with his lance the Prince then pass'd the gate;  
 Two dogs behind, a faithful guard await:  
 Pallas his form with grace divine improves;  
 The gazing crowd admires him as he moves.      75  
 Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet  
 With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.  
 Their false addresses gen'rous he deny'd;  
 Pass'd on, and sat by faithful Mentor's side;  
 With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage.      80  
 (His father's counsellors, rever'd for age.)  
 Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,  
 Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.  
 The stranger-guest pursu'd him close behind;  
 Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.      85  
 He, (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring  
 The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)

reason he becomes at last an happy one; and his calamities contribute to his glory.

V. 74, 5. Graceful; and close to the original, which is very graceful.

Θεσπεσίην δ' ἀεὶ ἱώγε χαρὴν κατέχουσεν Ἀθήνη

Τὸν δ' ἀρὰ πάντες λαοὶ ἐπερχόμενον δῖον ἔειπεν. V. 63, 4.

The version of the two next lines is also very close and happy.

Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move:  
 Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove,  
 We know not yet the full event of all: 90  
 Stabb'd in his palace if your Prince must fall,  
 Us, and our house if treason must o'erthrow,  
 Better a friend possess them, than a foe:  
 If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,  
 Riches are welcome then, not else, to me. 95  
 Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero said,  
 And in his hand the willing stranger led.  
 Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought,  
 (With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought.  
 Obedient handmaids with assistant toil 100  
 Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:  
 Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,  
 And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.  
 The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,  
 Replenish'd from the pure, translucent springs; 105  
 With copious streams that golden ewer supplies  
 A silver laver of capacious size.  
 They wash: the table, in fair order spread,  
 Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.

V. 90. The Original is quoted by Justinian II Ins. vii. 1. as an example of the '*Donatio mortis causâ*,' or Gift in contemplation of Death. See also Taylor's El. of C. p. 537. L.

V 94, 5. Rather, adopting the close translation of the second line of the original from Chapman,—

' But them if I, so fated, shall destroy,

Then to me joying bring thou these with joy.'

There is great dexterity in this line of Chapman.

V. 109. Though the phrase, '*the strength of bread*,' has no foun-

Full opposite, before the folding gate, 110

The pensive Mother sits in humble state.

Lowly she sat, and with dejected view

The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.

The Prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,

Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceast. 115

When thus the Queen:—My son! my only friend!

Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?

(The couch deserted now a length of years;

The couch for ever water'd with my tears)

Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew 120

Return, and riot shake our walls anew)

dation from the original here, yet it has an Homeric spirit, and it corresponds with the idea included in these words, *το γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκῇ*. At the same time that it reminds of a beautiful passage in the Psalms, civ. 15. It therefore has very naturally found approbation with Mr Wakefield. L.

V. 117. *Say, to my mournful couch, &c.*] Penelope had requested Telemachus to give her an account of his voyage to Pyle, and of what he had heard concerning Ulysses: he there waved the discourse, because the queen was in public with her female attendants. By this conduct the poet sustains both their characters. Penelope is impatient to hear of Ulysses; and this agrees with the affection of a tender wife: but the discovery being unseasonable, Telemachus forbears to satisfy her curiosity; in which he acts like a wise man. Here (observes Eustathius) she gently reproaches him for not satisfying her impatience concerning her husband; she insinuates that it is a piece of cruelty to permit her still to grieve, when it is in his power to give her comfort; and this induces him to gratify her desires. It ought to be observed, that Homer chooses a proper time for this relation. It was necessary that the suitors should be ignorant of the story of Ulysses; Telemachus therefore makes it when they are withdrawn to their sports, and when none were present but friends.

Say wilt thou not the least account afford?

The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth. — We reach'd the Pylian plains,  
Where Nestor, shepherd of his People, reigns. 125

All arts of tenderness to him are known,

Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;

No father with a fonder grasp of joy,

Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.

But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe, 130

Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;

For further search, his rapid steeds transport

My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.

There Argive Helen I beheld; whose charms

(So Heav'n decreed) engag'd the great in arms. 135

V. 126,

'He entertain'd me in his lofty dome;

Kindly assiduous as a son return'd

New from long absence in a land remote

Is welcom'd by the fondness of his sire,

So, with his noble sons, me he carest.'

This is very like the passage of the return of the prodigal son. L.

V. 134. *There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms*  
(*So Heav'n decreed*), &c.]

Eustathius takes notice of the candid behaviour of Telemachus with respect to Helen. She had received him courteously, and he testifies his gratitude, by ascribing the calamities she drew upon her country to the decree of Heaven, not to her immodesty. This is particularly decent in the mouth of Telemachus, because he is now acquainted with his father's return, otherwise he could not have mentioned her name but to her dishonour, who had been the occasion of his death.

My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;  
And still his words live perfect in my mind.

Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train  
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane! .  
So with her young, amid the woodland shades, 140  
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,  
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,  
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;  
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway  
The monarch ~~savage~~ rends the panting prey. 145  
With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.  
O Jove! supreme! whom men and Gods revere;  
And Thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!  
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid 150  
The Chief adopted by the martial Maid!

V. 134, 5. 'There ~~saw~~ I Argive Helen: much for whom  
Trojans and Greeks, so will'd the Gods, endur'd.'

V. 118, 19, ORIGINAL.

V. 138. *Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train, &c*]  
These verses are repeated from the fourth Odyssey; and are not without a good effect. They cannot fail of comforting Penelope, by assuring her that Ulysses is alive, and restrained by Calypso involuntarily; they give her hopes of his return, and the satisfaction of hearing his glory from the mouth of Menelaus. The conciseness of, Telemachus is likewise remarkable: he recapitulates in thirty-eight lines the subject of almost three books, the third, the fourth, and fifth; he selects every circumstance that can please Penelope, and drops those that would give her pain.

Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,  
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,  
 His prowess Philomelides confest,  
 And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor blest. 155  
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed, and throne,  
 Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
 Now what you question of my ancient friend,  
 With truth I answer;—thou the truth attend.  
 Learn what I heard the sea-born scer\* relate, 160  
 Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.  
 Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,  
 The sad survivor of his num'rous train,  
 Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,  
 And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms. 165  
 No sailors there, no vessels to convey,  
 Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—  
 This told Atrides, and he told no more.  
 Then safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

He ceas'd;—nor made the pensive Queen reply,  
 But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh. 171

V. 169. Rather, somewhat as Mr Wakefield:

'With favoring gale the Gods sent me to this lov'd shore.'

— — — Εδοσαν δε μοι θρον

Αθανάτοι· τοι μ' ωχα φίλην εις πατρίδ' επεμψαν. 149.

V. 170, 1. Ogilby rightly:

'This new commotions in her bosom made.'



When Theoclymenus the Seer began:  
Oh suffering Consort of the suffering man!

Faithfully, and not inelegantly, for

— ἡδ' ἀγα Θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρίνε. V. 150. L.

V. 172. *When Theoclymenus the seer began, &c.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet here introduces Theoclymenus. He is a person that has no direct relation to the story of the Odyssey: yet because he appears accidentally in it, Homer unites him very artificially with it, that he may not appear to no purpose, and as an useless ornament. He here speaks as an Augur; and what he utters contributes to the perseverance of Penelope in resisting the addresses of the suitors, by assuring her of the return of Ulysses; and consequently in some degree Theoclymenus promotes the principal action. But it may be said, if it was necessary that Penelope should be informed of his return, why does not Telemachus assure her of it, who was fully acquainted with the truth? The answer is, that Penelope is not to be fully informed, but only encouraged by a general hope. Theoclymenus speaks from his art, which may possibly be liable to error; but Telemachus must have spoken from knowledge, which would have been contrary to the injunctions of Ulysses, and might have proved fatal by an unseasonable discovery: it was therefore judicious in the Poet to put the assurance of the return of Ulysses into the mouth of Theoclymenus, and not of Telemachus.

There is an expression in this speech, which in the Greek is remarkable. Literally it is to be rendered, 'Ulysses is now sitting or creeping in Ithaca,' ἤμεν ἢ ἔρπων; that is, Ulysses is returned and concealed: it is taken from the posture of a person in the act of endeavouring to hide himself; he sits down or creeps upon the ground. Eustathius explains it by κρυφα, καὶ ἐκὰς ὀρθὸν βαδίζων.

V. 173. Rather,

'O honour'd consort of the suffering man,  
Darkly he guess'd:—nothing will I conceal,  
But the sure counsels of high Heaven reveal.'

Ἥτοι ὁδ' εὖ σαφὰ οἶδεν — εἰμῖο δὲ συνθεὸς μύθον·  
Ἀλρεκῆως γὰρ σοὶ μυθήσομαι, εὖδ' ἐπῆκεσσω. L.

What human knowledge could, those Kings might tell;  
But I the secrets of high Heav'n reveal. 175

Before the first of Gods be this declar'd:  
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd;  
Witness the genial rites, and witness all  
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!  
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd 180

At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade,  
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view  
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.  
Of this sure auguries the Gods bestow'd,  
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road. 185

Succeed those omens Heav'n! (the Queen rejoin'd)  
So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;  
And ev'ry envied happiness attend  
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.

Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court  
(Scene of their insolence) the Lords resort. 191  
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art  
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

V. 190—3. Chapman preserves the contrast, and introduces a beautiful figure.

' Hurling the stone and tossing of the spear  
Before the palace in the paved court,  
Where otherwhiles their petulant resort  
Sat plotting injuries.' L.

V. 191. — — — *each tries his art*

*To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.]*

Eustathius remarks, that though the suitors were abandoned to luxury,

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive;  
 And from the field the victim flocks they drive. 195  
 Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,  
 And honour'd with a portion of their feast)  
 To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.  
 Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay  
 Their garments, and succinct, the victim slay. }

vice, and intemperance, yet they exercise themselves in laudable sports they toss the quoit, and throw the javelin, which are both heroic diversions, and form the body into strength and activity. This is owing to the virtue of the age; not the persons. Such sports were fashionable and therefore used by the suitors, and not because they were heroic. However, they may instruct us never to give ourselves up to idleness and inaction; but to make our very diversions subservient to nobler views, and turn a pleasure into a virtue.

V. 196. *Medon the herald, one who pleas'd them best*] We may observe that the character of Medon is very particular. he is at the same time a favourite of the suitors, and Telemachus: persons entirely opposite in their interest. It seldom happens any man can please two parties, without acting an insincere part. Atticus was indeed equally acceptable to the two factions of Cæsar and Pompey: but it was because he seemed neutral, and acted as if they were both his friends; or rather he was a man of such eminent virtues, that they esteemed it an honour to have him thought their friend. Homer every where represents Medon as a person of integrity; he is artful, but not criminal. No doubt but he made all compliances, that consisted with probity, with the suitors dispositions: by this method he saved Penelope more effectually than if he had shewed a more rigid virtue. He made himself master of their hearts by an insinuating behaviour, and was a spy upon their actions. Eustathius compares him to a buskin that fits both legs, *ἕτοις τῆς Κολογῆς*. He seems to have been an Anti-Cato, and practised a virtuous gaiety.

V. 197: Here is a speech in form omitted, which tells them, that as they had played long enough, it would be no bad thing to go to

Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bled,  
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide;  
Along the road conversing side by side,  
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain: 205  
When thus Eumæus, generous and human.

To town, observant of our Lord's behest,  
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!  
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here preferr'd,  
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd. 210  
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;  
The wrath of Princes ever is severe.  
Then heed his will, and be our journey made  
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,  
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade. }

dinner. As this advice put into rhyme would have had the air of burlesque, the Translator, by passing it, has not illaudably availed himself of the Horatian precept,

‘ ——— et quæ

Desperes tractata integere posse, relinques.’ L.

Their supposed conversation is an engraftment for which Pope was indebted to Chapman.

V. 210. *Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.*] Such little traits as these are very delightful. For the reader knowing that the person to whom this offer is made, is Ulysses, cannot fail of being diverted to see the honest and loyal Eumæus promising to make his master and King the keeper of his herds or stalls, *σταβμῶν*—and this is offered as a piece of good fortune or dignity.

V. 214. *Broad beams*—a very unpleasant alliteration, and a vulgar expression. Rather,

‘ While yet the beams of Phœbus.’

Just thy advice, (the prudent Chief rejoin'd)  
 And such as suits the dictate of my mind.  
 Lead on:—but help me to some staff to stay  
 My feeble step,—since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung, 220  
 Wide patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.  
 A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way  
 Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay.  
 These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)  
 Supply his absence, and attend the herd. 225

The original here, *ὅη γὰρ μεμῆλωκε μαλίσθα Ἡμαρ*. V. 190. The word *μεμῆλωκε* is one of those which are, I believe, peculiar to the *Odyssey*. L.

V. 215. — — — *ere ev'ning spreads her chilly shade.*] Eustathius gathers from these words, that the time of the action of the *Odyssey* was in the end of autumn, or beginning of winter, when the mornings and evenings are cold. Thus Ulysses, in the beginning of this Book, makes the coldness of the morning an excuse for not going with Telemachus: his rags being but an ill defence against it: and here Eumæus mentions the coldness of the evening, as a reason why they should begin their journey in the heat of the day. It was now probably about ten of the clock, and they arrive at Ithaca at noon. Hence we may conjecture, that the lodge of Eumæus was five or six miles from the city: that is, about a two hours walk.

V. 219. 'Slipper is the way.'

*Ἀρισφαλεῖ ἐμμεναι εὐδον*. V. 196. W.—L.

V. 224. *These with their watchful dogs* — —] It is certain, that if these little particulars had been omitted, there would have been no chasm in the connexion. Why then does Homer insert such circumstances unnecessarily; which it must be allowed are of no importance, and add nothing to the perfection of the story? (nay, they are such as may be thought trivial, and unworthy the dignity of epic poetry.) But, as Dacier very well observes, they are a kind of painting: were a painter to draw this subject, he would undoubtedly insert into the

And now his city strikes the Monarch's eyes;  
 Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries;  
 Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,  
 In rags dishonest flutt'ring with the air!

piece these herdsmen and dogs after the manner of Homer; they are natural ornaments; and consequently are no disgrace either to the Poet or the painter.

It is observable that Homer gives us an exact draught of the country. He sets before us as in a picture, the city, the circular grove of poplars adjacent, the fountain falling from a rock, and the altar sacred to the Nymphs, erected on the point of it. We are as it were transported into Ithaca, and travel with Ulysses and Eumæus. Homer verifies the observation of Horace above all poets: namely, that Poetry is Painting.\*

The apology is needless. The Odyssey in its latter part is properly a rural Poem, till it comes very near to the close. And beside, these particulars of the 'watch dogs,' illustrate the care of Eumæus, and prove him worthy of the confidence of Ulysses. L.

V. 224, 5. Mr. Wakefield, with better rhyme, and more closely to the Original:

'These with their watchful dogs the lodge attend,  
 Supply his absence, and the herd defend.' L.

V. 277. This exclamation, *Alas! how chang'd!* is a favourite with Pope. It is an addition to his original. But he had probably that fine and well known passage of the Æneid in his eye:

'*Heic mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo*  
 Hectore.'

And so an author, worthy of being named with Homer.

'Her face—O how alter'd from what I had seen it.'

CLARISS. vi. Lett. 66.

And Pope had probably Milton also in his mind:

'If thou be'st he . . . .'

V. 230—45. I must add my testimony to that of Mr. Wakefield, of admiration of the elegance of the rural scenery here painted: and must agree that the powers of Pope were never called forth more

\* 'Ut Pictura Poesis' has the sound, but not the meaning, of this just maxim: just, however, within limits.

Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down  
 The cavern'd way descending to the town, 231  
 Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils  
 A limpid fount; that spread in parting rills  
 Its current thence to serve the city brings:  
 An useful work! adorn'd by ancient Kings. 235  
 Nēritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there  
 In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care;  
 In marble urns receiv'd it from above,  
 And shaded with a green surrounding grove;  
 Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd, 240  
 Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.  
 Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen  
 A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;  
 Where constant vows by travellers are paid,  
 And holy horrors solemnize the shade. 245

agreeably for himself, and rarely I will admit, (though I cannot say, never,) more happily for his reader than in pastoral description. But 'silver' is an improper epithet for the very dark green alders. He might with propriety have applied it to the 'poplar.' The classic names of plants are of such latitude, that much choice is left to the Translator according to the occasion. L.

V. 236. *Nēritus, Ithacus, Polyctor* — —] Public benefactions demand public honours and acknowledgments. For this reason Homer makes an honourable mention of these three brothers. Ithaca was a small island, and destitute of plenty of fresh water: this fountain therefore was a public good to the whole region about it; and has given immortality to the authors of it. They were the sons of Pterelans (as Eustathius informs us). Ithacus gave name to the country, Neritus to a mountain, and Polyctor to a place called Polyctorium.

V. 236. I have marked the first syllable long, which will leave the second consequently short, and unaccented. There is no occasion, with Mr. Wakefield, to suppose a false accent here, Nēritus with the

Here with his goats, (not vow'd to sacred flame,  
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came;  
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look  
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke.

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil! 250  
One rogue is usher to another still.  
Heav'n with a secret principle indu'd  
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.  
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?  
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast! 255  
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,  
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn:  
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain;  
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

second long or accented. A 'dactyl' may with great propriety be the commencement of an 'English' heroic verse. and with great beauty:— as in Milton,

'Harmony to behold in wedded pair.' L.

As little can I agree that he could be likely to be ignorant that Νηρίος is a dactyl. At least he remembered the same word as the name of an island very nigh to Ithaca, in Virgil:—'Et Neritus ardua saxis.' L.

V. 247. I think the Translator well justified by the original:

'Goats bringing, which o'er all the flocks excel.'

A supper for the suitors.

Δειπνον μνηστήρεσσι. v. 214. L.

V. 258. *To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain:*

*'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.]*

Dacier is very singular in her interpretation of this passage. She imagines it has a reference to the games practised amongst the suitors, and to the rewards of the victors, which were usually tripods and



To beg, than work, he better understands; 260  
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.

beautiful captives ‘Thinkest thou (says Melanthius) that this beggar will obtain the victory in our sports, and that they will give him, as the reward of his valour, some beautiful slave, or some precious tripod?’ But in Homer there is nothing that gives the least countenance to this explication. He thus literally speaks: this fellow by going from door to door will meet with correction, while he begs meanly for a few scraps, not for things of price, such as a captive or tripod. Eustathius explains it as spoken in contempt of Ulysses, that he appears to be such a vile person, as to have no ambition or hope to expect any thing better than a few scraps, nor to aspire to the rewards of nobler strangers, such as captives or tripods. *Ακολοι*, says the same author, are the minutest crumbs of bread, *σμικροτατοι ψωμοι*. I am persuaded, that the reader will subscribe to the judgment of Eustathius, if he considers the construction, and that *αορας* and *λεβητας* are governed by *αιτιζων* as effectually as *ακολες*, and therefore must refer to the same act of begging, not of claiming by victory in the games. *Αιτιζων* is not a word that can here express a reward, but only a charity: besides, would it not be absurd to say that a beggar goes from door to door asking alms, and not rewards bestowed upon victors in public exercises? The words *πολλησι φλησι* make the sense general. They denote the life of a beggar, which is to go from door to door and consequently they ought not to be confined solely to the suitors; and if not, they can have no reference to any games, or to any rewards bestowed upon such occasions. Besides, it is scarce to be conceived that Melanthius could think this beggar capable of being admitted into the company, much less into the diversion of the suitors, who were all persons of high birth and station. It is true, lib. xxi. Ulysses is permitted to try the Bow: but this is through the peculiar grace of Telemachus, who knew the beggar to be Ulysses; and entirely contrary to their injunctions.

From this passage we may correct an error in Hesychius: *αορες* (says he) are *γυναικες και τριποδες*: the sentence is evidently maimed, for Hesychius undoubtedly thus wrote it, *αορες γυναικες λεγονται*, for thus (adds he) Homer uses it:

— — — *εκ αορας εδε λεβητας*.

For any office could the slave be good,  
 To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,  
 If any labour those big joints could learn,  
 Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn. 265  
 To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,  
 Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.  
 Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare  
 Approach yon' walls, I prophesy thy fare:  
 Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread 270  
 With many a footstool thund'ring at thy head.

He thus:—nor insolent of word alone,  
 Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;  
 Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar stood,  
 Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road;  
 Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead, 276  
 Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.  
 Short was that doubt:—to quell his rage inur'd,  
 The Hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.

That is (says Hesychius) *ε γυναικας εδε τροποδας*, referring to this verse of the Odyssey.

V. 258, 9. *To no brave prize, &c.*] Notwithstanding Hesychius, I see no reason for changing *αορ* from its usual acceptation of a sword. L.

274—9. One of the greatest and most delightful of all writers, ancient or modern, has admirably commented on this passage. L.

V. 279. *The hero stood self conquer'd, and endur'd.*] Homer excellently sustains the character of Ulysses. He is a man of patience, and master of all his passions. He is here misused by one of his own servants yet is so far from returning the injury, that he stifles the sense of it, without speaking one word. It is true he is described as having a conflict in his soul; but this is no derogation to his character.

But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd 280

His hands obtesting, and this pray'r conceiv'd.

Daughters of Jove! who from th' ethereal bow'rs

Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flow'rs!

Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names

Our rural victims mount in blazing flames! 285

To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd

The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;

Succeed my wish; your votary restore!

Oh be some God his convoy to our shore!

Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence, 290

And humble all his airs of insolence,

Who proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,

Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.

What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)

This crafty miscreant big with dark designs? 295

Not to feel like a man is insensibility, not virtue, but to repress the emotions of the heart, and keep them within the bounds of moderation, this argues wisdom, and turns an injury into a virtue and glory. There is an excellent contrast between the benevolent Eumæus and the insolent Melanthius. Eumæus resents the outrage of Melanthius more than Ulysses. He is moved with indignation. but how does he express it? not by railing, but by an appeal to Heaven, in prayer: a conduct worthy to be imitated in more enlightened ages.

The word *αγλαίας* here bears a peculiar signification. It does not imply voluptuousness as usually, but pride and means that Ulysses would spoil his haughty airs, if he should ever return. This interpretation agrees with what follows: where Eumæus reproaches him for despising his rural charge, and aspiring to politeness, or, as we express it, to be a man of the town.

The day shall come—nay, 'tis already near,—  
 When (slave!) to sell thee at a price too dear,  
 Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,  
 (A load and scandal to this happy shore.)  
 Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart, 300  
 Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart  
 Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour  
 In lasting safety from the father's pow'r.

So spoke the wretch; but shunning farther fray,  
 Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way. 305  
 Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,  
 Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;  
 Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,  
 He took his place: and plenty heap'd the board.

V. 296. This solemn parenthesis is from scriptural language.

'The hour cometh—and is even now come.' John xvi. 32. L.

V. 298. Rather:—

'While reckless shepherds thin his fleecy charge.'

Μηλα κακοι φθειρεσι νομης.

so that Ogilby, as Mr. W. observes, is much more exact.

'While wicked swains destroy the numerous flock.'

V. 308. *Beneath Eurymachus* — *He took his place,* —] We may gather from hence the truth of an observation formerly made:— That Melanthius, Eumæus, &c. were persons of distinction, and their offices posts of honour. We see Melanthius, who had charge of the goats of Ulysses, is a companion for princes\*.

The reason why Melanthius in particular associates himself with Eurymachus is, an intrigue which that Prince holds with Melantho

\* Pope can never keep the forms and parade and language of the Courts of his own days (though no friend to them) out of his mind. L.

Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,  
 Sweet airs ascend, and heav'nly minstrelsie; 311  
 (For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain;)  
 Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain.

Well may this palace admiration claim, 315  
 Great, and respondent to the master's fame!  
 Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,  
 Holds the chief honours and the town commands:  
 High walls and battlements the courts inclose,  
 And the strong gates defy a host of foes.  
 Far other cares its dwellers now employ; 320  
 The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:

his sister: as appears from the following Book. There is a confederacy and league between them: and we find they all suffer condign punishment in the end of the Odyssey.

V. 310—12. To these beautiful and justly commended lines, Mr. W. properly quotes a charming one of Milton—

‘ To meditate my rural minstrelsie.’

V. 318. *High walls and battlements, &c.*] We have here a very particular draught or plan of the palace of Ulysses. It is a kind of castle, at once designed for strength and magnificence: this we may gather from *ὑπεροπλισσαίτο*, which Hesychius explains by *ὑπερπηδησαι*, *ὑπερβηναι*, not easily to be surmounted, or forced by arms.

Homer artfully introduces Ulysses struck with wonder at the beauty of the palace. This is done to confirm Eumæus in the opinion that Ulysses is really the beggar he appears to be, and a perfect stranger among the Ithacans. Thus also when he complains of hunger, he speaks the language of a beggar, (as Eustathius remarks;) to persuade Eumæus that he takes his journey to the court, solely out of want and hunger.

V. 319. ‘ An host’ would be better and preferable to the ear. L.

I see the smoke of sacrifice aspire,  
And hear (what graces ev'ry feast) the lyre.

Then thus Eumæus:—Judge we which were best;  
Amidst yon' revellers a sudden guest 325  
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?  
Or I first ent'ring introduce the way?  
Wait for a space without; but wait not long.  
This is the house of violence and wrong:  
Some rude insùlt thy rev'rend age may bear; 330  
For like their lawless lords, the servants are.

Just is, oh friend! thy caution, and address'd  
(Reply'd the chief) to no unheedful breast;  
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind  
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind. 335  
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields.  
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,  
Storms have I past, and many a stern debate;  
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.  
What cannot Want? the best she will expose; 340  
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.

V. 324. More exactly thus:

‘Just nor on other points thy judgment fails.’

But the convenience of rhyme almost compelled the omission. W.—L.

V. 328—31. Rather for these lines—

— — ‘Nor stay thou long,

Lest stroke, or rude expulsion, do thee wrong.’

The amplification was unnecessary and unseasonable here. W.—L.

She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms

The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,  
Argus, the Dog, his ancient master knew; 345  
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—

V 345 *Argus, the Dog, his ancient master knew, &c.*] This whole Episode has fallen under the ridicule of the critics, Monsieur Perrault's in particular. 'The dunghill before the palace (says that author) is more proper for a peasant than a king, and it is beneath the dignity of poetry to describe the Dog Argus almost devoured with vermin.' It must be allowed, that such a familiar episode could not have been properly introduced into the Iliad. It is writ in a nobler style, and distinguished by a boldness of sentiments and diction; whereas the Odyssey descends to the familiar, and is calculated more for common than heroic life. What Homer says of Argus is very natural: and I do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting in the whole Poem. I dare appeal to every person's judgment, if Argus be not as justly and properly represented, as the noblest figure in it. It is certain that the vermin which Homer mentions would debase our poetry but in the Greek that very word is noble and sonorous, *Κυνόχαιστρον*. But how is the objection concerning the dunghill to be answered? We must have recourse to the simplicity of manners amongst the ancients, who thought nothing mean that was of use to life. Ithaca was a barren country, full of rocks and mountains, and owed its fertility chiefly to cultivation. and for this reason such circumstantial cares were necessary. It is true such a description now is more proper for a peasant than a king. but anciently it was no disgrace for a king to perform with his own hands, what is now left only to peasants. We read of a dictator taken from the plough: and why may not a king as well manure his field as plough it, without receding from his dignity? Virgil has put the same thing into a precept:

'Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola.'

Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board ;  
 But ah ! not fated long to please his lord !  
 To him,\* his swiftness and his strength were vain ;  
 The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main. 351  
 'Till then in ev'ry silvan chace renown'd,  
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;  
 With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,  
 Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn. 355  
 Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
 Unhous'd, neglected, in the public way ;  
 And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,  
 Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord :—he knew, and strove to meet ;  
 (In vain he strove ;) to crawl, and kiss his feet ; 361  
 Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes  
 Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
 Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul :  
 Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole ; 365

V. 361. *In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet.*] It may seem that this circumstance was inserted casually, or at least only to shew the age and infirmity of Argus : but there is a further intent in it : if the Dog had ran to Ulysses and fawned upon him, it would have raised a strong suspicion in Eumæus that he was not such a stranger to the Ithacans as he pretended, but some person in disguise ; and this might have occasioned an unseasonable discovery. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 362, 3 Notwithstanding the bad rhyme, I am by no means for losing this couplet.

Αν δε Κυων λεφαληγιε και βαλα κειμενος εσχεν

well justifies it. L.



Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head and dry'd  
The drop humane:—then thus impassion'd cry'd.

What noble beast in this abandon'd state  
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?  
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;      870  
If, as he seems, he *was* in better days,  
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd  
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?

V. 364. *Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul.*] I confess myself touched with the tenderness of these tears in Ulysses. I would willingly think that they proceed from a better principle than the weakness of human nature, and are an instance of a really virtuous, and compassionate disposition.

— — — αγαθοι δ' αριδακρυες ανδρες.

'Good men are easily moved to tears.' In my judgment Ulysses appears more amiable while he weeps over his faithful Dog, than when he drives an army of enemies before him: that shews him to be a great hero, this a good man. It was undoubtedly an instance of an excellent disposition in one of the fathers who prayed for the 'grace of tears.'

' — — — — mollissima corda

Humanq generi date se natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus.'

Juv. Sat. xv.

And Dryden,

'Each gentle mind the soft infection felt,

For richest metals are most apt to melt.'

V. 364. *The mighty master.*] This is probably from Pope's great master, Dryden, in his Ode to St. Cecilia. W.—L.

V. 373—5. An interpolated stroke of satire, as Mr. W. observes. And Homer was probably too much a friend to dogs to make this degrading comparison against even the least useful of them. L.

Such dogs, and men there are; mere things of state,  
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great. 375

Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)

But serv'd a master of a nobler kind:

Who never, never shall behold him more!

Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!

Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young, 380

Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong.

Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,

None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;

His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,

To winde the vapour in the tainted dew! 385

Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;

Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is lost!

The women keep the gen'rous creature bare:

A sleek and idle race is all their care:

V. 374. *Such dogs, and men there are, mere things of state,  
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great*]

It is in the Greek *αυαντες*, or 'kings,' but the word is not to be taken in too strict a sense, it implies 'all persons of distinction,' or *οικοδεσποται*, like the word 'Rex' in Horace.

'Regibus hic mos est ubi equos mercantur.'

And Reginæ in Terence (as Dacier observes) is used in the same manner.

— — 'Eunuchum porò dixti velle te:  
Quia solæ utuntur his reginæ.'

V. 382, 3. For this spirited and well accordant insertion, Mr. W. shews that the Translator has been indebted to Chapman. L.

The master gone, the servants what restrains? 390  
 Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?  
 Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

V. 392. — — — — *Whatever day*

*Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away ]*

This is a very remarkable sentence, and commonly found to be true. Longinus in his inquiry into the decay of human wit, quotes it. 'Servitude, be it never so justly established, is a kind of prison, wherein the soul shrinks in some measure, and diminishes by constraint it has the same effect with the boxes in which dwarfs are inclosed; which not only hinder the body from its growth, but make it less by the constriction. It is observable that all the great orators flourished in republics. And indeed what is there that raises the souls of great men more than liberty? In other governments men commonly become, instead of orators, pompous flatterers. A man born in servitude may be capable of other sciences; but no slave can ever be an orator: for while the mind is depressed and broken by slavery, it will never dare to think or say any thing bold and noble, all the vigour evaporates, and it remains as it were confined in a prison' 'Etiam fera animalia, si clausa teneas, virtutis obliviscuntur.' Tacit. Hist. lib. iv.

These verses are quoted in Plato, lib. vi. de legibus; but somewhat differently from our editions:

Ἡμῖν γὰρ τε νοβ ἀπομειρεται εὐρυοπτα Ζεὺς  
 Ἀνδρῶν ἑς αὐτῶν, &c.

However this aphorism is to be understood only generally, not universally. Eumæus who utters it is an instance to the contrary, who retains his virtue in a state of subjection. And Plato speaks to the same purpose: asserting that some slaves have been found of such virtue as to be preferred to a son or brother; and have often preserved their masters and their families.

V. 392, 3. A truly fine passage, and finely and very closely translated. L.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:  
 The musing Monarch pauses at the door;                    395  
 The Dog, whom Fate had granted to behold  
 His Lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,  
 Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;  
 So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

Who will not agree with the judgment of Mr. W. that this whole story of Argus is not only incomparably beautiful in the original, but that the version is a noble effort of ingenuity and taste: not excelled, if perhaps equalled, by any part of the translation of either Poem?

It may be wondered that the esteem of Homer, joined to their own merits and invincible affection to the human race, have not in all ages secured a more uniformly good treatment and regard for such an animal, so high in the scale of percipient and social being, as the Dog is. I am pleased to see that a delightful Poet of our own days, the Author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, has given to this steady and often only Friend on earth of the poor, a pathetic ballad, and that the Poor Man's Dog has also found an advocate in the Author of the *Farmer's Boy*. L.

V. 399. *So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!*] It has been a question what occasioned the death of Argus, at the instant he saw Ulysses. Eustathius imputes it to the joy he felt at the sight of his master. But there has another objection been started against Homer, for ascribing so long a life as twenty years to Argus: and that dogs never surpass the fifteenth year. But this is an error, Aristotle affirms, that some dogs live two and twenty: and other naturalists subscribe to his judgment. Eustathius tells us, that other writers agree, that some dogs live twenty four years. Pliny thus writes, '*Canes Lacedæmonici vivunt annis denis, fœminæ duodenis, cætera genera quindecim annos, aliquando viginti.*' Madam Dacier mentions some of her own knowledge that lived twenty-three years. And the Translator, not to fall short of these illustrious examples, has known one that died at twenty-two big with puppies.

And now Telemachus, the first of all, 400  
 Observ'd Eumæus ent'ring in the hall:  
 Distant he saw, across the shady dome;  
 Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.  
 There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd  
 In order due, the steward of the feast; 405  
 (Who now was busied carving round the board)  
 Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his Lord.  
 Before him instant was the banquet spread,  
 And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.

Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door, 410  
 A figure despicable, old, and poor,  
 In squalid vests with many a gaping rent,  
 Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.  
 Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,  
 Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight; 415  
 (Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain)  
 The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.

Louis XIV. having been informed of the dispute between Boileau and Perrault, quoted his own experience on the longevity of dogs: he having had one that had lived twenty-three years. I remember being told that a greyhound of Mr. Read of Bardwell, in Suffolk, was thirty years old. It was then healthy. As to the recognition of Ulysses after twenty years absence, I recollect an instance of a pointer who recognized my Father, whom he had not seen for nine. (See more, Boileau Reflex. Crit. III. T. III. Ed. 1729.) L.

V. 417. The circumstance is omitted of Telemachus taking for his Father an whole loaf, and as much flesh as his hands could hold. Ogilby had no difficulty in expressing this. But it is not so manageable by a Translator in rhyme more delicate in his choice of language. L.

These viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,  
 And let yon' mendicant our plenty share:  
 Then let him circle round the suitors board,      420  
 And try the bounty of each gracious lord.  
 Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me;  
 How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?  
 His lord's command the faithful servant bears;  
 The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs.      425  
 Bless'd be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed  
 Inspire him Jove! in ev'ry wish succeed!

V. 423 *How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?* We are not to imagine that Homer is here recommending immodesty; but to understand him as speaking of a decent assuance, in opposition to a faulty shame or bashfulness. The verse in the Greek is remarkable.

*Αἰδώς δ' ἐκ ἀγαθῇ κεχρημένῳ ἀνδρὶ προικῆ.*

A person of great learning has observed that there is a tautology in the three last words; in 'a beggar that wants.' as if the very notion of a beggar did not imply want. Indeed Plato, who cites this verse in his Charmides, uses another word instead of *προικῆ*, and inserts *πᾶσαι*. Hesiod likewise, who makes use of the same line, instead of *προικῆ* reads *κομιζέει*, which would almost induce us to believe that they thought there was a tautology in Homer. It has therefore been conjectured, that the word *προικῆς* should be inserted in the place of *προικῆ*; I am sorry that the construction will not allow it; that word is of the masculine gender, and *ἀγαθῇ*, which is of the feminine, cannot agree with it. We may indeed substitute *ἀγαθός*, and then the sense will be 'bashfulness is no good petitioner for a beggar;' but this must be done without authority. We must therefore thus understand Homer; 'Too much modesty is not good for a poor man, who lives by begging,' *προικῆ*; and this solution clears the verse from the tautology, for a man may be in want, and not be a beggar; or (as Homer expresses it) *κεχρημένῳ*, and yet not *προικῆς*.

This said, the portion from his son convey'd  
 With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.  
 Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire, 430  
 He fed; and ccas'd when silence held the lyre.  
 Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,  
 Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes,

V. 432. Mr W. conformably to the original.

‘ Now from the suitor train when tumult rose.’

Rather, partly with Mr. W.,

‘ Hear me, ye suitors of the far-fam'd Queen !

This stranger I remember to have seen.

The swine-herd brought him. I observ'd his face;

Unknown to me whence he may boast his race ’ L.

V. 433. *Minerva prompts, &c.*] This is a circumstance that occurs almost in every book of the Odyssey: and Pallas has been thought to mean no more than the inherent wisdom of Ulysses, which guides all his actions upon all emergencies. It is not impossible but the Poet might intend to inculcate, that the wisdom of man is the gift of Heaven, and a blessing from the Gods. But then is it not a derogation to Ulysses, to think nothing but what the Goddess dictates? and a restraint of human liberty, to act solely by the impulse of a Deity? Plutarch in his life of Coriolanus excellently solves this difficulty. ‘ Men (observes that author) are ready to censure and despise the Poet, as if he destroyed the use of reason, and the freedom of their choice, by continually ascribing every suggestion of heart to the influence of a Goddess: whereas he introduces a Deity not to take away the liberty of the will, but as moving it to act with freedom. The Deity does not work in us the inclinations: but only offers the object to our minds, from whence we conceive the impulse, and form our resolutions.’ However these influences do not make the action involuntary, but only give a beginning to spontaneous operations; for we must either remove God from all manner of causality, or confess that he invisibly assists us by a secret co-operation. For it is absurd

To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,  
And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart; 435

to imagine that the help he lends us, consists in fashioning the postures of the body, or directing the corporeal motions—but in influencing our souls, and exciting the inward faculties into action by secret impulses from above; or, on the contrary, by raising an aversion in the soul, to restrain us from action. It is true in ordinary affairs of life, in matters that are brought about by the ordinary way of reason, Homer ascribes the execution of them to human performance, and frequently represents his heroes calling a council in their own breasts, and acting according to the dictates of reason: but in actions unaccountably daring, of a transcendent nature, there they are said to be carried away by a divine impulse or enthusiasm; and it is no longer human reason, but a God that influences the soul.

I have already observed, that Homer makes use of machines sometimes merely for ornament. This place is an instance of it: here is no action of an uncommon nature performed, and yet Pallas directs Ulysses: Plutarch very justly observes, that whenever the heroes of Homer execute any prodigious exploit of valour, he continually introduces a Deity, who assists in the performance of it, but it is also true, that to shew the dependance of man upon the assistance of Heaven, he frequently ascribes the common dictates of wisdom to the Goddess of it. If we take the act here inspired by Minerva, as it lies nakedly in Homer, it is no more than a bare command to beg, an act, that needs not the wisdom of a Goddess to command: but we are to understand it as a direction to Ulysses how to behave before the suitors upon his first appearance, how to carry on his disguise so artfully as to prevent all suspicions, and take his measures so effectually as to work his own re-establishment: in this light, the command becomes worthy of a Goddess: the act of begging is only the method by which he carries on his design; the consequence of it is the main point in view, namely, the suitors destruction. The rest is only the stratagem, by which he obtains the victory.

V. 435. *And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart:*

*(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,*

*Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train).]*



(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,  
 Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train)  
 With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,  
 Humble he moves, imploring all around.  
 The proud feel pity, and relief bestow, 440  
 With such an image touch'd of human woe;  
 Enquiring all, their wonder they confess,  
 And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,  
 The bold Melanthius to their thought replies. 445  
 My lords! this stranger of gigantic port  
 The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.

A single virtue, or act of humanity, is not a sufficient atonement for a whole life of insolence and oppression: so that although some of the suitors should be found less guilty than the rest, yet they are still too guilty to deserve impunity.

V. 438. *With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,  
 Humble he moves, &c ]*

Homer inserts this particularity to shew the complying nature of Ulysses in all fortunes: He is every where πολυτροπος. it is his distinguishing character in the first verse of the Odyssey, and it is visible in every part of it. He is an artist in the trade of begging, as Eustathius observes; and knows how to become the lowest, as well as the highest station.

Homer adds, that the suitors were struck with wonder at the sight of Ulysses. That is (says Eustathius) because they never had before seen him in Ithaca, and concluded him to be a foreigner. But I rather think it is a compliment Homer pays to his hero to represent his port and figure to be such, as, though a beggar, struck them with astonishment.

Full well I mark'd the features of his face,  
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this present, swincherd<sup>1</sup> of thy hand? 450  
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?

(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)

Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.

Enough of these our court already grace;

Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face. 455

Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,

To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.

To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:

Thy passion, Prince, belies thy knowing mind.

Who calls, from distant nations to his own, 460

The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone;

Round the wide world are sought those men divine

Who public structures raise, or who design;

Those to whose eyes the Gods their ways reveal,

Or bless with salutary arts to heal; 465

But chief to Poets such respect belongs;

By rival nations courted for their songs:

V 462. *Round the wide world are sought those men divine, &c.*]

This is an evidence of the great honour anciently paid to persons eminent in mechanic arts: the architect, and public artisans, *δημιουργοί*, are joined with the Prophet, Physician, and Poet, who were esteemed almost with a religious veneration, and looked upon as public blessings. Honour was anciently given to men in proportion to the benefits they brought to society: a \* useless great man is a burden to the earth, while the meanest artisan is beneficial to his fellow creatures, and useful in his generation.

\* 'an' were much better.' L.

These states invite, and mighty Kings admire,  
 Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.  
 It is not so with Want!—how few that feed 470  
 A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?  
 Unjust to me and all that serve the state,  
 To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.  
 For me, suffice the approbation won  
 Of my great mistress, and her godlike son. 475  
 To him Telemachus:—No more incense  
 The man by nature prone to insolence:  
 Injurious minds just answers but provoke—  
 Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke.  
 Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command 480  
 Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.  
 Heav'n bless its owner with a better mind!  
 From envy free, to charity inclin'd.  
 This both Penelope and I afford:  
 Then, Prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board. 485  
 To give another's is thy hand so slow?  
 So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?  
 Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?  
 (Antinous cries with insolent disdain)

V. 478. To avoid ambiguity of construction, Mr. W. rightly proposes —

‘The injurious mind just answers but provoke.’ L.

V. 482. Chapman here, though pleasing, is rather wide of his original.

‘But God doth not allow this.—There must be  
 Some care of poor men, in humanitie.’ W.—L.

Portions like mine if ev'ry suitor gave, 490  
 Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.

He spoke;—and lifting high above the board  
 His ponderous footstool, shook it at his Lord.  
 The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread:  
 He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;  
 But first before Antinous stopp'd, and said. }  
 Bestow, my friend!—thou dost not seem the worst  
 Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first: 498  
 Then as in dignity, be first in worth;  
 And I shall praise thee through the boundless earth.

V. 492. 'Spake' would have been better here. L.

V. 497. *Bestow, my friend!* &c] Ulysses here acts with a prudent dissimulation. He pretends not to have understood the irony of Antinous, nor to have observed his preparation to strike him. and therefore proceeds as if he apprehended no danger. This at once shews the patience of Ulysses, who is inured to sufferings, and gives a foundation for the punishment of Antinous in the conclusion of the Odyssey.

It is observable, that Ulysses gives his own history in the same words as in the fourteenth book, yet varies from it in the conclusion. He there spoke to Eumæus; and Eumæus is here present, and hears the story: how is it then that he does not observe the falsification of Ulysses, and conclude him to be an impostor? Eustathius labours for an answer: he imagines that Eumæus was inadvertent, or had forgot the former relation, and yet asserts that the reason why Ulysses tells the same history in part to Antinous, proceeds from a fear of detection in Eumæus. I would rather imagine that Ulysses makes the deviation, trusting to the judgment of Eumæus: who might conclude that there was some good reason why he forbears to let Antinous into the full history of his life; especially, because he was an enemy both to Ulysses and Eumæus. He might therefore easily reflect, that the difference of his story arose from prudence and design, rather than from imposture and falsehood.

Once I enjoy'd, in luxury of state, 501

Whate'er gives man the envy'd name of great.

Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days:

And hospitality was then my praise;

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight, 505

And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

But Jove, all-governing, whose only will

Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,

Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)

With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main: 510

By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor:

Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;

But impotent of mind, with lawless will

The country ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamour to their city flies, 515

And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:

The red'ning dawn reveals the hostile fields

Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:

Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head

We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead. }

Some few the foes in servitude detain;

Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!

Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard;

And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord: 525

V. 525. *And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord.*] We are not to search too exactly into historic truth among the fictions of poetry; but it is very probable that this Dmetor was really king of

Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer  
Still curst by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage exprest:—  
What God has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?  
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,  
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,  
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find. }  
From all thou beg'st, a bold audacious slave;  
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.  
Nor wonder I at such profusion shown:— 535  
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.

Cyprus Eustathius is of this opinion: but it may be objected, that Cinyras was king of Cyprus in the time of Ulysses: thus lib. xi. Iliad.

'The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast;  
The same which once king Cinyras possest:  
The fame of Greece, and her assembled host,  
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast.

The answer is, there were almost twenty years elapsed since the mention of this breast-plate of Cinyras, this king therefore being dead, Dmetor possessed the Cyprian throne.

V. 527. This last line is wholly supplemental and agrees not with the reserve and patience of Ulysses. W.—L.

V 532. *Another Egypt, &c.*] This passage is a full demonstration that the country was called Egypt in the days of Homer, as well as the river Nilus;\* for in the speech he uses *Αἴγυπτος* in the masculine gender to denote the river, and here he calls it *παῖσιν Αἴγυπτον* in the feminine, to shew that he speaks of the country the former word agreeing with *ποταμός*, the latter with *γῆα*. V. Wakefield's *Silv. Crit.* II. Cap. 2.

\* This is obscure: but it means that both the Country and the River were called 'Egyptus.' L

The Chief, retiring:—Souls like that in thee,  
 Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.  
 Nor will that hand to utmost need afford  
 The smallest portion of a wasteful board, 540  
 Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps:—  
 Yet starving Want, amidst the riot, weeps.

The haughty suitor with resentment burns :  
 And sourly smiling, this reply returns.  
 Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng: }  
 And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue! }  
 He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.  
 His shoulder-blade receiv'd the ungentle shock:  
 He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;

V. 539. Ogilby with point and spirit, and exactness, and retaining the proverb of the Original :

' In your own house you scarce would salt afford,  
 Who thus art pinching at another's board.' L.

V. 548, 9. The imitative rhythm of the original may be expressed thus :

' His shoulder-blade sustain'd the ungentle shock  
 Steadily.—Firm he stood, as stands a rock.'

— — — ὁδ' ἐστίαθ' ἡνίε πέτρῃ,  
 Ἐμπεδον. V. 463, 4,

Milton had probably a view to this passage :

' — — He above the rest  
 In shape and stature proudly eminent,  
 Stood, like a tower.'

The remainder would be more exact thus :

' Nor him the weapon of Antinous mov'd.  
 Silent he shook his head (by long woes prov'd)

But shook his thoughtful head: nor more complain'd;  
 Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd, 551  
 And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;  
 Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,  
 And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew. }

May what I speak your princely minds approve,  
 Ye peers and rivals in this noble love! 556  
 Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.  
 If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,

And deeply plann'd revenge:—then back withdrew.—  
 Before his feet the well fill'd scrip he threw,  
 And thus amid them spake:—May ye approve.' L.

V. 557. *Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.*] The reasoning of Ulysses in the original is not without some obscurity: for how can it be affirmed, that it is no great affliction to have our property invaded, and to be wounded in the defence of it? The beggar who suffers for asking an alms, has no injury done him, except the violence offered to his person; but it is a double injury, to suffer both in our persons and properties. We must therefore suppose that Ulysses means, that the importance of the cause, when our rights are invaded, is equal to the danger, and that we ought to suffer wounds, or even death, in defence of it, and that a brave man grieves not at such laudable adventures. Or perhaps Ulysses speaks only with respect to Antinous; and means that it is a greater injury to offer violence to the poor and the stranger, than to persons of greater fortunes and station.

ENSTATHIUS gives a deeper meaning to the speech of Ulysses: he applies it to his present condition, and it is the same as if he had said openly,—It would be no great matter if I had been wounded in defence of my palace, and other properties; but to suffer only for asking an alms, this is a deep affliction. So that Ulysses speaks in general, but intends his own particular condition. and the import of



Or if defending what is justly dear,  
 From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;  
 The generous motive dignifies the scar.  
 But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong?  
 Want brings enough of other ills along!  
 Yet if injustice never be secure,  
 If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor, 565  
 Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,  
 And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.

Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,  
 (The suitor cry'd) or force shall drag thee hence,  
 Scourge through the public street, and cast thee there,  
 A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear. 571

the whole is, I grieve to suffer, not upon any weighty account, but only for being poor and hungry.

V. 559. Rather.

‘O! in defence of property held dear,  
 Our herds or snowy sheep, some blow we bear.

ξελος, so the stool is sarcastically called.

‘Then in the heart nor grief nor care is found,  
 The generous motive dignifies the wound.’

In 560 I have endeavoured to translate

Ου μαν εδ' αχος εστι μελα φρεσιν εδε λι πενθος. V. 470.

which I think very remarkable and characteristic; and most closely and happily expressed by Homer. I believe Theocritus had it in his thoughts.

Θασαι μαν θυμαλγες εμον αχος. ID. VII.

BRUNCK. ANAL. I.

His furious deed the general anger mov'd:  
 All, ev'n the worst, condemn'd; and some reprov'd.  
 Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?  
 Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound. 575  
 Unbless'd thy hand!—if in this low disguise  
 Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;  
 They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign  
 In forms like these, to round the earth and main,  
 Just and unjust recording in their mind, 580  
 And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Telemachus absorpt in thought severe,  
 Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;

V. 578 *They (curious oft of human actions), &c.*] We have already observed, that it was the opinion of the ancients, that the Gods frequently assumed an human shape. Thus Ovid of Jupiter.

' — — — Summo delabor Olympo,

Et Deus humanâ lustrò sub imagine terras.' MET. I. 212.

I refer the reader to the objections of Plato, mentioned in the preceding book. It is observable, that Homer puts this remarkable truth into the mouths of the suitors, to shew that it was certain and undeniable, when it is attested even by such persons as had no piety or religion.

V. 582. *Telemachus* — —

*Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear.*]

This is spoken with particular judgment. Telemachus is here to act the part of a wise man, not of a tender son; he restrains his tears, lest they should betray his father, it being improbable that he should weep for a vagabond and beggar. We find he has profited by the instructions of Ulysses, and practises the injunctions given in the former book.

' — — If scorn insult my reverend age,

Bear it, my son, repress thy rising rage.

But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook :  
 While thus his Mother to her virgins spoke. 585  
 ' On him and his may the bright God of day  
 That base, inhospitable blow repay !'  
 The nurse replies : ' If Jove receives my pray'r,  
 Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air.'

All, all are foes, and mischief is their end ; 590  
 Antinous most to gloomy death a friend ;  
 (Replies the Queen) : the stranger begg'd their grace,  
 And melting pity soften'd ev'ry face ;  
 From ev'ry other hand redress he found,  
 But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound. 595  
 Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent Queen ;  
 Then bad Eumæus call the pilgrim in.—

If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel,  
 Bear it, my son, though thy brave heart rebel.'

Telemachus struggles against the yearnings of nature, and shews himself to be a master of his passions ; he must therefore be thought to exert an act of wisdom, not of insensibility.

V. 584. Mr.W. exceedingly well :

' — — — of vengeful sorrow.'

The two preceding lines strike me as admirable. L.

V. 586. Rather, and preserving the impassioned figure of a direct address :

' On thine own head may the bright God of day.'

Αἰὶς' εἰως αὐτὸν σε ἔαλῃ ἐκαεργὸς Ἀπολλων.

The next line, though only the two last words belong to Homer, is yet excellent. L.

V. 596. Much preferably Mr.W. and not merely for the rhyme.

' Her damsels thus the prudent Queen address ;  
 Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim guest.'

Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear;  
 If or his certain eye, or listening ear  
 Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring Lord. 600  
 Thus She;—and good Eumæus took the word.

A private audience if thy grace impart,  
 The stranger's words may ease the royal heart.  
 His sacred eloquence in balm distils,  
 And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills. 605  
 Three days have spent their beams, three nights have  
 run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,  
 Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!  
 As when some heav'n-taught poet charms the ear,  
 (Suspending sorrow with celestial strain 610  
 Breath'd from the Gods to soften human pain)

V. 602. Chapman had led to a more exact rendering, and the preservation of a picturesque circumstance. It might be rendered thus pretty exactly: .

‘O Queen! if but these Greeks were silent here,  
 So speaks the stranger, he would sooth your ear.’

*Εἰ γὰρ τοὶ Βασιλεια σιωπήσειαν Ἀχαιοί·*

*Οἱ δ' ὄγε μυσθεῖναι, θελγοῖτο κέ τοι φίλον ἦτορ.* V. 513, 14.

V. 609. ‘Our ear,’ with Mr.W. to avoid one of the most unpleasing of the open vowels of which as Pope himself gave very early this exemplifying censure:

‘Though oft the ear the open vowels tire.’ *Ess. ON CRIT.*

It will be observed, that the first of these open vowels, the long and short *o* is not unpleasing, the last is even pleasing; it is ‘the ear’ that has a flat and displeasing murmur. L.

Time steals away with unregarded wing,  
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,  
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd. 615  
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er  
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.

To this the Queen;—The wand'rer let me hear,  
While you luxurious race indulge their cheer,  
Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat, 620  
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.  
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulysses! strong,  
To curb wild riot and to punish wrong?

V. 612, 13. Mr.W. very highly and justly praises this enchanting couplet. These ten exquisite lines should be heard as they would be read by a fine female voice of corresponding taste and expression. Perhaps in no modern language we must look for an equal passage, unless in the Italian, that language of grace and harmony, and celestial sweetness. L.

V. 615 — — *for Minos' birth renown'd.*] Diodorus Siculus thus writes of Minos: 'He was the son of Jupiter and Europa, who was fabled to be carried by a bull (that is, in a ship called the bull, or that had the image of a bull carved upon its prow) into Crete: here Minos reigned, and built many cities: he established many laws among the Cretans; he also provided a navy, by which he subdued many of the adjacent islands. The expression in the Greek will bear a twofold sense: and implies either, where Minos was born, or where the descendants of Minos reign; for Idomeneus, who governed Crete in the days of Ulysses, was a descendant of Minos, from his son Deucalion.'

Homer mentions it as an honour to Crete, to have given birth to so great a law-giver as Minos: and it is universally true, that every great man is an honour to his country: Athens did not give reputation to learned men, but learned men to Athens.

She spoke:—Telemachus then sneez'd aloud; 624  
Constrain'd; his nostril echo'd through the crowd.

V. 619, 23. Rather thus, according to the Original:

‘ Let these or at the gates indulge their cheer,  
Or here, within the house, as suits them best,  
Their stores at home all undiminish'd rest:  
Daily to us they flock:—the ox, sheep, goat,  
They slay; and our rich vintage sates their throat.  
For where's an arm like thine, Ulysses, strong  
To curb wild riot and to punish wrong.  
Mightst thou, Ulysses, see thine home again,  
Thou, with thy son, those wrongs shouldst well restrain!’

The last lines are so expressive of the fond mother, as well as of the wife, that it is surprising they should have been omitted.

Εἰδ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλθοι καὶ ἰκοίῃ ἐπαίριδα γαίαν—

Αἰψά κε σὺν ᾧ παιδίῳ βίας ἀπολίσσειαι ἀνδρῶν.

I have made a break, indicating an impassioned and fearful wish. In an uninterrupted sentence the tense would be wrong of ἀπολίσσειαι. But so pointed it is correct and energetic L.

V. 624. — [*Telemachus then sneez'd aloud.*] Eustathius fully explains the nature of this omen; for sneezing was reckoned ominous both by the Greeks and Romans. While Penelope uttered these words, Telemachus sneezes; Penelope accepts the omen, and expects the words to be verified. The original of the veneration paid to sneezing is this:—The head is the most sacred part of the body, the seat of thought and reason: now the sneeze coming from the head, the ancients looked upon it as a sign or omen, and believed it to be sent by Jupiter; therefore they regarded it with a kind of adoration: the reader will have a full idea of the nature of the omen of sneezing here mentioned, from a singular instance in lib. iii. of Xenophon, in his expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon having ended a short speech to his soldiers with these words, viz. ‘ We have many reasons to hope for preservation,’ they were scarce uttered, when a certain soldier sneezed: the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the Gods; then Xenophon resuming his discourse, proceeded;

The smiling Queen the happy omen bless'd:

'So may these impious fall, by fate opprest!'

Then to Eumæus: bring the stranger; fly!

And if my questions meet a true reply,

Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire; 630

A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies  
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries.

'Since, my fellow soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, Jupiter has sent this omen,' &c. So that Xenophon fully explains Homer.

Sneezing was likewise reckoned ominous by the Romans. Thus Catullus,

'Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante

Dextram sternuit approbationem.'

Thus also Propertius,

'Num tibi nascenti primis, mea vita, diebus

Aridus argutum sternuit omen Amor.\* L. II. El 3. v. 23.

We find in all these instances that sneezing was constantly received as a good omen, or a sign of approbation from the Gods. In these ages we pay an idle superstition to sneezing: but it is ever looked upon as a bad omen; and we cry 'God bless you,' upon hearing it, as the Greeks in later times said *ἑγδῆ* or *Ζευ σωσον*. We are told this custom arose from a mortal distemper that affected the head, and threw the patient into convulsive sneezings, that occasioned his death.

I will only add from Eustathius, that Homer expresses the loudness of the sneezing, to give a reason why Penelope heard it;—she being in an apartment at some distance from Telemachus.

The sneezing likewise gives us the reason why Penelope immediately commands Eumæus to introduce the beggar into her presence: the omen gave her hopes to hear of Ulysses; she saw the beggar was a stranger, and a traveller, and therefore expected he might be able to give her some information.

\* AMOR. The repetition of this magic word at the close of his elegiac verse is, by its amazing frequency, one of the characteristics of Propertius. L.

The Queen invites thee, venerable guest!

A secret instinct moves her troubled breast, 635

Of her long absent Lord from thee to gain

Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.

If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind

Of decent robes a present has design'd :

So finding favour in the royal eye, 640

Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.

Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)

My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.

To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,

In equal woes, alas ! involv'd by heaven. 645

Much of his fates I know ; but check'd by fear .

I stand :—the hand of violence is here :

Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,

And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.

Let for a space the pensive Queen attend, 650

Nor claim my story till the sun descend ;

V. 637. What a beautiful spondaic cadence formed by these two emphatic monosyllables and the pause. L.

V. 644. *To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,*

*In equal woes, alas ! involv'd by heav'n.]*

These words bear a double sense ; one applicable to the speaker, the other to the reader. The reader, who knows this beggar to be Ulysses, is pleased with the concealed meaning, and hears with pleasure the beggar affirming that he is fully instructed in the misfortunes of Ulysses : but speaking in the character of a beggar, he keeps Eumæus in ignorance, who believes he is reciting the adventures of a friend, while he really gives his own history.

V. 650. Rather,

‘ Of him I know—jointly we pain have borne :—

Of this harsh suitor crew I dread the scorn ;



Then in such robes as suppliants may require,  
 Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,  
 When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,  
 Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace. 655

Swift to the Queen returns the gentle swain:  
 And say, (she cries) does fear, or shame, detain  
 The cautious stranger? With the begging kind  
 Shame suits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:

He only asks a more propitious hour, 660  
 And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in pow'r;  
 At ev'ning mild (meet season to confer)  
 By turns to question, and by turns to hear.

Their scorn and violence to heaven ascend.  
 But now, when nought I did that should offend,  
 That man injurious gave a wanton blow,  
 Nor could Telemachus, (his pow'r now low),  
 Nor any other aid —If she attend,  
 If the Queen claim not till the sun descend  
 To hear—then clad as suppliants may require.'

It is very undesirable to omit Telemachus here: whether we regard the feelings of the father, or the epic importance of Ulysses. L.

V. 661. This fine verse is an addition of the Translator. We know that all should, but we know also that it is far from true, that all do shun wicked men in power. Many will always be found to court them. Were it not for this, wickedness would not be so frequently combined with power. L.

V. 662, 3. I cannot subscribe to the change of these simple and pleasing lines for the sake of a more perfect rhyme. And I will say at once what I think and feel. In very short works inexactness of rhyme is scarcely excusable: in very long, especially in translation, perfect exactness is unattainable without injury to the diction, sense, or general flow of the verse, all of them objects of superior import-

Whoe'er this guest (the prudent Queen replies)  
 His ev'ry step and ev'ry thought is wise. 665  
 For men, like these, on earth he shall not find  
 In all the miscreant race of human kind.

Thus She. Eumæus all her words attends,  
 And parting, to the suitor pow'rs descends :  
 There seeks Telemachus; and thus apart 670  
 In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart.

The time, my Lord, invites me to repair  
 Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.  
 These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;  
 O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake! 675

Thanks to my friend, he cries:—but now the hour  
 Of night draws on; go, seek the rural bow'r:  
 But first refresh: and at the dawn of day  
 Hither a victim to the Gods convey.

ance. And, if it were possible, I believe it would ultimately rather cloy than delight. A little occasional exactness in the rhyme in very long compositions appears to me like an incidental sharp or flat in music: which, as being incidental, are of course out of the key, and which excite attention, diversify, enliven, and not unfrequently aid the expression. In saying this, I would be no advocate for an habit of careless and imperfect rhyme. L.

V. 676. ——— *but now the hour of night draws on* ———] The reader may look back to the beginning of the preceding book, for the explication of *δειλον ἡμᾶρ*, here mentioned by Homer.

V. 679 An omitted line might thus be expressed by a closing triplet.

‘And Jove destroy that band ere to our ill they wake.’

*Ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ὀλεσεῖε πρὶν ἡμῖν πῆμα γενεσθαι.*

Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we trust: 680  
Safe in their care; for Heav'n protects the just.

Observant of his voice, Eumæus sat  
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.  
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along,  
'Twas riot all amid the suitor-throng: 685 }  
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song. }  
'Till now declining tow'rd the close of day,  
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

More exactly with M<sup>1</sup>. W.

'Choice victims hither,'

*ἱερθια καλα.*

Rather—

'This be my care and theirs—for Heaven protects the just.'

*Αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ ἰαθε πάντα καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μελήσει. v. 601.*

This shews that he was sensible, that in committing himself to the care of Heaven, he was to add vigilance and spirit to pious confidence. L.

There is a repetition of care and caution in the speech of Eumæus in the Original, which is wonderfully affectionate and characteristic.

This seventeenth is in all respects a charming and a most interesting Book.

The conclusion would be better and more correspondent to the Original in its turn and cadence thus.

'These in the feast, and dance, and jocund lay,  
Rejoic'd:—for now far had declined the day.'

*Λίπε δ' ἔρκεα ἱε μεγαρόν τε*

*Πλείων δαιτυμνίων. ἰσιδ' ὀρχησίου καὶ αὐτῆς*

*Τερπνῆ· ἥδε γὰρ καὶ ἐπηλυτὴς δεῖελον ἡμᾶρ. (v. 604—6.)*

This seventeenth Book of the Odyssey is, as it well merited to be, by Pope himself. And it is marked accordingly in my copy. L.

This Book does not fully comprehend the space of one day: it begins with the morning, and ends before night: so that the time here mentioned by the Poet, is the evening of the thirty-ninth day.



THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

*THE beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XVIII.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive Hero sat,  
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;  
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,  
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:  
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour  
He flew, attendant on the genial hour. 5

\* Homer has been severely blamed for describing Ulysses, a King, entering the lists with a beggar: Rapin affirms, that he demeans himself by engaging with an unequal adversary. The objection would be unanswerable, if Ulysses appeared in his royal character: but it is as necessary in epic poetry, as on the theatre, to adapt the behaviour of every person to the character he is to represent, whether real or imaginary. Would it not have been ridiculous to have represented him, while he was disguised in the garb of a beggar, refusing the combat, because he knew himself to be a King? and would not such a conduct have endangered a discovery? Ought we not rather to look upon this episode as an instance of the greatness of the calamities of Ulysses; who is reduced to such uncommon extremities as to be set upon a level with the meanest of wretches?

Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,  
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:

With all my admiration of Homer, and my fondness for the Odyssey, I cannot speak very warmly of this part of it. Perhaps there is no book in the two Poems so little pleasing. The amateurs in pugilism will, however, be of a different opinion. L.

V. 8. *She nam'd Arnæus* —] It seems probable from this passage, that the Mother gave the name to the child in the days of Homer; though perhaps not without the concurrence of the Father: thus in the Scriptures it is said of Leah, that 'she bare a son and called his name Reuben;' and again, 'she called his name Simeon,' and the same is frequently repeated both of Leah and Rachel. In the age of Aristophanes, the giving a name to the child seems to have been a divided prerogative between the father and mother. For in his *Νεφέλαι* there is a dispute between Strepsiades and his wife, concerning the name of their son. The wife was of noble birth, and would therefore give him a noble name, the husband was a plain villager, and was rather for a name that denoted frugality. but the woman not waving the least branch of her prerogative, they compromised the affair, by giving the child a compounded name that implied both frugality and chivalry; derived from *φειδω*, 'to spare,' and *ἵππος*, 'an horse,' and the young cavalier's name was Phidippides. Eustathius affirms, that anciently the Mother named the child, and the scholiast upon Aristophanes in avib. quotes a fragment from Euripides to this purpose from a play called *Ægeus*.

Τι σε ματερ ἐν δέκατᾳ τέκον \* ὠνομάσε.

'What was the name given on the tenth day by the mother to thee, the child?'—Dacier tells us, that the name of Arnæus was prophetic; *απο των αρνων*, 'from the sheep the glutton would devour when he came to manhood,' but this is mere fancy, and it is no reason, because he proved a glutton, that therefore the name foretold it. One might rather think the fondness of the Mother toward her infant suggested a very different view: she gave the name according to her wishes, and flattered herself that he would prove a very rich man, '



But Irus his associates call'd the boy,  
 Practis'd, the common messenger, to fly; 10  
 Irus, a name expressive of the employ. }

From his own roof, with meditated blows,  
 He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.

Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,  
 Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay; 15  
 See how with nods assent yon princely train!  
 But honouring age, in mercy I refrain.  
 In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,  
 This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom, with stern regard:—O insolence; 20  
 Indecently to rail, without offence!  
 What bounty gives, without a rival share:  
 I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:  
 Alike on alms we both precarious live:  
 And canst thou envy, when the great relieve? 25  
 Know from the bounteous heavens all riches flow;  
 And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow.

man of many flocks and herds.' and therefore she called him *Agaios*: and this is the more probable, because all riches originally consisted in flocks and herds.

V. 11. *Irus, a name expressive of the employ*] To understand this, we must have recourse to the derivation of the word *Irus*. It comes from *ειρω*, which signifies 'nuncio.' *Irus* was therefore so called, because he was a public messenger; and *Iris* bears that name, as the messenger of the Gods; *Iris*, *απαγγελλων*; *Iris*, *Αγγελος*. HESYCHIUS.

V. 25. Better, with Wakefield—

'And canst thou envy when the wealthy give?'

Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,  
 Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;  
 Old as I am, should once my fury burn, 30  
 How wouldst thou fly, nor even in thought return?

Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)  
 A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!  
 Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,  
 Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey 35  
 Uproots the bearded corn?—rise; try the fight;  
 Gird well thy loins; approach, and feel my might:

V. 34. — — *To dash those teeth away,  
 Like some wild boar's.]*

These words refer to a custom that prevailed in former ages: it was allowed to strike out the teeth of any beast which the owner found in his grounds: Eustathius informs us, that this was a custom or law among the people of Cyprus; but from what Homer here speaks, it seems to have been a general practice, at least it was in use amongst the Ithacans.

V. 37. *Gird well thy loins.]* We may gather from hence the manner of the single combat: the champions fought naked, and only made use of a cincture round the loins out of decency. Homer directly affirms it, when Ulysses prepares for the fight.

‘ Then girding his strong loins, the King prepares  
 To close in combat, and his body bares.  
 Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs  
 By just degrees like well turn'd columns rise;  
 Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,  
 And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong.’

Thus Diomed in the Iliad girds his friend Euryalus when he engages Epæus.

‘ Officious with the cincture girds him round.’

Sure of defeat, before the Peers engage;  
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display 40  
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray.  
Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,  
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train.

This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ:  
And lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy. 45  
See, ready for the fight, and hand to hand,  
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand!  
Why urge we not to blows?—Well pleas'd they spring  
Swift from their seats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous:—Lo! enrich'd with blood,  
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food) 51  
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow  
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;  
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay;  
The sole attendant on the genial day. 55

The Lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,  
And fears well feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;  
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?

The speeches here are short, and the periods remarkably concise, suitable to the nature of anger. The reader may consult the Annotations on the xxth book, concerning the goat's entrails mentioned here by Antinous.

V. 44. The sense in the edition of 1760 is confounded by want of a comma after friends; and in general the punctuation is very loose and unmusical: very different from what Pope's reading is known to have been. L.

Hard conflict<sup>1</sup> when calamity and age 60  
 With vig'rous youth, unknown to cares, engage<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day  
 Imperious hunger bids, and I obey.  
 But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
 Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight. 65

The Peers assent: when straight his sacred head  
 Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said.

Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong  
 Of this bold insolent, confide; be strong!  
 The injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow, 70  
 That instant makes Telemachus his foe;  
 And these my friends\* shall guard the sacred ties  
 Of hospitality;—for they are wise.

V. 64. *But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
 Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.*]

This is a very necessary precaution: Ulysses had reason to apprehend that the suitors would interest themselves in the cause of Irus, who was their daily attendant, rather than in that of a perfect stranger. Homer takes care to point out the prudence of Ulysses upon every emergency: besides, he raises this fray between two beggars into some dignity, by requiring the sanction of an oath to regulate the laws of the combat. It is the same solemnity used in the Iliad between Paris and Menelaus: and represents these combatants engaging with the formality of two heroes.

V. 72 *And these my friends shall guard the sacred ties  
 Of hospitality, for they are wise.*]

When Telemachus speaks these words, he is to be supposed to turn to Eurymachus and Antinous, to whom he directs his discourse. It

\* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Then girding his strong loins, the King prepares  
 To close in combat, and his body bares ; 75  
 Broad spread his shoulders ; and his nervous thighs  
 By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise :  
 Ample his chest ; his arms are round and long,  
 And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong,  
 (Attendant on her chief :) the suitor-crowd 80  
 With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud ;

Irus ! alas ! shall Irus be no more ;  
 Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour !  
 Gods ! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim :  
 Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame !

must be allowed that this is an artful piece of flattery in Telemachus : and he makes use of it to engage these two Princes, who were the chief of the suitors, on his side.

V. 77. The comparison of the ' columns ' the Translator had probably from Solomon's song. That he had it not from Homer Mr. W. justly observes. And the foundation of the thought as here turned belongs to much later architecture than the times of Solomon or of Homer. L.

V. 82. *Irus, alas ! shall Irus be no more.*] This is literally translated. I confess I wish Homer had omitted these little collusions of words : he sports with *ἴρος αἶρος*. It is a low conceit, alluding to the derivation of Irus, and means that he shall never more be a messenger. The translation, though it be verbal, yet is free from ambiguity, and the joke concealed in *αἶρος*. This will be evident if we substitute another name in the place of Irus : we may say Achilles shall be no longer Achilles, without descending from the gravity of epic poetry.

V. 83, 4. Ogilby has a line much nearer to the original :

' What thighs, his rags now off, the old man shews.

*Οἶν' ἐκ ρακεῶν ὁ γέρον πτερυγίδα φαίνει.* (v. 73.)

The original is in all respects a verse of great excellence. W.—L.

Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight, 86  
 They dragg'd the unwilling Irus to the fight;  
 From his blank visage fled the coward blood,  
 And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

O that such baseness should disgrace the light! 90  
 O hide it, death, in everlasting night!  
 (Exclaims Antinous)—can a vig'rous foe  
 Meanly decline to combat age and woe?  
 But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,  
 That huge bulk yield this ill contested day, 95

V. 88. Added by the Translator, as Mr. W. observes. And we must say, it is to be feared, tautologously added. For the sense had been given in the first part of v. 86.

Much more closely, and with spirit, Mr. Cowper.

' Now wherefore liv'st, and why was't ever born,  
 Thou mountain-mass of earth! if such dismay  
 Shake thee at thought of combat with a man  
 Ancient as he, and worn with many woes. W.—L.

V. 90. *O' that such baseness should disgrace the light!*  
*Oh! hide it, death, &c.]*

Eustathius gives us an instance of the deep penetration of some critics, in their comments upon these words· they have found in them the philosophy of Pythagoras, and the transmigration of souls. The verse stands thus in Homer;

Νῦν μὲν μῆτ' εἰς βῆγαιε, μῆτε γενοιο. (v. 78.)

which they imagine is to be understood after this manner; 'I wish thou hadst never been born! and mayst thou never exist again, or have a second being!' To recite such an absurdity, is to refute it. The verse when literally rendered bears this import; 'I wish thou wert now dead, or hadst never been born!' an imprecation very natural to persons in anger, who seldom give themselves time to speak with profound allusions to philosophy.

Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;  
 A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind;  
 Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey  
 To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke, 100  
 In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus shook.

V. 96. *Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd,  
 A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind.]*

The tradition concerning Echetus stands thus: he was king of Epirus, the son of Euchenor and Phlogea; he had a daughter called Metopè, or, as others affirm, Amphissa; she being corrupted by Æchmodicus, Echetus put out her eyes, and condemned her to grind pieces of iron made in the resemblance of corn, and told her she should recover her sight when she had ground the iron into flour. He invited Æchmodicus to an entertainment, and cut off the extremities from all parts of his body, and cast them to the dogs: at length being seized with madness, he fed upon his own flesh, and died. This History is confirmed, lib. iv. of Apollonius,

Ἵβριστης Ἐχέτος γληναῖς ἐνὶ χαλκῇ κενήρα  
 Πήξε θυγατρὸς ἑῆς, στίονεντι δὲ καρφεται οἰτῶ,  
 Ορβναιῇ ἐνὶ χαλκῶν ἀλετρευσσα καλῆν

I wonder how this last quotation escaped the diligence of Eustathius. Dacier affirms, that no mention is made of Echetus by any of the Greek historians: and therefore she has recourse to another tradition, preserved by Eustathius, who tells us, that Echetus was contemporary with Homer, that the Poet had been ill used by him, and therefore took this revenge for his inhumanity.

V. 99. The Translator has just praise from Mr. W. for the uncommon skill and delicacy of this verse. L.

V. 100, 1. With better rhyme and tautology avoided, thus by Mr. W.

‘ While with indignant scorn he sternly spake,  
 Each limb of Irus growing terrors shake.’

Now front to front each frowning champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his adverse hands.  
 The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below  
 To fell the giant at one vengeful blow, 105  
 Or save his life: and soon his life to save  
 The King resolves; for mercy sways the brave.  
 That instant Irus his huge arm extends;  
 Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends.  
 The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose 110  
 The hero latent in the man of woes,  
 Check'd half his might: yet rising to the stroke,  
 His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:  
 Down dropt he stupid from the stunning wound;  
 His feet extended, quiv'ring, beat the ground; 115  
 His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;  
 His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.

The Peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,  
 With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;  
 Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,  
 His length of carcase trailing prints the ground: 121

V. 106, 7. This total deviation from the original might have been saved in this manner:

' Or with a gentler stroke to earth to cast:  
 The much enduring man preferr'd the last.

It is observable that in 104, 5, the expression is careless and very indifferent. To *fill* to the shades! One should almost imagine it a mis-print for send. But happy indeed are v. 110, 11, and the following hemistich. L.



Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,  
 Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls;  
 Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,  
 And thus with just reproach address'd the slave. 125

There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign  
 A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!  
 But mercy to the poor and stranger show;  
 Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung  
 The broad patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung  
 Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong. }

Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;  
 But to the palace measur'd back the way.  
 There as he rested, gathering in a ring 135  
 The Peers with smiles address'd their unknown King:

V. 121. This little insertion by the Translator, Mr Spence has noticed, as an improvement adopted from Virgil. *Essay on the Odyss.* p. 246.

V. 128. In this verse we have a total departure from the original. Chapman is exact, and not without ease and neatness:

‘ Where leaving him, he put into his hand  
 A staff: and bade him there use his command  
 On swine and dogs; and not presume to be  
 Lord of the guests, and of the beggary.’ L.

V. 129 Gives substantially the sense of the original. W.—L.

V. 130. *He spoke.*] As the o of like sound is too frequent in this line, ‘ spake ’ would have been better. L.

V. 133. A bad rhyme, which in the close of a triplet is more striking than elsewhere. L.

Stranger, may Jove and all th' aerial pow'rs,  
 With ev'ry blessing crown thy happy hours!  
 Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe  
 From bold intrusion of thy coward foe; 140  
 Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing  
 To Echetus, the monster of a King.

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,  
 A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:

V. 137. Rather 'ætherial.' And so below. L.

V. 140. *From bold intrusion of thy coward foe.*] The word in the Greek is ἀναλτον. Γαστέρα ἀναλτον is 'a voracious appetite, a stomach that nothing can satisfy:' Hesychius thus explains it: ἀναλτον ἀναυξες· τέτ' ἐστὶν ἱκανον, ἡ ἀπληρωτον παρα την αλσιν. But there is undoubtedly an error in Hesychius; instead of ἱκανον we should read ισχυον, that is 'meagre,' or a 'stomach that appears always unfilled.' The general moral that we are to gather from the behaviour of Ulysses and Irus, is that insolence and boasting are signs of cowardice.

V. 143. A trait very characteristic of antiquity is here omitted, by not saying any thing of the 'omen.'

But it may be asked what is the 'omen?' I believe it latent in a word of the original. ΑΝΑΞΟΜΕΝ, which has an ambiguous sense, if we read before, μεν instead of μιν.

— — — Ἰαχα γὰρ μεν ἀναξομεν ἡπειρονδε  
 Εἰς Εχέιον βασιλῆα. (v. 114, 5.)

For the sense would then be, 'we will sail, or we will make him sail, to the destructive Echetus.' And thus the suitor would use it in one sense, 'we will make him sail,' Ulysses would interpret it in another, the import of which, unconsciously conveyed by the speaker, would be, 'we will sail, ourselves, to destruction.' The ancients, and even moderns, have laid great stress on these supposed ominous equivoques. Of that kind is 'Hodie ego Letum capiam.'

The bread from canisters of shining mold 145

Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:

And oh! (he mildly cries) may Heav'n display

A beam of glory o'er thy future day!

Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear

The gripes of poverty, and stings of care. 150

To whom with thought mature the King replies:

The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise.

Such was thy father! in imperial state,

Great without vice, that oft attends the great:

Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd; 155

Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!

But it may be doubted whether *μεν* could follow *γαρ* in this passage.

If then the omen is to be sought on some other principle, Irus is the enemy who had insulted the unknown Ulysses, and was confident of a permanent prosperity and triumph. Irus represents the suitors. And his fate thus denounc'd is accepted by Ulysses as the omen of theirs—*Χαιρεν δε κλεηδονι διος Οδυσσευς*.

Barnes observes the 'good wishes' from an 'enemy,' v. 116, as part of the omen. And he quotes, for the application of such supposed signs, the case of Gideon, Jud. vii, viii.

V. 154. It might have been translated thus:

'Virtuous, I hear, as opulent and great.' W.—L.

V. 156. *Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind*] There never was a finer lecture of morality read in any of the schools of the philosophers, than this which Ulysses delivers to Amphinomus: he ushers it in with great solemnity, and speaks to all mankind in the person of Amphinomus. It is quoted by a variety of authors: Pliny in his Preface to his natural History, lib. 7, has wrote\* a dissertation on this sentence.

\* Rather, 'written.' L.

Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,  
 Most vain is man! calamitous by birth.  
 To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;  
 The haughty creature on that pow'r presumes: 160  
 Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels;  
 Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch rebels.  
 For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe;  
 Too high when prosp'rous; when distress'd too low.

' Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,  
 Most vain is man, &c.'

Aristotle and Maximus Tyrius quote it: and Plutarch twice refers to it. Homer considers man both with respect to the errors of the mind, and the calamities incident to the body; and upon a review of all mortal creatures, he attributes to man the unhappy superiority in miseries. But indeed Homer is so plain that he needs no interpretation; and any words but his own must disgrace him. Besides, this speech is beautiful in another view, and excellently sets forth the forgiving temper of Ulysses. He saw that all the sparks of virtue and humanity were not extinguished in Amphinomus; he therefore warns him with great solemnity to forsake the suitors: he imprints conviction upon his mind, though ineffectually; and shews by it that when he falls by the hand of Ulysses in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey, his death is not a revenge but a punishment.

V. 163. *For man is changeful as his bliss or woe.*] Most of the interpreters have greatly misrepresented these words,

Τοιοῦ γὰρ νοοῦ ἐστὶν ἐπιχθονίων αἰθερώπων  
 Οἷον ἐπ' ἡμᾶρ ἀγῆσι.

They thus translate it, 'talis mens hominum, qualem deus suggerit;' or, 'Such is the mind of man, as heaven inspires;' but this is an error, for οἷον cannot refer to νοοῦ, but to ἡμᾶρ, and the sentence is thus to be rendered, 'Talis mens hominum, qualem diem deus inducit;' that is, 'The mind of man changes with the complexion of the day, as heaven sends happiness or misery;' or as in the translation,

' For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe:

Too high when prosp'rous: when distress'd too low.'

There was a day, when with the scornful great 165  
 I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;  
 Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;  
 And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.  
 Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,  
 Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd; 170  
 Be dumb when heaven afflicts! unlike you' train  
 Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;  
 Who make their Queen and all her wealth a prey.  
 But Vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.  
 O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r, 175  
 Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!  
 For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,  
 These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,  
 And the drain'd goblet to the Chief restores. 180  
 Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,  
 He shook the graceful honours of his head;

The reader will be convinced that the construction requires this sense, by joining the preposition with the verb, *ἐπὶ* with *αἰγῆσι*, and rendering it, *οἷον ἡμᾶρ επαῖγῃσι*; nothing being more frequent than such a division of the preposition from the verb amongst the Greeks. It must be allowed, that Homer gives a very unhappy, yet too just a picture, of human nature. Man is too apt to be proud and insolent in prosperity, and mean and abject in adversity: and those men who are most overbearing in an happy state, are always most base and mean in the day of affliction.

The sentence is completed with these words, *πᾶσι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ὁ θεὸς ἐπιφέρει τὴν τιμωρίαν*. And the construction, no doubt, is *οἱ οὖν πᾶσι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ὁ θεὸς ἐπιφέρει τὴν τιμωρίαν*. 'The mind of earth-dwelling man is such as the day is which the Father of Gods and men brings upon him.' L.

His boding mind the future woe forestalls:—

In vain! by great Telemachus he falls;

For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns 185

To join the Peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires

Thy soul, Penelope, from heav'n inspires;

With flatt'ring hopes the suitors to betray,

And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day; 190

Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise:

And crown the mother and the wife with praise.

V. 189. *With flatt'ring hopes the suitors to betray.*] The Greek is very concise, and the expression uncommon. Ὅπως μετασσει θυμὸν μνηστῆρων.—that is, Penelope thus acted that she might 'dilate the heart of the suitors:' meaning (as Eustathius observes) that she might give them false hopes by appearing in their company, for the heart shrinks, and is contracted by sorrow and despair, and is again dilated by hope or joy. This is I believe literally true: the spirits flow briskly when we are in joy, and a new pulse is given to the blood, which necessarily must dilate the heart: on the contrary, when we are in sorrow the spirits are languid, and the blood moves less actively, and therefore the heart shrinks and contracts, the blood wanting vigour to dilate and expand it.

V. 191. *Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise.*] This is solely the act of Minerva: for Penelope is ignorant that she is to appear before her husband. This interview is excellently managed by Homer. Ulysses is to be convinced of his wife's fidelity. To bring this about, he introduces her upon the public stage, where her husband stands as a common unconcerned spectator, and hears her express her love for him in the warmest terms. Here is no room for art or design, because she is ignorant that she speaks before Ulysses; and therefore her words must be supposed to proceed from the heart.\*

\* There is a similar management in Kotzebue's affecting Drama the 'Stranger:' in which the powers of two Performers of the highest Fame, Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, appear even superior to the Praise which has been given them. L.

Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,  
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries,

This gives us a reason why Homer makes her dwell at large upon her passion for Ulysses, and paint it in the strongest colours: viz. to evidence her chastity, and urge Ulysses to hasten the destruction of the suitors, by convincing him that she is able no longer to elude the marriage hour. But then it may be objected, if Penelope's sole design was to give a false hope to the suitors, does she not take a very wrong method, by speaking so very tenderly of Ulysses? is not this a more probable reason for despair, than hope? It is true, it would have been so, if in the conclusion of her speech she had not artfully added,

‘ But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!

So that Telemachus being now grown up to maturity, the suitors concluded that the nuptial hour was at hand. If then we consider the whole conduct of Penelope in this book, it must be allowed to be very refined and artful. She observes a due regard towards Ulysses, by shewing, she is not to be persuaded to marry; and yet by the same words she gives the suitors hopes that the day is almost come when she intends to celebrate her nuptials. She manages so dexterously, as to persuade without a promise: and for this reason the words are put into the mouth of Ulysses, and it is Ulysses who gives the hopes, rather than Penelope.

V. 193. *Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,  
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries.*]

Homer gives us a very beautiful and just image in these words. In the Iliad he used a similar expression concerning Andromache, *δακρυοεν γελασσασα*; ‘a smile chastis'd with tears.’ *Αχρειον δ' εγελασσε* here bears the same import.

V. 194, 5. The exaggerated image and inflated diction in the first of these lines is an example, too frequent, of false taste. It is wholly, and unseasonably, interpolated. For its companion a word or two would have sufficed—Perhaps,

‘ Smil'd, scarcely conscious.’

*Αχρειονδ' εγελασσε.* v. 162.

Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns 195  
 I feel an impulse; though my soul disdains:  
 To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,  
 And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;  
 Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,  
 Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.

Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain, 201  
 (Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)  
 But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd descend;  
 Powerful of charms, bid 'ev'ry grace attend:  
 The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress: 205  
 Tears but indulge the sorrow; not repress.  
 Some joy remains:—to thee a son is giv'n,  
 Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.

V. 207. — — — *To thee a son is giv'n,*

*Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.]*

I am not certain that this is the exact sense of Homer. Dacier understands him very differently. Eurynomè (observes that author) is not endeavouring to comfort Penelope because her son is now come to years of maturity; her purpose is, to shew the necessity she has to have recourse to art, to assist her beauty: for (adds she) your son is grown a man; meaning, that a lady who has a son twenty years old, must have lost her natural beauty, and has occasion to be obliged to art to give her an artificial one. This, I confess, is too true; but it seems a little too ludicrous for epic poetry. I have followed a different sense, that gives us a far nobler image; conformable to that verse of Horace:—

‘ Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,  
 Quam sapere,’ &c. Ep. I. iv. 8.\*

This agrees with the tenour of Euryclea's speech, and is a foundation of great comfort to Penelope.

\* Bentley, I believe, is right.

‘ Qui sapere et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui.’ L.



Ah me! forbear, returns the Queen; forbear:—  
 Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care; 210  
 No more I bathe, since he no longer sees  
 Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.  
 The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,  
 Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.  
 But instant bid Autonoë descend, 215  
 Instant Hippodamè our steps attend:  
 Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen  
 Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.

Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,  
 From heav'n Minerva shoots with guardian cares;  
 O'er all her senses, as the couch she prest, 221  
 She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest:

V. 207. — *to thee a son is giv'n.*] Here is an adoption of one of the most solemn and important of scriptural passages. And here it is impossible not to assent to the remark of the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey.—'The very solemnity of scriptural expressions may sometimes require that they should not be alienated.' P. 182.

Mr. W. excellently.

'Now to thy son those years mature are given,  
 For which thy fondest prayer was made to heaven.'

V. 221. *O'er all her senses, as the couch she prest,  
 She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.*]

This is an admirable stroke of art, to shew the determined resolution of Penelope, to forbear the endeavour of making her person agreeable in any eyes but those of Ulysses: a Goddess is obliged to cast her into an involuntary repose, and to supply an adventitious grace while she sleeps.

V. 221, 2. The Poet in his Note upon this passage refines much

With every beauty every feature arms;  
 Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms:  
 In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires;                    225  
 (Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)  
 From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,  
 And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.  
 Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound  
 She smoothly gliding swims the harmonious round,  
 When with the Graces in the dance she moves,                    231  
 And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.  
 Then to the skies her flight Minerva lends;  
 And to the Queen the damsel-train descends:

too far on his original. Perhaps we have to seek the true meaning no farther than in this:—Sleep, when soft and refreshing, gives a new liveliness to the appearance of beauty. The discretion of Penelope suggests to her this secret. And thus it is that Minerva heightens her beauty while she is sleeping. L.

V. 232. A worse alliteration than 'gazing Gods' is hardly possible: 'admiring' would have been more tolerable. The whole line is an addition. There is something wrong in the preceding lines: 230 is a very good one. And Gray seems to have thought so in his *Progress of Poetry*: but 'bound' does not well agree with this imagery. L.

V. 233. *Then to the skies her flight Minerva lends.*] We see Penelope is a woman of so much wisdom, as to be the favourite of Minerva. She acts in every point with the highest discretion, and is inconsolable for her husband; yet the Poet forbears to let her into the secret that Ulysses is returned: this is undoubtedly an intended satire, and Homer means, that a woman in every point discreet, is still to be suspected of loquacity: this seems to have been the real sentiment of Homer, which he more fully declares in the eleventh *Odyssey*.

Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes uncloze; 235  
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes.

Howe'er 'tis well:—that sleep a-while can free  
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;  
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this transient breath!  
Send, oh! Diana, send the sleep of death! 240  
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,  
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?  
O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!  
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.

Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends; 245  
On either hand a damsel-train attends;  
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,  
Radiant before the gazing Peers she stands;  
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,  
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade: 250

' When earnest to explore thy secret breast,  
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest,  
For since of womankind so few are just,  
Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.' \*

V. 249, 50. This prettiness, of the veil disclosing the beauties which it affects to hide, the Translator had probably from the *Henry* and *Emma*.

' Arm thy chaste beauties with a modest pride,  
And double every charm it seems to hide.'

And Prior, perhaps from *Fairfax*, in the passage quoted by Mr. W.

' A veil her amber locks did shroud,  
That strove to cover what it could not hide.' L.

V. 250. This line is also additional. It is commended by Mr. Spence in his *Essay on the Odyssey*. 'Displayed' is a very bad word for

\* Mr. Charles Stewart has alluded to this passage in his *Poetic Trifles*. L.

Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,  
 And sudden flames in every bosom rise;  
 They send their eager souls with every look:  
 Till silence thus the imperial Matron broke:

O why! my son, why now no more appears 255  
 That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?  
 Thy riper days no growing worth impart:  
 A man in stature; still a boy in heart!  
 Thy well-knit frame, unprofitably strong,  
 Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung: 260  
 But the just Gods in vain those gifts bestow—  
 O wise alone in form, and brave in show!  
 Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand  
 Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?  
 If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline, 265  
 His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.

To whom with filial awe, the Prince returns:  
 That generous soul with just resentment burns.  
 Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,  
 For others good, and melt at others woe: 270

the occasion in the preceding line: and only for the sake of the rhyme. L.

V. 249. Much better without this exaggerated pomp. The Original suggests something of this kind:

‘Not heeding them, thus to her son she spoke.’

the αὖ (v. 213) being contradistinctive. L.

V. 269, 70. Rather, nearly with Mr W.

‘Nor wants my mind prudence—to that appears  
 The good and bad beyond my childish years.’

But impotent these riots to repel,  
 I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel :  
 Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,  
 And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread. —  
 But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds 275  
 From Irus; and the guilty Irus bleeds.  
 O would to Jove! or her whose arms display  
 The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!  
 That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread  
 These courts, within these courts like Irus bled: 280  
 Whose loose head tottering, as with wine opprest,  
 Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast.

V. 275. — — *this wrong proceeds*  
*From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds ]*

Eustathius informs us, that we are here to understand the fray between Irus and Ulysses. Penelope refers to the violence intended to be offered to Ulysses, when the footstool was thrown at him by Antinous; we find that she was acquainted with that assault from her speech in the preceding Book. In reality, the Queen was ignorant of the combat between Irus and Ulysses: but Telemachus misunderstands her with design, and makes an apology for the suitors; fearing to raise a further disorder, or provoke them to some more violent act of resentment.

V. 281, 2. Perhaps this mode of description is more in its place in the passage quoted by Mr. W. from the Dunciad.

‘Thrice Bugdel aim’d to speak; but thrice suppress  
 By potent Arthur, knock’d his chin and breast.’

D. II. 397.

Mr. S. in his Essay has an observation in very good and refined taste.

‘The greater number of Poets err in neglecting the significant

Pow'rless to move, his stagg'ring feet deny  
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the Queen Eurymachus replies;      285  
O justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!  
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey  
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway,

turn of their verses. But is there no erring too by an affectation of it?

'The infirmness of [this] couplet agrees with the occasion: and may perhaps be blameable on that very account.' P. 370. L.

V. 288. — — *all Greece would own thy sway*, &c.] Homer expresses Greece by *Ιάσον Αργος*, Iasian Argos. The world properly (as Eustathius observes) denotes the Morea or Peloponnesus, so called from Iasus the son of Argus, and Io king of that country. Strabo agrees with Eustathius. Chapman wonderfully mistakes Homer, and explains his own mistake in a paraphrase of six lines.

'Most wise Icarus' daughter, if all those  
That did for Colchos vent'rous sail dispose,  
For that rich purchase, had before but seen  
Earth's richer prize, in th' Ithacensian Queen,  
They had not made that voyage; but to you  
Would all their virtues, all their beings vow.'

I need not say how foreign this is to the original. In reality Argos with different epithets, signifies different countries, *Ἀχαικὸν Αργος* means Thessaly, and *Ιάσον Αργος* Peloponnesus: but here it denotes Greece universally; for it would appear absurd to tell Penelope, that all the Morea would admire her beauty, this would lessen the compliment; nor is any reason to be assigned why Peloponnesus should admire her more than the rest of the Greeks. P.

There is this reason: the Peloponnese was that part of the Grecian continent from which persons were most likely to see Penelope: Ithaca lying alongside (to use a seaman's phrase) of the Peloponnese or Morea. And in ancient times, a compliment was thought great enough, if it had truth and probability for its foundation. If the

In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,  
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes. 290  
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,  
In body perfect, and complete in mind!

Ah me! returns the Queen, when from this shore  
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!  
The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep  
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep. 296  
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,  
My virtues last:—my brightest charm is love.  
Now, Grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast  
My soul with woes, that long, ah long, must last!  
Too faithfully my heart retains the day 301  
That sadly tore my royal Lord away:  
He grasp'd my hand, and oh, my spouse! I leave  
Thy arms (he cry'd), perhaps to find a grave:

Peloponnese is too little for a compliment, Greece might be too little for as good a reason. And to stop short of the whole earth at least, would be defective gallantry. L.

V. 295, 6. Another affectation of the modern conceits. L.

V. 297. Ogilby is justly commended by Mr. W. as having maintained in this passage fidelity to the sense, not without dignity in the manner:

'Would he returning rule this life of mine,  
My honour and my beauty more should shine.'

V. 299 *Now, Grief, thou all art mine.*] This apostrophe is not in the Original: and it may be doubted whether it be quite natural. This, however, may assuredly be said, that although all are monosyllables, every word is emphatic, and the whole is well cadenc'd. S.—L.

Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill  
 To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill, 306  
 To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car  
 With dreadful inroad through the walks of war—  
 My sentence is gone forth:—and 'tis decreed  
 Perhaps by righteous heav'n that I must bleed! 310  
 My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;—  
 To them, to them transfer the love of me:  
 But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
 Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!

V. 307—10. Admirable lines indeed! and worthy of the encomium they have received from the Author of the Essay,\* and from Wakefield. L.

V. 311, 12. The sentiment of the Original might have been more closely conveyed—somewhat in this manner:

‘ My father, mother, all, I trust to thee!  
 As now, or more, remember them for me  
 Absent—and when my son grows man, the sway  
 Resign———

Μεμνησθαι Πατρὸς καὶ Μητρός ἐν μέγαροισι  
 Ὡς νυν ἡ εἰ μάλλον, ἐμευ ἀπο νοσφιν ἐόντος. 266, 7.

Of which lines it is difficult to equal the simple and appropriate pathos. L.

V. 313. *But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
 Resign, and happy be thy bridal day.]*

The original says, ‘ resign the palace to Telemachus.’ This is spoken according to the customs of antiquity: the wife, upon her second marriage, being obliged to resign the house to the heir of the family. This circumstance is inserted with great judgment: the suitors were



Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares 315  
 To light his torch, and give me up to cares;  
 Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:  
 A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!  
 Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!  
 Careless to please, with insolence ye woo! 320  
 The generous lovers, studious to succeed,  
 Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;

determined to seize it upon marriage with Penelope, as appears from the second Odyssey. •

‘ What mighty labours would he then create,  
 To seize his treasures, and divide his state,  
 The royal palace to the Queen convey,  
 Or him she blesses in the bridal day’

Penelope therefore by this declaration gives the suitors to understand, that the palace belonged not to her, but Telemachus. This assertion has a double effect; it is intended to make the suitors less warm in their addresses; or if they persist, to set the injustice done to Telemachus in open view. The beauty of the speeches of Penelope is so obvious that it needs no explanation; Homer gives her a very amiable character. She is good in every relation of life: merciful to the poor and stranger, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife: every period is almost a lecture of morality.

‘ My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;  
 To them, to them transfer the love of me.’

This shews the duty of the child to the parent. It may be extended to all persons to whom we owe any duty. And humanity requires that we should endeavour to ease the burden of our friends in proportion to their calamities, we should at all times consult their happiness, but chiefly in the hour of adversity. A friend should be a support to lean upon in all our infirmities.

By precious gifts the vow sincere display :  
 You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his Queen deceive 325  
 The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give: —  
 False hopes she kindles : but those hopes betray,  
 And promise, yet elude the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries,  
 Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise ! 330

V. 325. *Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his Queen deceive  
 The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give.]*

This conduct may appear somewhat extraordinary both in Penelope and Ulysses; she not only takes, but asks presents from persons whom she never intends to marry. Is not this a sign either of avarice or falsehood? and is not Ulysses equally guilty, who rejoices at it? But in reality, Penelope is no way faulty: she deceives the suitors with hopes of marriage by accepting these presents; but it is for this sole reason that she accepts them; she intends to give them false hopes, and by that method to defer the nuptial hour: it is not injustice, but an equitable reprisal; they had violently wasted her treasures, and she artfully recovers part of them by a piece of refined management. Dacier defends her after another method: she believes that Penelope thus acts, not out of interest but honour; it was a disgrace to so great a Princess to have so many admirers, and never to receive from their hands such presents as custom not only allows, but commands, neither is Ulysses blameable, who rejoices at his wife's policy. He understood her intent, and being artful himself, smiles to see her artfulness.

Plutarch in his treatise of reading Poems,\* vindicates Ulysses very much in the same way.

This Note has been much shortened in this Edition. But it is presumed the reader loses nothing satisfactory or worth retaining by the abridgment. The explanation offered in the part which is retained is perhaps the best that could be offer'd. But the passage is not a pleasing one. L.

\* We should read, 'Poets.'

'Tis right: 'tis man's prerogative to give;  
And custom bids thee without shame receive;  
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,  
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.

The Peers dispatch their heralds to convey 335  
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.  
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,  
The varying hues in gay confusion rise  
Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold  
Close to the less'ning waist the vest infold; 340  
Down from the swelling loins, the vest unbound  
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.  
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,  
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,  
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright, 345  
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.  
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:  
And ev'ry Peer, expressive of his heart,  
A gift bestows: this done, the Queen ascends,  
And slow behind her damsel-train attends. 350

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,  
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;  
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,  
His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:

V. 343, 4. Chapman is also very poetical here:

‘ An amber verge  
That cast a radiance from it like the sun,’

Three vases heav'd with copious fires display 355  
 O'er all the palace a fictitious day;  
 From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,  
 And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the King:—Ill suits your sex to stay  
 Alone with men! ye modest maids, away! 360

V. 354. 'Circlet.' A Miltonian word for the same star—

'Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet.' P. L. V. 169. W.—L.

V. 355. *Three vases heap'd with copious fires display  
 O'er all the palace a fictitious day.*]

The word in the Greek is *λαμπτήρ*, or a vase which was placed upon a tripod, upon which the ancients burnt dry and oftentimes odoriferous wood, to give at once both perfume and light. Eustathius explains it by *χυτροπέας*, or a vessel raised on feet in the nature of an hearth. Hesychius explains *λαμπτήρ*, an hearth placed in the middle of the house or hall, on which they burnt dry wood with intermingled torches to enlighten it. It is strange that there is no mention of 'lamps,' but only 'torches,' in Homer. Undoubtedly lamps were not yet in use in Greece; although much earlier found out by the Hebrews: thus Exod xxv. 6. oil is mentioned, and enjoined to be used in giving light to the sanctuary.

V. 359. — — — *Ill suits your sex to stay  
 Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!]*

Homer is perpetually giving us lessons of decency and morality. It may be thought that this interlude between Ulysses and the damsels of Penelope is foreign to the action of the *Odyssey*; but in reality it is far from it: The Poet undertook to describe the disorders which the absence of a Prince occasions in his family. This passage is an instance of it; and Homer with good judgment makes these wantons declare their contempt of Ulysses, and their favour to their suitors, that we

Go, with the Queen the spindle guide; or cull  
 (The partners of her cares) the silver wool;  
 Be it my task the torches to supply,  
 E'en till the morning lamp adorns the sky:  
 E'en till the morning, with unwearied care, 365  
 Sleepless I watch;—for I have learn'd to bear.

Scornful they heard: Melanthe, fair and young,  
 (Melanthe, from the loins of Dolius sprung,  
 Who with the Queen her years an infant led,  
 With the soft fondness of a daughter bred) 370  
 Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares  
 Her Queen endures, polluted joys she shares  
 Nocturnal with Eurymachus!—With eyes  
 That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies.

Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain, 375  
 Thou bold intruder on a princely train?  
 Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;  
 Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.

may acknowledge the justice of their punishment in the subsequent parts of the Odyssey \*.

V. 377. *Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;  
 Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.*]

I flatter myself that I have given the true sense of χαλκηϊος δομῆς, and λεσχῆ. In Greece the beggars in winter retired by night to public forges for their warmth; or to some rendezvous where they enter-

\* How far this proves that they deserved death, and 'such' a death, those who can see better than I the utility of taking the lives of young women by 'hanging,' whose conduct may have required reformation, will judge as they please. It were happy if there were no more in this than a mere case of speculative criticism. L.

Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul;  
 Or flows licentious from the copious bowl? 380  
 Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?  
 A foe may meet thee of a braver kind;  
 Who, short'ning with a storm of blows thy stay,  
 Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

tained themselves as it were in a common assembly. Eustathius explains λεσχη to be 'a public place without any doors, where beggars were used to lodge.' Hesychius gives us several interpretations of the word:—that it signifies an assembly; a conversation. It implies also public stoves or baths; and Eustathius informs us, from Aristophanes, that beggars used to take up their lodgings in the public baths, as well as in these places mentioned by Homer. Χαλκηιος δομῶ is an office of men that work in brass. He further observes that these two places are used after the same manner in Hesiod.

Παρ δ' ἴθι χαλκειον, Θωκον και επ' αλεα λεσχην  
 Ωρη χειμεριη, ὅποτε κρυῶ αναρας ειργων  
 Ισχανει.——

It may not be improper to observe, that παρ δ' ἴθι θωκον χαλκειον is very ill translated by 'Accede æneam sedem,' in the Latin version; it should be, 'fuge officinam ærariam.'

V. 381. *Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?* The word in Homer is αλυης: which is used in various places. Sometimes (observes Plutarch in his treatise 'upon reading Poems'\*) it signifies 'being disquieted in mind,'

Ὡς εφατ' ἡ δ' αλυεσ' απεξεσατο, τειρετο δ' αινωσ.

In other places it implies 'an insolent joy, or boasting;' and then he quotes this verse,

Η αλυης ὅτι Ιρον ενικησας.

To whom with frowns:—O impudent in wrong!  
 Thy Lord shall curb that insolence of tongue. 386  
 Know, to Telemachus I tell the offence:  
 The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,  
 Nor longer durst sustain the sov'reign look. 390

Then to the servile task the Monarch turns  
 His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns  
 With added day: meanwhile in museful mood,  
 Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he stood.  
 And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs 395  
 To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,

V. 394.

' Thus saying, he alarm'd the women's fears  
 With trembling limbs each the stern menace hears.  
 They o'er the house spread silent. He, with sight  
 Fix'd on the suitor-train, supports the light  
 Far blazing from his hand. in museful mood  
 Absorpt in thoughts not form'd in vain, he stood.' L.

V. 395. *And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs  
 To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues.*]

It may be thought very unjustifiable in Homer, to introduce Minerva exciting the suitors to violence. Dacier defends the Poet by shewing that the sentiment is conformable to true theology: and the all-wise Author of our being is pleased sometimes to harden the hearts of the wicked, (or rather to permit them to harden their own hearts) that they may fill up the measure of their crimes, and be ripe for judgment. Yet we are not to imagine, that any person is necessitated to be wicked: it is not the hardening the heart that originally makes men impious; but they are first impious, and then they are delivered over to an hardness of heart.

Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man :

Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began.

Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends !

Some God no doubt this stranger kindly sends : 400

The shining baldness of his head survey ;

It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.—

V. 400. *Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends.*] Aristotle affirms that Homer is the father of Poetry; not only of the Epic, but also of the Dramatic: that he taught how to write Tragedy in the Iliad, and Comedy by several short sketches in the Odyssey. Eustathius here remarks, that he likewise gave a model for Satire, of which the Cyclops \* of Euripides still extant is an example; (which is a satyric Poem founded upon the story of Polypheme in Homer.) I confess my eye is not sharp enough to see the dignity of these raileries: and it may be thought that Homer is the father of another kind of Poetry; I mean the Farce, and that these low conceits are no way to be justified, but by being put into the mouths of the suitors, persons of no dignity or character. Longinus brings such descriptions of the suitors, as instances of the decay of Homer's genius. When that declines (observes that Author) Poets commonly please themselves with painting manners; such is Homer's description of the lives led by the suitors in the palace of Ulysses: for in reality all that description is a kind of comedy, wherein the different characters of men are painted.

V. 401. *The shining baldness of his head survey.*

*It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.]*

This in Dacier's judgment is a raillery purely satirical; it is drawn from the shining gloss of an old man's bald head. But if this be purely satirical, to be a satirist is to be a bad man: to rally natural infirmities is inhumanity: old age is venerable, and the bald head as well as the gray hair is an honour, and ought not to be the subject of

\* Whether the Cyclops be of Euripides or of Aristo is doubted. Several Greek Poets seem to have written a Drama with this title.



Then to the King that levell'd haughty Troy:—  
 Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ  
 Those hands in works; to tend the rural trade, 405  
 To dress the walk, and form th' embowering shade?  
 So food and raiment constant will I give:  
 But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,  
 And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive. }

To whom incens'd:—Should we, O Prince, engage  
 In rival tasks beneath the burning rage 411  
 Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,  
 Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field—

raillery. I doubt not but Homer put it into the mouth of Eury-machus to make him more odious: and to shew us that the same man who invades his prince's property, insults the stranger, and outrages the poor,—pays no deference to old age; but is base enough to condemn what he ought to honour. Vice and Folly are the province of satire, not human infirmity.\*

V. 412. — — *were both constrain'd to wield,  
 Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field.*]

I doubt not but such employments as these, now only suitable to low life, will seem mean to many readers, and unworthy of the dignity of epic Poetry: it is no defence to say that they are mentioned by a beggar, and therefore agreeable to his character: the words are addressed to a prince, and suppose that a skill in such works was not unusual to persons of eminent stations; otherwise the challenge of Ulysses is ridiculously absurd. Who could forbear laughing, if he should hear one of our beggars challenge a peer, to plough† or mow

\* An admirable note. L.

† I have had the pleasure of knowing a very respectable Representative of a County, who I believe has occasionally 'ditched,' against his labourers: and something similar is mentioned of another County Member distinguished for activity and benevolence,—Mr. DENNIS ROLLE. L.

Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds,  
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds;

with him all day without eating? The truth is, the greatest persons followed such employments without any diminution of their dignities, nay, a skill in such works as agriculture was a glory even to a King. Homer here places it upon a level with military science, and the knowledge of the cultivation of the ground is equalled to glory in war. In the preface to the *Pastorals* of Virgil (but not written by Mr. Dryden), there is a passage that shews that the same simplicity of manners prevailed amongst the ancient Latins, as amongst the ancient Greeks: 'It ought not (says that author) to surprise a modern writer, that Kings laid down their first rudiments of government in tending their mute subjects, their herds and flocks: nor ought it to seem strange that the master of the horse to king Latinus in the ninth *Æneid* was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish between the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.' This passage fully vindicates Homer; and shews that such employments were no dishonour to the greatest persons. But there are two errors in the quotation: it is not taken from the ninth, but the seventh *Æneid*, nor is Tyrrheus, who cleaves the blocks, master of the horse to King Latinus, but the intendant of his flocks, or as Dryden translates it,

'Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king.'

'— — Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent  
Aimenta, et latè custodia credita campi.' vii. 485.

Tyrrheus is no otherwise a warrior, than as a deer under his charge, being killed, engages him in a quarrel, and he arms the rustics to encounter the Trojans who slew it.

'— — — vocat agmina Tyrrheus  
Quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis  
Scindebat'———508.

'Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,  
Then clench'd an hatchet in his horny fist;  
But held his hand from the descending stroke,  
And left his wedge within the cloven oak.'

Beneath my labours, how thy wond'ring eyes 416  
Might see the sable field at once arise!  
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and shield,  
And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,  
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, wouldst thou,—  
say,— 420

Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?  
No; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace:  
'Tis thou injurious art; not I am base.  
Proud to seem brave among a coward-train!  
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain. 425  
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,  
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight,

While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,  
With indignation flashing from his eyes:

Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,  
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue, 431  
Irrev'rent to the great, and uncontrol'd.  
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?  
Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,  
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe! 435

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:  
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.

It is true, though Tyrrheus was not master of the horse to the king, yet his office was a post of dignity, otherwise it had been very easy for Virgil to have given him a more noble employment. P.

This goes upon the supposition that it was necessary that all who are introduced into an epic Poem should hold offices of dignity: an idea rather modern. L.

Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,  
 Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.  
 Not so a youth who deals the goblet round:      440  
 Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound:  
 Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies;  
 He shrieks, he reels, he falls,—and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky;  
 Till mutual thus the Peers indignant cry:      445  
 O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,  
 To the black realms of darkness and of death,  
 Ere yet he trod these shores!—to strife he draws  
 Peer against Peer; and what the weighty cause?  
 A vagabond!—for him the great destroy,      450  
 In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

V. 440—4. There seems much exaggeration here. And the poor page is apparently murdered. This is far from justified by the Original. But there is dexterity in accounting for his fall. Homer describes only a blow on the 'hand.' This, taken according to its common acceptance, is hardly sufficient to knock a person down. The Translator skilfully introduces, what perhaps was meant, a blow descending obliquely from the shoulder.—Mr. S. praises the spirit of the 443d line, from the omission of the conjunctions.

This might have been carried farther, and the imitative cadence heightened thus.

'He shrieks, he reels, he falls;—breathless he lies.'

In another unpublished Poem of Robert Bloomfield, 'The Suffolk Ballad,' we have a similar occurrence, though not the effect of such an angry mood:

'You shoulder'd me—then laugh'd to see  
 'Me and my gotch spin down the hill.' L.

To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:—  
 Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?  
 Whence this unguarded openness of soul,  
 But from the licence of the copious bowl? 455  
 Or heaven delusion sends:—but hence; away!  
 Force I forbear; and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke;  
 Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:

True are his words: and he whom truth offends  
 Not with Telemachus, but truth contends; 460  
 Let not the hand of violence invade  
 The rev'rend stranger, or the spotless maid;  
 Retire we hence!—but crown with rosy wine  
 The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine: 465  
 Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:  
 This justice, this the social right demands.

The Peers assent:—the goblet Mulius crown'd  
 With purple juice, and bore in order round;

V. 457. *Force I forbear; and without force obey*] This is very artful in Telemachus. He had spoken very warmly in defence of Ulysses; and he apprehends lest he should have provoked the suitors too far: he therefore softens his expression, to avoid suspicions of a latent cause, why he interests himself so vigorously in vindication of a beggar, against the princes of the country. Besides, too obstinate an opposition might have provoked the suitors to have continued all night in the palace: which would have hindered Ulysses and Telemachus from concerting their measures to bring about their destruction. Telemachus therefore, to induce them to withdraw, uses menaces; but menaces approaching to persuasion: if he had used violence, matters must immediately have come to extremities.

Each Peer successive his libation pours 470  
 To the blest Gods that fill th' aerial bow'rs ;

V. 470. *Each peer successive his libation pours*  
*To the blest Gods ———]*

We have already observed that libations were made to the Gods before and after meals; here we see the suitors offer their libation before they retire to repose. We are not to ascribe this religious act to the piety of these debauchees, but to the customs of the times: they practise not true religion, but only the exteriors of it; they are not pious, but fashionable.

V. 471. Rather 'ethereal,' as Mr. W. observes. L.

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The Action of this Book is comprehended in a very short duration of time, it begins towards the close of the day, and ends at the time when the suitors withdraw to repose; this is the evening and part of the night of the thirty-ninth day.

In general, this Book is in the Greek very beautiful. The combat between Irus and Ulysses is naturally described: it is indeed between beggars; but yet not without dignity: it being almost of the same nature with the single combats practised amongst heroes in their most solemn games; as is evident from that in the Iliad, at the funeral of Patroclus. I could wish Homer had not condescended to those low jests and mean railleries towards the conclusion. It is true, they are not without effect, as they agree with the characters of the suitors, and make Ulysses a spectator of the disorders of his own family, and provoke him to a speedy vengeance. But might not more serious provocations have been found out, such as might become the gravity and majesty of Epic Poetry? or if gaiety was essential to his characters, are quibbles so too? These may be thought to be of the same level with those conceits which Milton puts into the mouth of the devil; and which disgrace his Poem. But the dignity, the tenderness, and justness of the sentiments, in all the speeches of Penelope, more than atone for the low railleries of Eurymachus.

Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,  
And rushing forth tumultuous, reel away.

In my Copy this Book is marked B. L.

We have in this Book three very poetical words:

ἐπιγενίς  
ρυστήκλις  
φρυσσώ

which I believe are peculiar to the Odyssey. There is another **which** indeed was unlikely to have occurred in the Iliad,

μολοῖβρος,

of which the scholiast elegantly gives the etymology; τὸν μολισκονίαν ἐπὶ ἔρααν. L.





THE  
NINETEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

*ULYSSES and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, and describes exactly his person and dress; affirms to have heard of him in Phœacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea: who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The Poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XIX.\*

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,  
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:  
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;  
And thus the son, the fervent sire address.

\* The scene still continues in the palace of Ulysses: but new persons are introduced; to carry on the action, and diversify the story. This Book opens with a repetition from the sixteenth. The ancients marked it with an asterism, without any obelisk; to shew that it was here inserted with propriety. As we draw nearer the conclusion of the Poem, the repetitions are more frequent. Virgil has generally avoided them. And indeed it may be observed, that these two Poets differ in nothing more than the manner of their elocution: Virgil is full; but Homer even overflows.—Homer is like those painters of whom Apelles used to complain, that they left nothing to be imagined by the spectator, and made too accurate representations; but Virgil is like Timantes in Pliny. ‘*Timanti plurimum adfuit ingenii: in omnibus operibus ejus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur:*’ and again, ‘*ostendit etiam quæ occultat.*’

Eustathius observes, that the unexpected opportunity to remove the arms in the absence of the suitors, occasions this repetition: in the sixteenth book Ulysses told Telemachus he would give a sign when he should make the removal, despairing of an opportunity to

Instant convey those steely stores of war 5  
 To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:  
 The cause demanded by the suitor-train,  
 To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:  
 Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,  
 Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost, 10  
 His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:  
 From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.  
 Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,  
 Lest, they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,  
 Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul, 15  
 Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.  
 The prince obedient to the sage command,  
 To Euryclea thus:—the female band

give a public direction, without danger from the suitors; he therefore wisely lays hold of the present hour, which happily favours his desires, and enjoins the arms to be removed immediately.

V. 4. Rather, to avoid an equivocal construction,

‘ And fervent thus the sire his son address.’

V. 5. *Those steely stores* ] It was not worth while by the use of an harsh figure to gain nothing better than so unpleasant a repetition of the s.

V. 11. *The roof they won't adorn.*

Mr. Wakefield properly notices the Miltonian construction here; so familiar to Fenton and suitable to Homer as in P. L. I.—764, 5.

‘ Though like a covered field, where champions bold  
 Won't ride in arm'd. W.—L.

V. 18. — — — *the female band*

*In their apartments keep, &c.]*

It is not without sufficient reason that Telemachus distrusts the maids:

In their apartments keep: secure the doors:  
 These swarthy arms among the covert stores 20  
 Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,  
 Imbrown'd with vapour of the smould'ring flame.

In happy hour; (pleas'd Euryclea cries)  
 Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!  
 Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care, 25  
 Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.  
 But who the lighted taper will provide,  
 (The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?

Without infringing hospitable right,  
 This guest (he cry'd) shall bear the guiding light. 30  
 I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;  
 They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.

He said:—from female ken she straight secures  
 The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:  
 Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears 35 }  
 The plummy-crested helms, and pointed spears,  
 With shields indented deep in glorious wars. }  
 Minerva viewless on her charge attends,  
 And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.

many of them were in the interest of the suitors. It was therefore necessary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed; lest they should betray the secret. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 32. Thus the Author of 'The Farmer's Boy,' in an exquisite Poem not yet published:

'Those who will work, 'tis pity they should want.' L.

V 38. *Minerva — with her golden lamp —*] The office here ascribed to Minerva gave great offence to Rapin: and he censured it as mean, and unworthy of the Goddess. But Eustathius fully vindi-

Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere,                    40  
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!

cates Homer. Pallas is here an allegorical Deity intended by the Poet to express the wisdom of Ulysses:—he acts with as much prudence as if Minerva herself guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this description, that Ulysses formed all the actions of this night with the utmost wisdom:—or according to the Greek proverb, ἐν νυκτὶ βέλῃ, the ‘councils of this night’ were regulated with the exactest prudence and secrecy. Spondanus observes, that Callimachus, a statuary in Athens, made an image of Minerva according to this picture in Homer: she held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of such an unwasting nature, as not to want to be replenished in the space of a whole year. See lib. i. of Pausanias. Dacier judges, that though a ‘lamp’ was unknown in the days of Ulysses, yet it might be not so in the days of Homer; and therefore he might speak of it: for instance, the ‘trumpet’ was not known in the Trojan war, yet Homer mentions\* it, because it was used in his age. But this is no answer: for Homer does not say that the trumpet was used during the siege of Troy;—if he had, he would have been guilty of a gross anachronism,—but he speaks of it by way of allusion, as a thing well known in his time. Here therefore the case is different. For Ulysses is the person who is supposed to make use of this lamp: and Dacier allows that it was unknown in his age; and consequently he ought not to use it at all. It may therefore perhaps be most probable, that Callimachus did not form his statue from this original; or if this be not allowed, that he fell into an error, and gave the Goddess a lamp instead of a torch.

I will only further add, that this office of Minerva may be vindicated from all meanness, by observing that it is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the Goddess here executes: she improves it into a miracle. The whole palace is enlightened with a celestial fire; and Ulysses and Telemachus gather full assurances of her favour and success from that miraculous illumination: this circumstance raises the description out of lowness into dignity \*

\* This latter part of the Note is very just and beautiful. And there is a most vivid energy in the thought and the expression of Homer here. L.

A present Deity the Prince confess'd,  
And rapt with ecstasy the sire address'd.

What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!  
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise : 45  
The walls, where'er my wond'ring sight I turn,  
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!  
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,  
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.

V. 40, 1. *Not such the sickly beams which unsincere,  
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!'*

The classic beauty of these lines entitles this interpolation to perhaps more than pardon The original is only this:

‘A beauteous light she made.’

Φαος περικαλλες ποιει. v. 34.

Chapman is, indeed, as Mr. W. observes, highly poetical in this place:

‘A golden cresset; that did cast a light  
*As if the Day sate in the throne of Night.*’ L.

V. 48. *Of pure ethereal race.*

Again from the poetic treasury of Milton, in a passage admired by Mr. W. as unrivalled for delicate felicity of diction:

‘Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream  
Whose fountain who shall tell.’ P. L. III. 7. L.

V. 48. *Some visitant of pure ethereal race.*] Eustathius gives us a twofold explication of the words,

‘Αυτη τοι δικη εστι Σεων ———

They imply either that the Goddess Themis descended, or that it is the custom of celestial powers to manifest themselves in such illuminations, without appearing visibly. The latter interpretation seems most natural, and makes the construction easy; whereas the other is

Be calm, replies the Sire; to none impart,      50  
 But oft revolve the vision in thy heart.  
 Celestials, mantl'd in excess of light,  
 Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.  
 Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,  
 T' explore the conduct of the female train:      55  
 The pensive Queen perchance desires to know  
 The series of my toils, to sooth her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends;  
 His bright alcove the obsequious youth ascends:  
 Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close, 60  
 Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd,  
 In council secret with the martial maid,  
 Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait  
 The Queen, descending from her bow'r of state.      65  
 Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,  
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.

scarce to be understood without supplying *απο* before *θεων*. Otherwise it must be allowed, that the former opinion is not unhappy. Ulysses tells his son, that the Goddess of justice is sent by the Gods to assist him in taking vengeance on the suitors. Themis is a very proper Deity to be introduced upon such an occasion, and shews that Ulysses proceeded upon the strictest rules of equity, in the distribution of his rewards and punishments. But the passage will not admit this sense: it being evidently Pallas, not Themis, who appears.

‘*Αυτῇ Δίκη ἐστὶ θεῶν*—

‘This is the manner of the Gods:’

seems to be a phrase very clear and established, and little less than proverbial in Homer. L.



An iv'ry seat with silver ringlets grac'd,  
 By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:  
 With iv'ry silver'd thick the footstool shone, 70  
 O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.  
 The sov'reign seat with graceful air she press'd.  
 To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:  
 The golden goblets some, and some restor'd  
 From stains of luxury the polish'd board: 75  
 These to remove th' expiring embers came,  
 While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.

'Twas then Melanthe with imperious mien  
 Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:  
 Avaunt, she cry'd, offensive to my sight! 80  
 Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,  
 Into the woman-state asquint to pry;  
 A day-devourer, and an ev'ning spy!

V. 69. *By fame Icmalius wrought* —] Homer in both his Poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artisans of antiquity. I doubt not but most of them were his particular \* friends: and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewise learn the nature of the noblest pieces of art in Homer's days, from his poetry.

V. 82. *Into the woman-state asquint to pry.*] This is the true reason why Melanthe is out of humour (says Madam Dacier:) She had some affairs upon her hands, which demanded no witnesses:—meaning the vicious commerce between her and Eurymachus. Dacier is undoubtedly in an error: Eurymachus in the end of the last book left the palace, and therefore Melanthe could not speak out of any appre-

\* The Author of this Note was thinking of Jervais and Sir Godfrey Kneller. L.

Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand  
Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand. 85

Th' insulted Hero rolls his wrathful eyes,  
And, Why, so turbulent of soul? he cries;  
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,  
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?  
In crowds, we wear the badge of hungry Fate; 90  
And beg, degraded from superior state!  
Constrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;  
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give.  
A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,  
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd: 95  
My gate, am emblem of my open soul,  
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.  
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!  
'Tis Jove's high will; and be his will obey'd!  
Nor think thyself exempt:—that rosy prime 100  
Must share the general doom of with'ring time.

hensions of having a stop put to her affairs this night, by the presence of Ulysses.

V. 85. This spirited close representing the action corresponding with the verbal menace is added by the Translator. But it is justly admired by Spence; as the speech is by Wakefield. L.

V. 94. See the same passage in the Original translated differently, B. XVII. 501. L.

V. 99. Mr. Spence (Ess. 246.) supposes this imitated from Scripture. But there is more of scriptural sublimity in the Original.

‘ Saturnian Jove these smote.—for so he will'd.’

Ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἀλαπαξέε Κρονίων· ἦδελε γὰρ πού· v. 80.

To some new channel soon, the changeful tide  
 Of royal grace the offended Queen may guide;  
 And her lov'd Lord unplume thy tow'ring pride. }  
 Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware: 105  
 Sweet blooms the Prince beneath Apollo's care;  
 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;  
 Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her keen reproach had reach'd the Sov'reign's ear:—  
 Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear: 110

V. 106. *Sweet blooms the Prince beneath Apollo's care*] It may be asked why Telemachus is said to owe the preservation of his life to Apollo? Eustathius answers, that he was called 'Ο Ήσος καροτροφῶς by antiquity; and that Daphne from being his favourite was named κερθαλεια. But perhaps that epithet was appropriated to Apollo, because all immature deaths in the male sex were ascribed to him, as they were to Diana in the female. It may therefore be said with great propriety that it is owing to the favour of Apollo, that Telemachus had not died an immature death, or that he was arrived to manhood. Eustathius adds, that Apollo, as he is the sun, may be called the nourisher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation: it is owing to his influence that every being comes to maturity; and in this sense likewise he may be called Κερσίτροφῶς. What Eustathius ascribes to Daphne, Dacier applies to Diana: and tells us, that she was called Κερθαλεια, and that the ancients celebrated a festival in her honour for the health of their infants.

V. 110. *Loquacious insolent* '—] Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, 'Thou bold impudent b—h;' θαρσαλεῖ κυον ἀδδεις. It is spoken by Penelope. In our age it is an expression so vulgar, as not to be uttered in common conversation; much less in Epic Poetry: it is true, it fully expresses the height of impudence, and in Homer's time it was no more mean, than calling a coward a 'deer,' and both the expressions are joined together in the first of the Iliad.

To thee the purpose of my soul I told;  
 Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:  
 The storied labours of my wand'ring Lord,  
 To soothe my grief he haply may record. 114  
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:  
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!  
 But thou, on whom my palace cares depend,  
 Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:  
 A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;  
 Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear. 120

‘Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.’

It is there spoken by Achilles· and in another place of the Iliad Jupiter applies it to his wife, and calls Juno an impudent b—h: a plain indication that the expression was not mean, as it is at this day, because it was used by the greatest of heroes, and the supreme of Gods.

V. 112. ‘Venial discourse unblam'd.’ P. L. IX. 5.

V. 116. *Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue*'] The expression in the Greek is remarkable.

——— ‘Ο ση κεφαλή αναμαΐεις.

‘Which you shall wipe upon your own head,’ or, as Eustathius explains it, ‘a crime which you shall make to cleave to your own head:’ a similar expression (adds the same author) occurs in Sophocles.

——— καπὶ λείρουσιν καρα

Κηλίδας ἐξεμαΐεν.

Whence it appears, that the blood that was found upon the sword, was wiped upon the head of the slain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceased, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable custom and there are many expressions like it in the Scriptures; namely, ‘his blood be upon his own head.’ It was customary amongst the Romans to wash their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood· thus the Roman Governor washed his hands, and said, ‘I am innocent of the blood of this just person.’

The menial fair obeys with duteous haste :  
 A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd :  
 Due-distant for discourse the hero sat ;  
 When thus the Sov'reign from her chair of state :  
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand, 125  
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.

He thus : O Queen ! whose far-resounding fame  
 Is bounded only by the starry frame,  
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway,  
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey ! 130

V 127—136. Barnes has ingeniously prefixed the original of these lines as descriptive of Britain under the reign of Anne.

Ω Γυναί εκ αν' ης σε ξερω'ν επ' απειρονα γαιαν  
 Νεικεοι' γ, γαρ σευ κλεος θρανον ευρυ'ν ικανει.  
 'Ωστε Ιευ η Βασιλη'ος αμυμονος ο'στε θεωδης  
 Ανδρασιν εν πολλοισι και ιφθιμοισιν ανασπων  
 Ευδωκίας ανεχ'ησι' φερ'ησι δε γαια μελαινη  
 Πυρες και κριδας, βριθησε δε δενδρεα καρπω.  
 Τικ'λειδ' εμπ'εδα μηλα, θαλασσα δε παρεχει ιχθ'υς  
 Εξ ευηγεσι'ης' αρείωσι δε λαοι υ'π' αυ'ω. v. 107—14.

The coincidence of the description might suggest a better glory than the victories, splendid as they were, of that reign. Internal plenty, morals, and happiness, are worth numberless triumphs.

Mr. Wakefield justly observes, that the compliment is less direct in the Original than in the Translation: for it compares the prosperity of Ithaca under Penelope to the prosperity of a country governed by a wise and just king. And thus it has more of delicacy and force: and more of the character of sincerity. Perhaps Ulysses may be understood to be thinking of Phæacia and Alcinous. L.

V. 129. *Consummate pattern of imperial sway.*] Homer here gives an amiable picture of a mild and just government. It is a truth certain and universal, where the subject enjoys the fruits of his

In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;  
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:  
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;  
 And fish of ev'ry fin thy seas afford;  
 Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess;   135  
 And bless the pow'r that still delights to bless.  
 Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial Dame!  
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:  
 Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;  
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep!                   140  
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear;•  
 And to this gay censorious train appear  
 A winy vapour melting in a tear.                   }

Their gifts the Gods resum'd (the Queen rejoin'd)  
 Exterior grace, and energy of mind,                   145

industry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the sea will furnish the land with plenty of fishes\*, and men will plant when they are sure to gather the fruits. It is the constant observation of all travellers, the worst situation under an easy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the best soil and happiest situation under an arbitrary power. This whole passage is very beautiful: and the more beautiful because the words proceed from the mouth of a King.

Spence observes on a somewhat over embellishment in v. 131, 2.

The Original is merely thus.

'Whose black earth brings forth barley and wheat; and whose trees are laden with fruit.'

V. 144. On comparing Broome's version of the same lines of the Original, (xviii. 293.) these will perhaps be found to deserve the praise of being nearer to the Original, and of happier simplicity. L.

\* 'fish' properly. L.

When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,  
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.  
My Lord's protecting hand alone would raise  
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!  
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort;      150  
Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:  
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,  
And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves:  
Obtruding on my choice a second Lord,  
They press the Hymenean rite abhorr'd.      155  
Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,  
I live regardless of my state affairs:  
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;  
But ever for my Lord in secret grieve!—  
This art, instinct by some celestial pow'r,      160  
I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:  
'Ye Peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,  
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,  
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,  
Till this funereal web my labours end:      165  
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath  
A pall of state, the ornament of death.  
For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame  
With just reproach were licens'd to defame;  
Should He, long honour'd in supreme command, 170  
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'  
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;  
The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.

Three years successful in my art conceal'd,  
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd: 175  
 Befriended by my own domestic spics,  
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.  
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,  
 And fear forbids to falsify the breed.  
 My anxious parents urge a speedy choice, 180  
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:  
 For rule mature, Telemachus deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—  
 But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,  
 Divide discourse; in turn thy birth relate: 185  
 Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;  
 No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.

Princess! he cries, renew'd by your command,  
 The dear remembrance of my native land,  
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source; 190  
 And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!  
 So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,  
 The dues of nature to his natal home!—  
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;  
 Your sov'reign will my duty bids obey. 195

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!  
 And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:

V. 190. 'Unsealing the source of grief' is a metaphor rising into allegory, perhaps better placed by Gray in his *Progr. of Poetry* than here.

'Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.' L.



Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names  
In various tongues avow their various claims:

V. 196, &c. *Crete* —] It is not without a good reason that Ulysses is so particular in the geography of Crete. he does it, that Penelope, from the knowledge of the truth which he speaks concerning that island, may be induced to give the reader credit to his succeeding fictions. In the *Iliad*, Homer calls Crete *ἐκατομπολις*, or the island with an hundred cities, lib. ii

‘ Crete’s hundred cities pour forth all her sons.’

Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. Strabo is very full upon this difficulty, lib. x. Ephorus (says that author) judges that ten cities were built by the Dorians after the Trojan war, under Althæmenes; and therefore Ulysses here mentions Crete as having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demolished by the enemies of Idomeneus; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, Homer does not affirm that there were an hundred cities in the time of the war with Troy, but in his own age (for the Poet in that place speaks in his own person); if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the Isle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to this description of Ulysses; it being very improbable, that ten of the Cretan cities should be destroyed, either during the war, or after the return of Idomeneus; for Homer himself testifies that he returned safe to Crete with all his soldiers, lib. iii. of the *Odyssey*.

‘ And those whom Idomen from Ilion’s plain  
Had led, securely crost the dreadful main.’

And therefore he had sufficient forces to defend his country. But though we allow that those ten cities had been destroyed after his return, yet how could Ulysses come to the knowledge of it, having neither been in Crete, nor met with any Cretan to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable that in the time of the Trojan war Crete had no more than ninety cities; but an hundred in the days

Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew, 200  
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due :

of Homer: and this fully reconciles the Iliad with the Odyssey; in the Odyssey it is Ulysses that speaks, in the Iliad, Homer.

Virgil speaks of Crete after the manner of Homer.

‘Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,  
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.’

ÆN. III. 104. 6.

The other ten cities were built by the Dorians (as Ephorus writes) under Althæmenes.

V. 199. *In various tongues* —] The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of Crete were mixed with strangers who had settled in the island; or as some imagine (says Eustathius) Ulysses speaks thus out of fear, lest Penelope should discover him not to be a native of Crete from his wrong pronunciation of the language of the Cretans. We may gather from Strabo, that the Dorians inhabited the eastern parts, the Cydonians the western, the Eteo-Cretans the southern; and the rest of the nation being most powerful, possessed the plain country lying toward the north. The Eteo-Cretans, that is, the true Cretans, were the original inhabitants of the island, and probably also the Cydonians. There is some difficulty in the word *τριχαικες*. Andron the historian (continues Strabo) affirms, that the Dorians who lived near Parnassus planted a colony in Crete, and built three cities, and from thence called themselves *τριχαικες*, ‘quasi tripartiti.’ But Strabo rejects this opinion of Andron: for these Dorians possessed four cities, and their country was called *τετραπολις*: he therefore believes them to have taken that name from a triple crest; or from having them adorned with hair after the manner of a plumage, from *τριχες*, signifying ‘hair.’ But perhaps Strabo is in a mistake: for Thucydides, lib. i. p. 107, and Diodorus, lib. xi. p. 60, confirm the opinion of Andron. The words of Strabo have given great trouble to the Commentators; and they ingenuously confess they cannot understand them. The expression is *τριχινες λοφες εφαιμιλεις*: the difficulty lies in *εφαιμιλεις*. But if we read the sentence thus, all will be plain, *τριχινες λοφες, η εφαιμιλλες*, that is, crests adorned with hair, or something like it, from *εφαιμιλλος*, ‘æqualis.’ DACIER.

The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,  
 Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share:  
 Cnossus, her capital of high command;  
 Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand 205  
 Divided right; each ninth revolving year,  
 By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.

V. 206. — *Each ninth revolving year, &c.*] This Minos King of Crete was an excellent lawgiver, and as Ephorus writes (says Strabo), to give his laws the greater veneration he used to descend into a cave sacred to Jupiter, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that Deity: this is the reason why Homer tells us he conversed with Jupiter. Thus also Numa Pompilius boasted of the same favour from Ægeria, to make his decrees to be received by the Romans. The only difficulty is in the word *εννεωρ*: and it has been generally believed to imply, that Minos continued in the cave of Jupiter nine whole years: but Casaubon remarks that it never signifies nine years, but every ninth year, as *τριαι* does not mean three days, but the third day; and this agrees exactly with the history of Minos, (see Valerius Maximus, lib. i. cap. 2) who was accustomed to review and rectify all his laws every ninth year. Plato quotes this passage in his piece, entitled Minos, and puts this last observation beyond all dispute: "Homer tells us (says that author) that Minos conversed with Jupiter every ninth year; *εννατω ετει*, and went to be instructed by him as a scholar by a master;" and a little lower he adds, *εφοιτα δι' εννατω ετους εις αυλον Διου ο Μινως*, &c. that is, 'he went into the cave of Jupiter, to learn new laws, or to reform the old which he had received in the former period,' *τη προτερα ενναετηριδι*. This Minos was the most just of all mankind: and for this reason was supposed to be made one of the infernal judges. Plutarch in the life of Demetrius makes a fine remark upon this description of Minos; 'Homer (says he) has not honoured with the glorious title of the disciple of Jupiter, the greatest warrior or oppressor, or a renowned tyrant: but the man famous for his justice and probity; a legislator, and a benefactor to mankind.' DACIER.

His son Deucalion bore successive sway;  
 His son, who gave me first to view the day!  
 The royal bed an elder issue blest, 210  
 Idomeneus; whom Ilian fields attest  
 Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil  
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,  
 Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.  
 'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came; 215

V. 207. *By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.*] The word in the Greek is *οαριστής*: and Plato fully explains it in his *Minos*: *οαροι* is the discourse. *οαριστής* the person who discourses; *ὁ συνθσιαστής εν λογοις*. Others (continues Plato) understand it to signify the guest of Jupiter; *συμπότην, συμπαιστήν*, a person that was admitted to the table of Jupiter, or a partaker in his diversions: but the falsity of this opinion (adds he) will sufficiently appear, if we remember, that of all the Greeks, the Cretans and Lacedemonians, who learned it from them, alone abstain from computations, and diversions arising from them, and in particular this is one of the laws of Minos enacted in Crete, *μη συμπίνειν ἀλλήλοις εις μέθην*, commanding the Cretans not to drink in their entertainments to excess. Thus far Dacier; to which I shall add that this remark of Plato may perhaps contribute greatly to the glory of Minos, but gives little honour to Jupiter: it insinuates that a person who drinks with that Deity, might endanger his sobriety; otherwise to be admitted to the table of Jupiter is an instance of favour and familiarity, and would have been an honour to Minos. Horace is of this opinion, for speaking of Tantalus, lib. i. *Carm. Od. xxviii.* he mentions it as a peculiar testimony of favour;

‘Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum.’

That is, according to Homer's expression, *θεων συνθσιαστής* or *συμπότης*.

Horace in the same Ode ascribes an higher glory to Minos.

‘Admitted to the deep consults of Jove.’

‘Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus.’ L.

For elemental war, and wint'ry Jove,  
 From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove  
 To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast  
 Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.  
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!) 220  
 The Hero speeded to the Cnossian court:  
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find;  
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.  
 Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,  
 Since my brave brother with his Cretan band 225  
 Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast  
 My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest.  
 Beeves for his train the Cnossian Peers assign,  
 A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.

V. 218. *To bright Lucina's fane.*] Strabo informs us that upon the Amnisus there is a cave sacred to Ilithya, or Lucina, who presides over child-birth. The reason given by Eustathius why the Poet places the cave by that river is too frivolous to be recited. It is probable that it was called the cave of Ilithya, because some great lady had made use of it, upon an occasion in which women invoke the assistance of that Goddess; or perhaps because water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of Lucina could not be placed in a more proper situation, than upon the banks of a river, and close by the sea. DACIER.

V. 218, 19. Mr.W. gives a better rhyme, without injury to the diction.

‘ ——— a dangerous steep,  
 Where loud Amnisus mingles with the deep.’ L.

V. 228. *Beeves for his train the Cnossian Peers assign,  
 A public treat —*]

It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almost impossible, that

Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial space, 330  
 My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:  
 And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,  
 He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.

Thus the fam'd Hero, perfected in wiles,  
 With fair similitude of truth beguiles 235  
 The Queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,  
 From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.

one person should entertain Ulysses and his whole fleet, which consisted of twelve vessels. This passage therefore gives us a remarkable custom of antiquity which was, that when any person with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the Prince received the chief personage and his particular friends, and the rest were entertained at the public expence. DACIER.

V. 235. *With fair similitude of truth beguiles*] The word in the Greek is *ισκεν*, which has been usually interpreted to be the same with *ελεγε*. But those that speak with more exactness derive it from *ηισε, εικαζεν, απεικονιζων προς αληθειαν*, that is, he accommodated and adapted his fictions to probability or truth: and Hesychius explains the same word by *εικαζω, ὁμοιω*. Horace almost literally translates this verse.

‘Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepat inum.’ A. P. 151, 2.

And indeed in this line the whole art of an Epic Poem is comprehended: which is a mixture of truths and fictions, but fictions conformable to verity. Or, to speak in the language of a Critic, the fable of the Epic Poem should be both probable and marvellous, astonishing, yet credible: if it be only credible, it differs in nothing from History; if only marvellous, it is no better than a Romance. The great secret therefore of an Epic writer is to produce in the reader's mind at the same time both belief and astonishment: and this is here performed by Ulysses. DACIER sur l'Aristote.

As snows collected on the mountain freeze,  
 When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze;  
 The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales, 240  
 Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:

V 238. *As snows collected, &c* ] It is not easy to take the point of this simile. Mons Periault grievously mistakes it. 'The description (says he) which Homer gives us of the sorrow of Penelope is very unaccountable: her body 'melted' like snow upon an high mountain, when the east wind 'melts' it, and the snow thus 'melted' fills the rivers, thus it was that the fair cheeks of Penelope 'melted.' This, says Perrault, is translated word for word. But in reality it resembles Homer in nothing but the repetition of the word 'melted,' or *τηκεῖο*. which in modern language is burdensome to the ear, but not in the Greek; for the word differs from itself according to its different formation, almost as much as a new one, and gives a \* distant sound; for instance, *τηκεῖο, τηκομένης, κατετήξεν*. whereas there is almost an identity of sound in 'melt, melted, or melting;' or in the French, 'liquifie, liquifiée, liquifioient.' Neither has Perrault entered into the sense of the comparison: *τηκεῖο χρως* is only a figurative hyperbole; as when we say a person is 'consumed or wasted' with grief: or perhaps *τηκω* signifies no more than 'humecto;' as *ταμερος*, 'humidus.' In reality it is the quantity of tears that is intended to be represented. And the simile is thus to be understood: the snows heaped upon the mountains by the cold west wind, are the sorrows accumulated in the soul of Penelope; the warm eastern wind, which dissolves these snows, is the recital of Ulysses, which melts those sorrows into tears, and makes them flow. When Agamemnon weeps, in the ninth of the Iliad, his tears are compared to a fountain of water falling from a rock; but women being more profuse of tears, those of Penelope are here compared to a river.

V. 241. Mr. Wakefield's commendation of this passage, as here and in other parts exhibiting descriptive Poetry in its noblest garb, and as being instinct with the genuine inspiration of the Muses, may

\* It seems doubtful whether 'distant' were the word meant to be us'd. L.

So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,  
 Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:  
 She to her present Lord laments him lost,  
 And views that object which she wants the most! 245  
 With'ring at heart to see the weeping Fair,  
 His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare:

be supposed to extend from 238 to 245.—It is true Spence inclines to condemn the two last lines as an Ovidian conceit but seemingly with too much severity; as they appear to rise naturally from the subject and occasion, and are justified by the Original:

Κλαίεισθ' ἐόν ἀνδρα ΠΑΡΗΜΕΝΟΝ (v. 209.) L.

V 244. *She to her present Lord laments him lost.*] Dacier observes that this is added by Homer not for our information, for we already know it; but because it is a reflection which must necessarily occur to every reader. It is a thing extraordinary to lament a person present, as if he were absolutely lost; and we reap a double satisfaction from the relation, by observing the behaviour of Penelope towards Ulysses, and of Ulysses towards Penelope; while he is at the same time, in one sense, both absent and present.

V. 247. An unnecessary amplification: and discordant to the Original. The Original marks the prudent fortitude of Ulysses stifling the expression of his internal emotion. W.—L.

V. 247. *His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare*] There is a beautiful contrast between Ulysses and Penelope. Penelope indulges her passion for Ulysses, Ulysses restrains his for Penelope. The picture of Ulysses is drawn to the life: he is assaulted at once with several passions; astonishment and admiration on the one side, and compassion and a desire to comfort Penelope on the other: these passions being in an equal balance, and exerting an equal force, he remains fixed, like a wave driven by contrary winds, and yields to neither of their impulses, it is thus Ulysses continues in a steady admiration, as if he had lost all thought. This passage is too beautiful not to have been explained by the ancients. Plutarch quotes it as an



Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear;  
 Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;  
 Firm wisdom interdicts the soft'ning tear. 250

A speechless interval of grief ensues,  
 Till thus the Queen the tender theme renews.

Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof  
 Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:  
 Delineate to my view my warlike Lord; 255  
 His form, his habit, and his train record.

instance of the command a wise man ought to have over his passions. 'Ulysses, who was the most eloquent, yet was the most silent of men: all his faculties were obedient, and subject to reason; he commanded his eye not to weep, his tongue not to speak, and his very heart not to pant or tremble: his reason influenced even his inward motions, and subdued the very blood and vital spirit.' And in his Treatise of Moral Virtues, he again quotes these verses. 'Ulysses had completely subjected all his faculties to right reason, and he held even his spirits, his blood, and his tears under the government of his judgment.' Virgil paints Dido in the infernal shades almost in the same colours with Ulysses.

'Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat:

Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur

Quàm si dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes.' *ÆN.* VI. 469—71.

V. 248. *Of horn the stiff' relentless balls appear.*] Eustathius informs us, that Homer applied this image of horny, or *κερατοειδης*, to the eye, because one of the coats of it is said to be of an 'horny' substance. But this is merely fanciful: if another tunic of the eye had been 'steely,' there might have been some ground for the allusion: for Homer joins both of them in the illustration; and only meant to represent the steadfastness of the eye of Ulysses, in this affecting interview.

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight  
 Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:  
 Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,  
 Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:      260  
 But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,  
 A robe of military purple flow'd

V. 259, 60. I adopt the alteration of Mr.W, in favour of the present tense,

‘ Rare in the mind those images we trace,  
 Whose footsteps twenty rolling years deface.’

V. 262, &c. *A robe of military purple, &c*] This is a remarkable passage: and gives us an exact description of the habit of a King in the days of Homer; or perhaps still earlier, in the days of Ulysses. Purple seems anciently to have been appropriated to Kings, and to them on whom they bestowed it. Thus, Judges viii. 26, the sacred Historian mentions purple raiment that was on the Kings of Midian. Thus, Esther viii. 15, a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite by King Ahasuerus: and 1 Maccabees xliii. the Jews made a decree, that Simon should wear purple and gold: and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold without his permission, in token that he was the chief magistrate of the Jews: thus also, Mac. x. 89, Alexander sent Jonathan a buckle of gold, as the use is to be given to such as are of the King's blood. Ulysses is here drest much after the same manner: he wears purple, and a buckle or clasp of gold, as a sign of his regality. But what I would chiefly observe is, that the art of embroidery was known in those early ages; nay, perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day: the embroidery was of divers colours, as we may gather from the epithet applied to the fawn, ποικίλον. Some persons indeed tell us, that this was interwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom: but the words of Homer will admit of the other interpretation; and it is evident that embroidery was known amongst the Orientals in the age of Ulysses, from Judges v. 30, ‘Have they not sped? have they not

O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast,  
 The double clasping gold the King confest.  
 In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn, 265  
 Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn:  
 Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;  
 They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.  
 Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone  
 A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun: 270

divided the prey' to Sisera a prey of divers colours: a prey of divers colours of needle-work; of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil' Here is evidently mention made of embroidery: and perhaps such was this robe of Ulysses. But however this be, it is manifest that all manner of creatures were figured upon the habit of great personages; and that those creatures were in-wrought so naturally as to seem to be alive.

V. 265. 'Mosaic' is an odd term, apparently describing the dress of a 'Grecian' hero, but it is the 'opus musivum' of the 'Romans,' perhaps from *μυσειον*, 'museion' of the 'Greeks.' The tessellated pavements were particularly so called. L.

V. 269. Ogilby is surprisingly happy here: and with one word altered (which is *Italic*) he becomes exact thus—

*Soft and thin  
 As a dried onion's perspicable skin.'*

*Οἷόν τε κρομμυοῖο λοπόν κατὰ ισχυαλεῖο.*

*Τῷς μὲν ἦεν μαλακός. λαμπρός δ' ἦν. v. 233, 4.*

The Tapeinophobia is a dreadful malady of our modern Poetry. It degenerates often into an horror of the most natural and picturesque imagery. Hence it has led the Translator to compare the thing to itself. For unless by a filmy web you understand a cobweb, (which is no more dignified than the skin of an onion) what is this woven vest but a filmy web? These horrors of the simple and natural can be no where more misplac'd than in a Translator of the *Odyssey*. L.

The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,  
 In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.  
 A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,  
 I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:  
 A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,      275 }  
 Dimension'd equal to his size, exprest  
 Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.

The Translator, as Mr W. notices, has here omitted five lines of the Original, which may be thus translated.

‘ This will I say: thou in thy mind decide,  
 I know not if from home Ulysses brought  
 This vest; or given by comrades in the ship.  
 Or if some guest bestowed: for many friends  
 He had, so many few of Greece could boast.’

There is every way great beauty in the omitted lines. They recal to the thought the loom and hands of Penelope, and they much add to the general effect of this discourse. They give at the same time a verisimilitude: this apologetical minuteness in speaking thus of Ulysses, and of what must be well known to him but unknown to others, agreeing with the character of the supposed speaker. L.

V. 275. — — — *radiant vest,*

*Dimension'd equal to his size — —]*

It may be asked what is the meaning of the *τερμίσεντα χίλωνα* here mentioned by Ulysses? Eustathius explains it by *συμμέτρους*: that is, neither too long nor too short, too wide or \* too scanty, but exactly corresponding to the make of the body. Hesiod uses the same word in the same sense: and Hesychius interprets it in the same manner; *Ευμέτρον, και μεχρη των ποδων τερμαλίζομενον*. DACIER.

V. 275. Of this vest the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey justly joins with the Note on the passage in expressing his wonder at the perfection there must have been in the art of embroidery in those days. That it was great there is no reason to doubt. Yet perhaps we must allow something to poetic embroidery. L.

A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,  
 His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:  
 Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head, 280  
 O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:  
 Eurybates! in whose large soul alone  
 Ulysses view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,  
 In all he told she recogniz'd her Lord: 285  
 But when the storm was spent in plenteous show'rs;  
 A pause inspiriting her languish'd pow'rs:  
 O thou, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate  
 Made welcome to my hospitable gate;

V. 278. *A fav'rite herald — —*] This is very artful in Ulysses. Penelope had asked what kind of person her husband was. Ulysses fears to give a description of himself, lest by drawing the copy like the original now before the eyes of Penelope, she should discover him to be Ulysses. He therefore diverts the inquiry: yet at the same time satisfies her curiosity; by adding a new circumstance to confirm his veracity; by describing his attendant and herald, Eurybates. DACIER.

V. 281. For the sake of this promontory shoulder the Translator has omitted a circumstantiality which is very picturesque, and had been preserved by Ogilby.

‘ Was somewhat older; more his shoulders spread.’

Which is the *ολιγον προγενεστερος*—*γυρος ωμοισιν* of the Original.

But the, ‘superimposito moles geminata Colosso,’ is an excess which those who best see can hardly themselves escape. L.

V. 284, 5. I cannot say that I like ‘the tempest of her grief restor'd.’ L.

V. 286. This I must agree with the Author of the Essay in condemning.

The next is a good line; elegant, and simple, and graceful. L.

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end; 290  
 Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!  
 The vest much envy'd on your native coast,  
 And regal robe with figur'd gold embost,  
 In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,  
 When my lov'd Lord this blissful bow'r enjoy'd: 295  
 The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn  
 Doom'd to survive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O Royal Dame! }  
 Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame, }  
 From the devouring rage of grief reclaim. 300 }  
 I not the fondness of your soul reprove  
 For such a Lord! who crown'd your virgin-love  
 With the dear blessing of a fair increase;  
 Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:  
 Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend: 305  
 Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.  
 The royal object of your dearest care,  
 Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;  
 In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound  
 Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd: 310

V. 296. Ogilby—more exact to the *κακοιλιον εκ ονομαστην*. (260)  
 of his Original—

‘To Troy—that town whose very name I hate.’

Ogilby, thus a little refined, might have been adopted here without  
 disparagement, by Pope or his coadjutors. L.

Milton, as noticed by Mr. W. suggested the diction.

‘On the Aleïan field I fall

‘Erroneous’ there to wander, and ‘forlorn.’ P. L. VII. 20. L.

Without retinue, to that friendly shore  
 Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!  
 His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey  
 On herds devoted to the God of day,  
 Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree, 315  
 To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.  
 To better fate the blameless Chief ordain'd,  
 A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,  
 And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,  
 He landed on the fair Phæacian coast. 320  
 That race who emulate the life of Gods,  
 Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:  
 Large gifts confer; a ready sail command,  
 To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.  
 But your wise Lord, (in whose capacious soul 325  
 High schemes of pow'r in just succession roll)  
 His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring Fate,  
 Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.

V. 325, 6. Justly observed by Mr. W. as somewhat stiff, artificial, and inflated. The temptation of comparing the revolution of thoughts in a well ordered and comprehensive mind to that of planets and systems in the universe, was somewhat too strong. L.

V. 327. *His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,  
 Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.]*

Ulysses amassed great riches by being driven from country to country: every prince where he arrived made him great presents; according to the laudable customs of hospitality in former ages. The word in the Greek (observes Dacier) is *αγυπλάζειν*. It is borrowed from beggars, who by strolling from place to place get their livelihood;

Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sov'reign sway  
 Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey: 330  
 And bade the Gods this added truth attest,  
 (While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)  
 That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,  
 To waft the Hero to his natal land.  
 I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way; 335  
 But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:  
 So rich the value of a store so vast  
 Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!  
 The darling object of your royal love,  
 Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove; 340  
 By the sure precept of the silvan shrine,  
 To form the conduct of his great design:  
 Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd  
 In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd.

and hence it was made use of simply for to amass, or make collections. Hesychius explains it by συλλεγει, πολιζει, εγειρει; in which words there are two errors, and it is manifest they are corrupted: Monsieur le Fevre reads πωλιζει, εγειρει DACIER.

We may observe that Ulysses gives himself great commendations through this whole interview. He calls himself *διος Οδυσσευς*: and says, that there were few men in the world like him; that he was *θεοις εναντιον*, or like the Gods. This is not a sign of vanity or ostentation; since Ulysses speaks in the character of a stranger: he must therefore speak in the same manner as a stranger would have spoke; that is, with honour of Ulysses, to ingratiate himself with Penelope. Besides, this conduct conduces to persuade Penelope, that he is the person he pretends to be, and by consequence contributes to prevent a discovery.



Thus lives your Lord: nor longer doom'd to roam;  
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome. 346

By Jove, the source of good, supreme in pow'r!  
By the blest Genius of this friendly bow'r!

I ratify my speech: before the sun  
His annual longitude of heav'n shall run; 350  
When the pale Empress of yon starry train  
In the next month renews her faded wane,  
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign. }

What thanks, what boon, reply'd the Queen, are  
due,

When time shall prove the storied blessing true! 355  
My Lord's return should fate no more retard,  
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.  
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,  
The wounds of destiny's relentless rage.

V. 347. Chapman excellently: if 'Thou' be changed into 'The

'Witnesse Jove,  
The first and best of all the pow'rs above.'

*Ιστω νυν Ζεὺς πρῶτα, Θεῶν ὑπαλός καὶ ἀριστός.*

It is curious that *ὑπαλός* became the Greek term for 'Consul.' L.

V. 350. ——— Again from Milton:

'Jocund to 'run'  
'His longitude' through heav'n's high road.' P. L. VIII. 373.  
W.—L.

V. 352. *Faded wane.*] Certainly improper: as being tautologous.  
W.—L.

I long must weep! nor will Ulysses come, 360  
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—  
 Your other task, ye menial train, forbear:  
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare;  
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:  
 Up-rising early with the purple morn, 365

V. 363. *Now wash the stranger, &c.*] This was one of the first rites of hospitality observed towards strangers, amongst the ancients. The Scriptures abound with instances of it: Abraham offers water to wash the feet of the Angels whom he mistook for strangers, &c. There was also a bath for the stranger: but this seems to have been a greater honour (as Dacier observes) than that of washing the feet. This may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed. The daughters of the family, even young princesses, assisted at the bath, but the washing the feet was an office committed to servants: thus the daughter of Nestor, in the third Odyssey, bathed Telemachus; but Ulysses being disguised like a beggar, Euryclea washes his feet. This agrees exactly with another passage of Scripture: when David sent to ask Abigail to wife, 1 Sam. xxv. 41, she made answer, 'Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord.' My memory fails me, if there be any other passage, either in the Iliad or Odyssey, where this practice of washing the feet is directly mentioned. The reason is, this was an office performed only to inferior persons; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both Homer's poems are filled with the characters of such personages: and therefore there was no room to mention it in other places. It is true, the word here is *απονιψατε*, and does not necessarily imply the washing of the feet; but washing in general: yet here it is to be understood of the feet, for Euryclea in the act of washing them discovers this stranger to be Ulysses.

V. 365. Rather—

' Well-cheer'd with warmth to wait the purple morn;  
 Then early bathe and sooth with fragrant oil  
 His sinews.

W.—L.

His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,  
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.

Then with Telemachus the social feast

Partaking free, my sole invited guest,

Who'er neglects to pay distinction due,

370

The breach of hospitable right may rue.

The vulgar of my sex I most exceed

In real fame, when most humane my deed:

And vainly to the praise of Queen aspire,

If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,

375

Beneath the feastful bow'r.—A narrow space

Confines the circle of our destin'd race;

'Tis ours, with good the scanty round to grace.

}

V. 376. — — *A narrow space*

*Confines the circle of our destin'd race.]*

The sense is here cut short: and Homer, like a good painter, leaves something to be supplied by the reader's imagination. Life is short (says Penelope) we ought therefore to employ it in doing good. The motive indeed which she uses, is not entirely conformable to true theology: she here proposes glory as the sole aim of doing virtuous actions; though in other places Homer plainly asserts, that we ought to act with piety to please the Gods. DACIER.

V. 376, 7. This amplification of the simple proposition, *ανδρωποι δε μινυυθαδιοι γελεθουσιν* (v. 328.) is one of the passages in which the Translator has had Virgil in his eye.

‘Stat sua cuique dies:—‘breve et irreparabile tempus

Omnibus est vitæ;—sed famam extendere factis

Hoc virtutis opus. ÆN. x. 467.

Happily rendered by Dryden—

‘Short bounds of life are set to mortal man:

‘Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.’ W.—L.

Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,  
 Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues; 380  
 By death dis-rob'd of all their savage pow'rs,  
 Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.  
 But he whose in-born worth his acts commend.  
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;—  
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame, 385  
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.

Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow  
 On me, confirm'd, and obstinate in woe.  
 When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,  
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew, 390  
 These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)  
 I chose, the livery of a woful mind!  
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate  
 With splendid palls, and canopies of state:  
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn, 395  
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.  
 The delicacy of your courtly train  
 To wash a wretched wand'rer would disdain:  
 But if, in track of long experience try'd,  
 And sad similitude of woes ally'd, 400

V. 399. *But if, in track of long experience, &c.*] I will have an old woman to wash me (says Ulysses) The reason of this request is not evident at first view: but Eustathius explains it by shewing that Ulysses acts thus to avoid the insults and contempt of the younger damsels of Penelope, who had sufficiently outrag'd him in this and the preceding Book. They would think themselves degraded by performing such an office to a beggar. Eustathius remarks, that some

Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,  
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.

ancient Critics rejected three verses here: it is absurd, say they, that Ulysses should choose Euryclea for this office, who was the only person who could discover him, and ruin his designs; he knew she was acquainted with the wound that afterwards discovers him but the truth is, Ulysses knew Euryclea to be a person of wisdom, and he was in hopes to draw her over to his interest, and make use of her in his affairs in the future parts of the Odyssey. and this he does upon many important occasions, in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the suitors, so that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to their partizans abroad. Here therefore he artfully brings it about, that Euryclea should be assigned to this office. not only to avoid the insults of the other females, but to make use of her faithfulness and wisdom to carry on his designs, and make the way more easy to the suitors destruction. The choice therefore was prudent. she was aged, and acquainted with human miseries; not only by reason of her age, but \* had herself suffered in all the afflictions of Penelope and Telemachus. We find she is described as a mother to the whole family and she all along adopts the afflictions of it. Eustathius therefore may perhaps be mistaken when he asserts this to be an instance of ill counsels crowned with good success. But then it may be asked, if Euryclea was a person of such wisdom and fidelity, why does not Ulysses trust her with the secret of his return? The reason is plain. it would not only have been contrary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency to trust himself to Euryclea, and not to Penelope; this would in some measure have raised the character of the servant above that of his wife and Queen. Part of this note I am indebted for to M. DACIER.

V. 400.

‘ In sad similitude of woes allied—

Happy adaptation of that beautiful line of the Eloisa:

‘ In sad similitude of woes to mine.’

W.—L.

\* Strict grammar requires ‘ but because she had.’

Pleas'd with his wise reply, the Queen rejoin'd.  
 Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,  
 In all who grac'd this hospitable bow'r 405  
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.  
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,  
 To light receiv'd the Lord of my desires  
 New from the birth: and with a mother's hand  
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd: 410  
 Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;  
 Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd,  
 Of strength superior to the toil assign'd. — }  
 Rise, Euryclea! with officious care  
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare: 415  
 This debt his correspondent fortunes claim:  
 Too like Ulysses;—and perhaps the same!  
 Thus, old with woes my fancy paints him now!  
 For age untimely marks the careful brow.  
 Instant obsequious to the mild command, 420  
 Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand  
 She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;  
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies.

Mr. W. seems justly to have expected that no commendation could be given to this speech as translated which the heart of the reader would not already have anticipated. W.—L.

V. 412. This double superlative ought to have been avoided. L.

V. 422. Surely a bad line. L.

V. 422. *She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes.*] Dacier observes that Aristotle in his third Book of Rhetoric quotes this action of Euryclea as an instance of a 'paralogism' familiar to Homer; and again

Son of my love, and Monarch of my cares!  
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears! 425

In his Poetics he cites it to the same purpose. A paralogism consists in making use of false reasoning, and drawing a false consequence from true premises. 'All men, says Aristotle, are naturally persuaded that where such a thing is, or is done, such another must happen, we may therefore make them easily believe, that if the last is, the first must consequently be. But in reality, the latter which we lay down as truth being often false, the former is so more frequently: for it does not follow, that because one thing is, another must necessarily be, but because we are persuaded of the truth of the latter, we conclude falsely, that the former is also true.' The Reader will enter into the meaning of Aristotle, and understand what a paralogism is, by an example of it. For instance, if we were to prove a man to be in love, we bring it as an argument that he is pale now this is a false reasoning or paralogism, because a person may be pale from other reasons than love. Thus in the instance of Euryclea 'Homer (says Aristotle) imposes upon his Reader, by mentioning a sign that is known, to draw a consequence from it, to prove a thing that is not known.' That is, Homer endeavours to prove that the whole story concerning Euryclea is true, and that she really hid her eyes when she wept, because this is a consequence of passion, and because it is natural for persons to conceal their eyes with their hands while they weep. This also is a paralogism: for every syllable concerning Euryclea may be a fiction of the Poet, though such a gesture is natural to a person in her circumstances. The imposition consists in this, namely, in the art of the Poet, in endeavouring to deceive us into a belief, that because persons when they weep conceal their eyes, therefore it is true that Euryclea thus actually wept, the latter may be evidently false, though the former may be true. Aristotle brings this practice of Homer as an example to all Poets how to tell lies as they ought, or agreeably.

V. 424. With great but just refinement of observation, Mr. W. thinks he traces this to another sweet line in the *Eloisa*.

'Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.' L.

Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid,  
 With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?  
 He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane.  
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:  
 There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r, 430  
 Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;  
 That form'd for empire with paternal care,  
 His realm might recognize an equal heir.  
 O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;  
 His God forgets him on a foreign coast!— 435

V. 434. — — *The pious vows are lost;*  
*His God forgets him — —]*

Euryclea we see is astonished to find that a person who is remarkable for his Piety should be unfortunate; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of Virtue, and a trial, not a punishment. Maximus Tyrius, the Platonic, xxi Dissert. excellently explains this subject: 'Who (says that author) can deny Ulysses to be a man of piety? Jupiter remembers him, Minerva loves him, Mercury guides him, Calypso is enamoured with him, and Leucothea saves his life! Who then can deny but that Heaven tried him with all his afflictions, that he might appear to be, and deserve to be called a good man? This is the reason why he suffered at Troy, from the suitors, by the Cyclops, by Circe, and by shipwreck, this is the reason why he wandered as a vagabond, and a beggar; that he was half naked, that he was struck and insulted, and suffered a thousand insolencies from the riots of the suitors: it was the favour and love of Heaven that brought him into all these afflictions, and not the anger of Neptune.' When a good man suffers, Heaven frequently chooses him out as an hero, who knows how to behave bravely in the day of adversity and this is agreeable to true theology.

V. 434, 5. This is too much:—the Original only says,  
 'Now hath he reft thee wholly of return.'

Νυνδε τοι ὧδε σε παμπαν ἀφείλετο νοστήμον γμαρ. (369.) L.



Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride  
 The rich insult him, and the young deride:  
 Conscious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind  
 The friendly rite of purity declin'd;  
 My will concurring with my Queen's command, 440  
 Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.  
 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;  
 In thy whole form Ulysses seems exprest:  
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,  
 None imagin'd e'er like thee my master lost. 445

Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,  
 With cool composure feign'd, the Chief replies:

V. 436, 7. Who will not subscribe to the remark of Mr.W. of the uncommon merit of the Translation? The sagacity of Mr.W. traces an evanescent adaptation of the 'poor ghost' of Hamlet. L.

V. 443. *In thy whole form Ulysses seems exprest, &c.*] Homer continually draws his reflections from the present object. Penelope, at the sight of this distressed and ill clothed stranger, breaks out into a tender sentiment, and cries, 'Perhaps my Ulysses is such as he!' for thus Eustathius applies the expression, *ε τοιστ' ην φυσει αλλα δια κακωσιν*; that is, 'he was not such by nature, but misfortune' but if we understand it of a bodily resemblance, the sentiment is still beautiful; and the reader cannot without pleasure see Penelope deceived in comparing Ulysses with Ulysses. DACIER.

V. 445. More correctly in diction, and with better rhyme, by Wakefield:

'My master's image none like thee could boast.'

Chapman with more pathetic exactness in the close:

'Both of your stature, voice, and very gait.'

which is closely

'Ως συ δεμας φωνήν τε ποδας τ' Οδυσσῆι εοικας. (381.) L.

You join your suffrage to the public vote;  
The same you think, have all beholders thought.

He said, replenish'd from the purest springs, 450  
The laver straight with busy care she brings:  
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,  
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.  
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind  
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd, 455  
His face averting from the crackling blaze,  
His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.

V. 447. — — *the Chief replies.*] This is very artful in Ulysses: if he had denied the resemblance, it might have given suspicion; he therefore confesses it, and by confessing it persuades Euryclea that he is not the real Ulysses. DACIER.

V. 449. With better rhyme Mr.W.

'The same you fancy all beholders note.' L.

Chapman, with a Shakesperian manner:

'So all have said, said he, that ever yet  
Had the proportion of our figures met  
In their observancies:—so well your eye  
Proves in your soul your judging faculty.' L.

V. 452 The comparison from the Translator. W.

V. 456. *His face averting from the crackling blaze.*] The reason why Ulysses turns toward the darkness is to avoid discovery, and that Euryclea might not examine him too curiously. But this is not the whole design of Homer; the Poet thus describes Ulysses to give probability to the future story: for, as Eustathius judiciously remarks, it is from this action alone that the fainting of Euryclea, her laying her hand on the chin of Ulysses, his seizure of her throat to hinder her from discovering him, escape the notice of Penelope; Ulysses is seated out of view, and withdrawn from observation. DACIER.

Thus cautious in th' obscure he hop'd to fly

The curious search of Euryclea's eye.

Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find 460

The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.

V. 460. *Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find  
The scar ———]*

This story concerning the wound of Ulysses, may, I fear, in some parts of it, seem somewhat tedious — it may therefore be necessary to shew that it is introduced with judgment, and though not entirely entertaining, yet useful.

Aristotle in the eighth chap. of his Poetics, speaking of the unity of the action of the *Odyssey*, mentions this wound of Ulysses. Homer, says he, who excelled other Poets in all respects, seems perfectly to have known this defect (*viz.* that all the actions of an hero do not constitute the unity of the action, but only such as are capable to be united with the fable); for in composing his *Odyssey*, he has not mentioned all the adventures of Ulysses: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon Parnassus with the account of his feigned madness, when the Greeks assembled their army; for because one of them happened, it was neither necessary nor probable that the other should also happen; but he has inserted all that could have respect to one and the same action. Monsieur Dacier fully explains Aristotle. We have in this precept (observes that author) two remarkable events in the life of Ulysses: his feigned madness, and his wound received upon Parnassus: the Poet mentions the wound; but is silent about his madness. He saw that the latter had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his Poem; and therefore he says not a word of it. he has acted otherwise with respect to the wound received upon Parnassus: for although that wound was no more to the matter of his Poem, than the madness, yet he speaks of it, because he found an opportunity of inserting it so naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a necessary part of it; since it causes a remembrance of his Hero, that is, since it is the occasion of Euryclea's discovering Ulysses; so that this history, which is here related at length, is no foreign Episode, but a natural

This on Parnassus (combating the boar)  
 With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.  
 Attended by his brave maternal race,  
 His grandsire sent him to the silvan chace, 465  
 Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name  
 For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:

part of the subject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a Poet uses to form one and the same action ought to be: namely, either necessary or probable consequences of one another; as the remembrance of Ulysses was of this wound. Every adventure then that has not this connexion ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore Homer took care not to interrupt the unity of his *Odyssey*, by the Episode of the feigned madness of Ulysses; for that incident could not be produced by any that were necessary or proper to the Poem, nor produce any that had the least relation to it.

Bossu fully agrees with Aristotle and Dacier and gathers from this Episode that some incidents which make not directly any part of the action or the fable may be inserted into a Poem, if those incidents are necessary to clear up any part of the fable or action.

This 'remembrance,' or discovery by the wound, is mentioned in another place:—see the twenty-first *Odyssey*. Aristotle in his seventeenth chapter of the *Poetics*, prefers this remembrance to that \*there made to Eumæus. It is (observes that author) here managed with more address and art; it is done without design, and seems a consequence of the story. There Ulysses himself discovers the wound; here it arises from the subject, and a series of incidents there Ulysses has recourse to it, and it causes no surprise, because there is no great art in shewing a mark, which we are willing to have known. All remembrances therefore (says Aristotle) which produce their effects by design have little ingenuity: whereas those which are brought about by chance, surprise us, and are instances of the Poet's art and address.

\* It would have been much preferable to have said, 'to that made there.' L.

Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,  
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load).

V. 466. *Autolycus the bold (a mighty name  
For spotless faith ———]*

This difficult passage is well explained by Dacier and Eustathius: the words are

—— ὅς ἀνθρώπους ἐκεκαστο  
Κλεπτοσύνην δ' ὄρω τε ——

which literally run thus, 'he surpassed all men in swearing and stealing.' A terrible character! if it were to be understood according to the letter. It has been imagined, that Homer commends Autolycus for his address in robbery, and making equivocal oaths like the person (says Eustathius) who made a truce with his enemies for several days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended it, by telling them that the truce was not made for the night, but the day or like the person mentioned by Athenæus, who stole a fish, and gave it to his neighbour, and being questioned about it, swore, that he had it not himself, nor saw any other person steal it. but this is not the meaning of Homer, for he calls Autolycus εὖδελος, or 'a good man,' and adds that this κλεπτοσύνη καὶ ὄρκος, was the gift of a God. The truth is, the former word does not here signify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former signifies a laudable address in concealing our own designs, and discovering those of our enemies; it consists in surprising them, when they least expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their provisions, and in short in all manner of 'stratagems,' authorized by the laws of war: ὄρκος signifies fidelity in 'observing' an oath, and never violating the sanctity of it. Plato, in his first Book de Repub. makes it plain, that this is the sense of Homer: he there quotes this passage; and asserts that he is the best guardian of an army, who knows how to steal the counsels and enterprises of the enemy, ταῦτων πολεμίων κλεῖψαι βουλευμάτων, καὶ τὰς ἀλλὰς πράξεις. From this, it is there inferred, that justice is a kind of chicanery (κλεπίλικη τις ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ φίλων, καὶ βλάβῃ των ἐχθρῶν), by which we serve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but the answer there given to

His course to Ithaca this hero sped, 470  
 When the first product of Laertes' bed  
 Was new disclos'd to birth, the banquet ends,  
 When Euryclea from the Queen descends, }  
 And to his fond embrace the babe commends. }  
 'Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son; 475  
 And name the blessing that your pray'rs have won.'

this assertion is, *α μὲν τῷ Δία*, or, by no means: it must be understood with some restriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war; but in common life criminal. The qualities therefore that Homer commends in Autolycus, are his dexterity in discovering, penetrating, and preventing the designs of his enemies, and the religious observance of his oaths: and not theft and perjury, Eustathius explains Homer by adding *κλεπίσυννεν ε κακῇ, ὄρκον ε φανλον*.

V. 468. *Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd.*] The reason why Homer attributes these gifts to Mercury is, because he was the president of society, or of all things that are acted with a desire of concealment. He is also the God of speech: it therefore appertained to that Deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the president of speaking. DACIER.

V. 476. *'Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son, &c.]* We have here an ancient custom observed by the Greeks: the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees; as a token that a grandchild was the most agreeable present that a son could make to a father. That this was an ancient custom is evident from the Iliad.

— — — *στυγερας δ' επεκεκλετ' Εοινοας*  
*Μηποιε γνασιν οισιν εφesseσθαι φιλον υιον*  
*Εξ εμαθεν γεγαωτα — — —*

That is, the father of Phœnix imprecated the furies, that Phœnix might never have a son to place upon his grandfather's knees.

It has been already remarked that it was customary in Greece for the parents to name the child. Here the grandfather names Ulysses:

Then thus the hoary Chief:—‘ My victor arms  
 Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:  
 A sure memorial of my dreaded fame  
 The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name! 480  
 And when with filial love the youth shall come  
 To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome  
 With gifts of price shall send him joyous home.’ }  
 Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime  
 Ended in man, his mother's natal clime 485  
 Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear  
 Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:  
 Her ancient Lord<sup>a</sup> an equal joy possess;  
 Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:  
 A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled, 490  
 Whose stately growth five flow'ry summers fed:  
 His sons divide, and roast with artful care  
 The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.

but this is done by permission of the parents; for Autolycus bids them give the name.

Γαμβρος εμος συγατηρ τε τιθεσθ' ονομ'.

Ulysses was called *Οδυσσευς*, from *Οδυσσω*, Irascor; implying (says Eustathius) that many hated, or were enraged at, Autolycus, for the mischiefs he had done by his art in war; *εκ τε μισες δια κλεπτοσυνην*: that is, in other words, Autolycus called Ulysses *Οδυσσευς*, from the terror he had been to his enemies.

V. 480. Perhaps the Greek name ‘Odusseus’ should in this verse rather have been adopted. L.

\* Autolycus.

Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)  
 Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal 495 }  
 Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.  
 Their drooping eyes the slumb'rous shade opprest,  
 Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,  
 Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night; 500  
 Ulysses, and his brave maternal race  
 The young Autolycei, assay the chace.  
 Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,  
 With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;  
 What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,  
 Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam. 506  
 The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;  
 The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;  
 And foremost of the train, his cornel spear  
 Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war. 510  
 Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,  
 A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:  
 Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thund'rous show'r,  
 Nor solar ray, cou'd pierce the shady bow'r,

V. 494. Closely thus with Mr.W.

‘Nor ceast the banquet that revives the soul.’ L.

V. 500. From the Allegro.

‘Scatters the rear of darkness thin.’ W.

V. 514. Mr.Wakefield has given a noble encomium on this line, as one of the happiest specimens within his knowledge of the power of a single term to ennoble a thought. L.



With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store! 515  
 The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar,  
 Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,  
 The savage from his leafy shelter flies:  
 With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,  
 And bristles high impal'd his horrid chine. 520  
 Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,  
 Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;  
 The savage renders vain the wound decreed,  
 And springs impetuous with opponent speed!  
 His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore; 525  
 Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,  
 And bar'd the bone:—Ulysses undismay'd,  
 Soon with redoubl'd force the wound repay'd:  
 To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd  
 His further flank with streaming purple dy'd: 530  
 On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain.  
 With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train  
 View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain. }  
 With bandage firm Ulysses knee they bound;  
 Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound 535

V. 520. 'Impal'd with circling fire.' P. L. ii. 648. W.

V. 533. Admirable line! like that in Virgil. 'perculit, et fulvâ moribundum extendit arenâ.' ÆN. v. 374. L.

V. 535. *Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound  
 Of sacred melody confess'd the force.*]

This is a remarkable instance of the antiquity of that idle superstition of curing wounds by incantation or charms: yet Homer is no way blameable for mentioning it, he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which, whether true or false, vindicates him as a Poet. Indeed

Of sacred melody confess'd the force;  
The tides of life regain'd their azure course.

almost all other Poets have spoken more boldly than Homer of the power of incantations; thus Virgil,

‘Carmine vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam  
Caminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulysses.  
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.’

Ecl. viii. 69—71.

But we may defend Homer from Pliny, who has thought this point, viz. whether charms are available physically, worthy of a serious discussion. He refers to this passage in his Natural History, lib. xxviii. cap. 1. ‘Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine Theophrastus, Ischiadicos sanare. Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, Varro, Podagricis.’ Attalus affirms, that if a man chance to spy a scorpion, and pronounce the word ‘duo,’ it will lie still, and never shoot his sting. I think these grave authors outdo even the fictions of Poets; and I hardly believe that any of them would have ventured to provoke a serpent, trusting to the charm. But we are to understand this charm not merely as a form of words, but as joined with musical notes, and then it may appear more rational for the cure of the sciatica, Theophrastus commends the Phrygian music; and A. Gellius for giving ease to it; but adds, ‘ut memoriæ proditum est.’ Apollonius in his Book de Miris, affirms from Theophrastus, that music cures many diseases both of mind and body, καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φροῦδος, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γιγνομένης τῆς διανοίας ἐκπτώσεις· ἰαταὶ δὲ καλοῦσι γὰρ ἰσχυρά καὶ ἐπιληψίαν. And the same author affirms, that many in his time, especially the Thebans, used the pipe for the cure of several sicknesses; which Galen calls καταυλῆσιν τὰ τοιαῦτα, ‘super loca affecta tibiā canere;’ or ‘loca dolentia decantare.’ I will not affirm that such charms of music have no power in some maladies. Every one knows what an effect the harp of David had over the spirits of Saul; but we have either lost, or not yet found out the art. A natural reason may be assigned for it: for as the musical notes move the air, so the air moves the inward spirits, and the humours of the body, which are the seat of diseases; so that by this new motion they may be con-

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim:  
 Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,  
 Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome 540  
 With added gifts return'd him glorious home.  
 He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,  
 Relates the chace, and early praise achiev'd.

Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:  
 Which noted token of the woodland war 545  
 When Euryclea found, th' ablution ceas'd;  
 Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd:  
 The mingled fluids from the vase redound;  
 The vase reclining floats the floor around!  
 Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife exprest  
 Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast. 551

condensed, rarefied, dissipated or expelled, according as they are agitated or influenced by the concussion of the musical notes. But however this be, if other Poets may say that charms have power to stop the rivers in their courses, Homer is not to be condemned for ascribing the power of stopping blood to incantations. See Mr. Cowley's Notes on the first book of his *Daideis*.

A true lover of music would have found a better solution of this medical Problem. L.

V. 550. *Smiles dew'd with tears, &c* ] So Milton, in a most exquisite passage :

'He ceas'd: discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd as had, like grief, been dew'd with tears  
 Without the aid of words—which thus he breath'd.'

P. L. xii. 373. W.—L.

But the pathetic simplicity of the Original nothing can exceed.

'Joy seiz'd and grief at once her soul: her eyes  
 Were fill'd with tears; her eager voice suppress.'

Τηνδ' αἶμα χαρμα καὶ αλγος ἔλεν φρενα. Ἰωδε οἱ οσσε  
 Δακρυοφιν πλησθεν' θαλερῆδε οἱ εσχειο φωνη. 471, 2.

Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;  
 At length abrupt—my son!—my King!—she cry'd.  
 His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,  
 Full on the Queen her raptur'd eye she cast: 555

V. 551. Much better with Wakefield: as they were not alternate,

'Of grief and transport labouring in her breast.' L.

V. 553.—*abrupt—my son! —my King! —she cry'd*] It may seem incredible that this dialogue between Ulysses and Euryclea could be held in the presence of Penelope, and she not hear it. How is this to be reconciled to probability? I will answer in the words of Eustathius: The Poet, says he, is admirably guarded against this objection. It is for this reason that he mentions the falling of Ulysses's leg into the water, the sound of the vessel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effusion of the water: all these different sounds may easily be supposed to drown the voice of Euryclea, so as it might not be heard by Penelope. It is true, she could not but observe this confusion that happened while Euryclea washes: but the age of Euryclea might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleness; and Penelope might be persuaded that it was thus occasioned, having no reason to suspect the truth. Besides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to speak to the audience, while the persons on the stage are supposed not to hear? In reality, it is evident that Ulysses and Euryclea were at a proper distance from Penelope, probably out of decency while the feet were washing; for as soon as that office is over, Homer tells us that Ulysses drew nearer to the fire where Penelope sat, that he might resume the conference.

Αυτὴς ἀρ' ἀσσοτέρῳ πυρὸς ἔλκετο διφρὸν Ὀδυσσεύς. v. 506.

V. 554. This broken exclamation introduced by the Translator is commended justly by the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey (199.) Not improbable the Translator is indebted for this beauty to a passage in Scripture. Ev, Jo, xx. 28. L.

Ardent to speak the Monarch safe restor'd;  
 But studious to conceal her royal Lord:  
 Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote;  
 And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.  
 His hand to Euryclea's mouth apply'd, 560  
 Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the Hero cry'd:  
 Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:  
 And have the Fates thy babbling age ordain'd  
 To violate the life thy youth sustain'd? }  
 An exile have I told, with weeping eyes, 565  
 Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:  
 At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast  
 To know thy King, and here I stand confest.  
 This heav'n-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,  
 Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind: 570  
 Else if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,  
 And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,  
 With their lewd mates thy undistinguish'd age  
 Shall bleed, a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear: 575  
 What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?  
 Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;  
 With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immur'd.

V. 558. With better rhyme thus:

' Pallas to views remote the Queen inclin'd;  
 And from the present bliss abstracts her mind.' W.

V. 560. ' Lips' would have been the better expression. L.

V. 577. *Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd.*] Plutarch in his treatise upon Garrulity observes, that Ulysses and every person

When Heav'n, auspicious to thy right avow'd,  
 Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd, 580  
 The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;  
 The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.

Thy aid avails me not, the Chief reply'd;  
 My own experience shall their doom decide;  
 A witness-judge precludes a long appeal: 585  
 Suffice it thee thy Monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious with redoubl'd pace,  
 She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:  
 The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil  
 With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil. 590

that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under so great a master of secrecy as Ulysses. It is practised by his Wife, his Son, and his Nurse; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, possessed this virtue in so eminent a degree as to suffer themselves to be dashed in pieces by the Cyclops, rather than discover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable is, that the safety of Princes counsels consists in secrecy. DACIER.

V. 585. With the assistance of Chapman, and giving the old accent to a substantive at the end of the first line, the Translator might have approached nearer to the Original.

'A witness-judge precludes a long contest,  
 Silent be thou:—leave to the Gods the rest.'

Αλλ' ἔχε σιγή μνηστῶν. ἐπὶ τρεῖς οὖν δὲ θεοισι. v. 502.

V. 587. From Æn. IV.

— — — illa gradum studio celerabat anili. (v. 502.) W.—L.

V. 590. *With plenteous unction* —] We are not to imagine that this custom of anointing the feet was an instance of luxury. It prevailed over the oriental world solely out of necessity, to avoid

Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,  
 His former seat receiv'd the stranger guest;  
 Whom thus with pensive air the Queen address. } *S*

Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,  
 Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize, 595  
 A while, reluctant to her pleasing force,  
 Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.  
 The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)  
 My menials, and domestic cares employ:  
 And, unattended by sincere repose, 600  
 The night assists my ever-wakeful woes:  
 When Nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,  
 My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.  
 As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,  
 Sad Philomel, in bow'ry shades unseen, 605

offensiveness in those hot regions. This custom prevailed many ages after Homer: and we have an instance of it in the woman who washed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain proof that oil was used after washing the feet as well as after bathing.

V. 602, 3. These lines have two opposite faults, a prosaic contraction, and a common but tumid and misplaced exaggeration.

The Original thus:

' But when night comes, and sleep possesses all,  
 I sleepless lie: round my unquiet heart  
 Swarm piercing cares; and while I mourn, yet more  
 They sting me.

Αὐτὰρ' ἐπεὶ Νύξ' ἐλθῇ ἔλῃσι τ' ἐκοῖλος ἀπανίας  
 Κεῖμαι ἐνὶ λεκίρῳ· πυκινὰ δέ μοι ἀμφ' ἀδινὸν κηρ  
 Οἷμαι μελεδῶναι οἰδυρομένην ἐρεθισσι. v. 515.

The Author of the Night Thoughts has a similar passage. L.

To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,  
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:

V. 605. *Sad Philomel, &c*] This passage is thus explained by Eustathius. The simile is not only introduced to express the sorrow of Penelope, but the nature of it: it is not so much intended to illustrate her grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful song of the nightingale; for thus Homer applies it

Ὡς καὶ ἐμοὶ διχὰ θυμὸς οὐρεταὶ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα.

Eustathius adds, that Homer relates this story very differently from later Authors: he mentions nothing of Progne, Tereus, or Pandion, unless that name be the same with Pandareus; Itylus likewise is by them called Itys. The story is thus, according to these writers. Philomela was the wife of Tereus King of Thrace. She had a sister named Progne, whom Tereus ravished, and cut her tongue out that she might not discover the crime to Philomela. But Progne betrayed it by weaving the story in a piece of embroidery. upon this Philomela slew her own son Itys or Itylus, and served up his flesh to the table of her husband Tereus; which being made known to him, he pursues Philomela and Progne, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their swift flight into Athens, by which they escaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and Progne into a swallow; it being observed by Pausanias, that no swallow ever builds in Thrace, or nightingale is ever seen there, as hating the country of Tereus. But Homer follows a different history. Pandareus son of Merops had three daughters, Meropè, Cleothera, and Aëdon: Pandareus married his eldest daughter Aëdon to Zethus brother of Amphion, mentioned in the eleventh Odyssey. She had an only son named Itylus; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law Amphion, she resolves to murder Amaleus the eldest of her nephews. her own son Itylus was brought up with the children of Amphion, and lay in the same bed with this Amaleus. Aëdon directs her son Itylus to absent himself one night from the bed, but he forgets her orders. At the time determined, she conveys herself into the apartment, and murders her own son Itylus, by mis-



Young Itylus, his parents darling joy!  
 Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:  
 Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous  
                     boy. 610

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,  
 A sad variety of woes I mourn!  
 My mind reflective, in a thorny maze  
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.  
 Now, wav'ring doubt succeeds to long despair: 615  
 Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;  
 And joining to my son's my menial train,  
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign!  
 Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores; 620

take, instead of her nephew Amaleus. Upon this, almost in distraction, she begs the Gods to remove her from the race of human-kind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale.

V. 606 *Attunes her varied — —*

— 'Airs, vernal airs

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves — — — P. L. iv. 264. W.

Ἡ δὲ Θάμα ἱρωπῶσα χρεὶ πολυχρᾶ φωνῆν. v. 521. L.

This beautiful line has been noticed by Mr. Daines Barrington; and by Aikin on the 'Study of Natural History,' as subservient to Poetry. L.

Παῖδ' ολυφρομένη Πυλον φίλον — v. 522.

In allusion to this passage, Catullus.

'Qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris  
 Danlias, abrepti fata gemens Ityli. L.

Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;  
 And from the Peers select the noblest Lord;  
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide  
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?  
 A visionary thought I'll now relate; 625  
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.

A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)  
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,  
 Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove  
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove; 630  
 Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,  
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.  
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,  
 To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:  
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul, 635  
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.  
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,  
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:  
 Perch'd on the battlements he thus began;  
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man.) 640

V. 627. *A team* — —] Though Pope and his master Dryden have both used this word as applied to the flight of a train of birds, I can hardly think it poetical. L.

‘No vulgar vision of the sky.’

inelegant, immelodious, (by the disagreeable reiteration, vulgar ‘vision’) and incorrect. Ogilby was more accurate and in better manner.

Suppose thus:

‘Fear not, but trust, Icarian progeny;  
 No treacherous dream, a faithful vision, I. L.

O Queen! no vulgar vision of the sky  
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy:  
 View in this plummy form thy victor Lord;  
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,  
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword. 645  
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.  
 When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,  
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train  
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.

The vision self-explain'd (the Chief replies) 650  
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:  
 Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;  
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.

Hard is the task, and rare, the Queen rejoin'd,  
 Impending destinies in dreams to find! 655  
 Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,  
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:

V. 641. Θαρσει Ικαριου Κρητη γελυκασινω

Ουκ οναρ, αλλ' ὑπαρ εσθλόν, ὃ τοι τελεσμενον εσται. v. 546, 7.

V. 646. 'Feather'd omen'—an affected metaphor. L.

V. 649. 'Feeding I found as erst the golden grain.'

Πυρον ερεπτομενης παρα πτελον, ως το παρος περ. v. 543.

L.

V. 656. *Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep, &c.*] This seems to be a bold fiction, and Commentators have laboured hard to shew the reason of it: some imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunic of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory represents the teeth; and that by these allusions the Poet intended to express that what we hear spoken may be false, but what we see must infallibly be true; that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits

Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,  
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:  
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn, 660  
And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn;  
Where images of truth for passage wait,  
With visions manifest of future fate.

falsehood, that of horn, truth. Others explain Homer by referring to the nature of horn and ivory; horn being pervious to the sight, and ivory impenetrable. Dacier, from Eustathius, gives us a very different solution: by horn, which is transparent, Homer means the air, or heavens which are translucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth which is gross and opaque. thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are false; those from heaven, or through the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of Homer, for such an interpretation. I imagine that this fable is built upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falsehood and truth. Diodorus Siculus, in his second book, describing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation, and then adds, that there are other gates in the same place; namely, in Memphis in Egypt, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a statue of justice without an head. now Homer in the twenty-fourth Odyssey places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal shades, and it is past dispute that he borrows all these fables of Styx, Cocytus, (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation,) &c. from Egypt, and places them in hell, after Orpheus, who adapted all his ceremonies according to the rites of burial observed at Memphis, as Diodorus fully proves: if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, &c. from Egypt, why may he not the story of the gates of falsehood and verity? especially since he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the customs of the Egyptians, and this region of dreams is placed by him in the passage to hell: it may therefore not be impossible but this story of the gates of sleep, may have a real foundation, and be built upon the customs of the Egyptians.

Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,  
 Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd: 665  
 Delusive semblance!—But my remnant life  
 Heav'n shall determine in a gameful strife:  
 With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,  
 For me the rival archers shall contend.  
 As on the listed field he us'd to place 670  
 Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space,  
 Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,  
 Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart:  
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,  
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay. 675  
 To him the spousal honour is decreed,  
 Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.  
 Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs  
 With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)  
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;  
 The pleasure past supplies a copious theme  
 For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful  
 dream!

V. 663. *Visions manifest of future fate.*] It does not necessarily appear that this construction is a Grecism, as visions, and not the Adjective, may constitute the regimen of the following Genitive. Yet it was probably so intended.

Dryden in the passage quoted by Mr. Wakefield has given an undoubted example:

' Calisto there stood ' manifest of shame.'

The Latin Poets, and particularly Silius Italicus, transplanted this elegance of idiom from Greece: and, like every other elegance, it adapts itself to our climate; though somewhat timidly. L.

Propose the sportive lot, the Chief replies,  
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:  
 Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game 685  
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim.

To whom with grace serene the Queen rejoin'd:  
 In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!  
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,  
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale. 690  
 But Heav'n, that knows what all terrestrials need,  
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:  
 Grateful vicissitude!—Yet me withdrawn,  
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn

V. 682. The Alexandrine here is very beautiful and expressive, and the two short syllables for a long one twice occurring in 'mäny.' L.

V. 687 Part of Ogilby's version is good.

'And less in sleep than thy discourse delight.'

———'Mortals which on earth reside,

'Must rest and toil alternately divide.' W—L.

V. 687. The Eloisa was constantly vibrating on the ear of Fenton:

'O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair.' W.—L.

V. 693. 'Grateful vicissitude'—again Miltonian—

'Which makes through heaven

Grateful vicissitude.' P. L. vi.—9. 10. W.

These accommodations prove an ear, taste, and memory, 'thoroughly imbued with poetic excellence from its various sources. It is thus we see in Virgil a Mosaic most exquisitely formed of the minutest fragments of the various diction of his predecessors. L.

Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy 695

Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!

Meantime instructed is the menial tribe

Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.

Thus affable, her bow'r the Queen ascends;

The sov'reign step a beauteous train attends: 700

V. 698. 'Prescribe' ungrammatical for the sake of the rhyme. L.

In the Translation of this Book there is a circumstance to be noticed. Arrangement is generally out of the province of the Translator but it is said that in the instance now to be stated, the narrative of the boat-hunting in Parnassus, which is the cause of the scar by which Ulysses is recognized, is very properly made by the Translator to precede the account of the manner in which Euryclea discovers her long lost child and master, and the effects of the discovery on her agitated spirits. For that the recognition is not fully expressed by the Translator till after the Narrative.

The observation of the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey merits to be transcribed

'Euryclea, you know, discovers Ulysses by a scar upon his leg while she is bathing him. The moment she makes this discovery she drops the jar of water, and is ready to faint with surprize and joy. Though these, in the nature of the case, must follow immediately upon one another, Homer has inserted a long story (how the scar was occasioned) just after the discovery, and before those passions which are the immediate effect of it. This is a sudden event declared 'fourscore' lines before it is 'described:' a succession of time taken up in the narration contrary to the time of the fact: an 'impetuous' passion kept in suspense:—in a word, two things inseparable in their nature disjointed in the description.—I know not whether I see this in a wrong light: but at present it puts me in mind of Mahomet's flinging his bason down travelling to Heaven, and returning again before the water is run out.'

'If I mistake not, this impropriety is avoided very artfully. Eury-

There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;

Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows: — —

clea is not made to discover this scar before that long digression. It is rather said that she would soon discover, than that she has actually discovered it. 'Tis after the digression that it is mentioned directly as fact: so that in the Translation this fact is not disjointed which it immediately raises in Euryclea\*.

For thus much there does appear a foundation, though scarcely for so strong a distinction as is here made.

The translation says:

'Cautious in vain, nor ceas'd the Dame to find  
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.'

That which she did not cease to find (the expression is rather forc'd) the conclusion seems direct that she then immediately found.

But it is stronger in the Original.

ἈΤΤΙΚΑΔ' Εἴρω

Οὐλῆν.

v. 392.

The Translation would have more exactly corresponded with the remark if it had been thus—

—— 'for now she was to find

The scar.'

Certainly when we are told that she immediately knew the scar, the history of the hunting in Mount Parnassus, interesting though it is in itself, and characteristic of the youthful prowess of Ulysses, becomes an unpleasant interruption.

The whole effect might have been secured thus

'Meantime his face averted from the blaze,  
His shoulders intercept the unfriendly rays;  
The sage, revolving in his thoughtful mind,  
The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd,  
Thus cautious in the obscure persists to fly  
The curious search of Euryclea's eye.'

\* *Ess.* 248, 4.



Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,  
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

Then the Narrative, omitting ver. v. 460, 1.

‘ And then the discovery; not at all anticipated.’ L.

This pleasing and well translated Book, with the judicious intermixture of Miltonian Diction, is, in my Copy, marked F. L.

I find a compound in this Book of the Odyssey which might have been expected to occur in the Iliad, unless avoided on a principle of good omen or ‘ Euphemism.’ ΚΑΚΟΙΑΙΟΝ. v. 260.

Θεσπομενος (v. 507.) is also a word peculiarly Odyssean. L



THE  
TWENTIETH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*WHILE Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the People; and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them: notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XX.

AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,  
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:  
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd  
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)  
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaste 5  
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:  
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,  
And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,  
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey, 10  
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair  
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.

V. 12. *With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.*] Eustathius expatiates upon the conduct of these female servants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reserve (remarks that Author) is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The Athenians, as Pausanias informs us, had a temple sacred to Love and Venus the Whisperer. Venus was called the Whisperer (*Ψιθυγία*), because they who there offered up their prayers applied

His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,  
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung

their mouths to the ear of the statue of that Goddess, and \*whispered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no ways affects the Ladies of Great Britain; they speak so well, they should never be silent.

Ulysses, Homer tells us, is almost provoked to kill these females with his own hands. this has been imagined a thought unworthy an Hero. The like objection has been made against Æneas in Virgil (*Æneid*, lib. ii. 567).

‘ Thus, wand’ring in my way, without a Guide,  
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy’d  
Of Vesta’s temple: there she lurk’d alone;  
Muff’d she sat, and, what she could, unknown:  
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,  
Resolv’d to give her guilt the due reward.’

This whole passage is said to have been expunged from Virgil by *Tucca* and *Varius*; for as Virgil there expresses it,

‘ ’Tis true a soldier can small honour gain,  
And boast no conquest from a woman slain.’ DRYDEN.

But the objection is probably made with too great severity, both against Homer and Virgil. It is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a Hero is not supposed to be insensible, he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both Æneas and Ulysses are fired with a just indignation, and this is agreeable to human nature: but both of them proceed to no outrageous action; and this shews that their passions are governed by superior reason. However, this resentment of Ulysses is less liable to objection than that of Æneas. Ulysses subdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reason, but Virgil introduces a machine to compose the spirit of Æneas.

\* It is understood there was not long past a Temple of this very kind in the British Metropolis, known indeed by the name of the Temple of a Roman Goddess. L.

Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame      15  
 With their own blood, and intercept the shame;  
 Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,  
 And let the Peers consummate the disgrace.  
 Round his swoll'n heart the murm'rous fury rolls;  
 As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,      20

' — — all shining heav'nly bright,  
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight:  
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break,' &c.

It may be further added that the case is very different between Æneas and Ulysses. The persons whom Ulysses intends to punish are his subjects and servants: and such a punishment would be no more than an act of justice, as he is their Master and King, and we find in the sequel of the Odyssey that he actually inflicts it. It should therefore be thought an instance of Homer's judgment, in painting the disorders of these servants in such strong colours, that we may acknowledge the justice, when he afterwards brings them to punishment.

V. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, &c.*] This in the Original is a very bold expression: but Homer, to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally translated it, as Spondanus observes.

' — — animusque in pectore 'latrat.'

That is, word for word,

' — — Κραδίη δὲ οἱ ἐνδον ὕλακται. V. 13.

The similitude itself is very expressive: as the mastiff barks to guard her young, so labours the soul of Ulysses in defence of his Son and Wife; Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the comparison could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue; and therefore has substituted another in the room of it: 'Son cœur rugissoit au dedans de luy, comme un lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne scauroit entrer.' But however more noble the lion may be than the mastiff, it is evident that she utterly deviates from the allusion: the mastiff rages in defence of her young; Ulysses of his Son Telemachus: but how is this represented by a lion roaring round a

And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compest  
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder<sup>x</sup> in his breast.

Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain  
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.

fold, which he is not to defend, but destroy? We have therefore chosen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expressive similitude: and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to Dogs by the Antients. They were kept as a piece of state by Princes or Heroes: and therefore a comparison drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a Lion.

It is not difficult for any observer of Nature to feel the nobleness and beauty of a comparison drawn from an animal, of such qualities as a Dog. L.

\* P. L. ix. 1004. W.

V. 23. *Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain  
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain* ]

These two verses are quoted by Plato in his *Phædo*, where he treats of the soul's immortality he makes use of them to prove that Homer understood the soul to be un compounded and distinct from the body. 'If the soul,' argues that author, 'were a compounded substance, if it were harmony (as some philosophically assert), she would never act discordantly from the parts which compose it: but we see the contrary; we see the soul guide and govern the parts of which she herself is pretended to be composed; she resists, threatens and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice, and anger in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a substance of a nature entirely different from its own. Homer therefore evidently understood that the soul ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony.'

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning: and there is an expression, observes Dacier, that bears the same import in the holy Scriptures: 'The heart of David smote him when he numbered the People.' There is this difference: in Homer by 'heart' is understood the corporeal substance, in the Scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.



Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil, 25  
 When the brave partners of thy ten years toil  
 Dire Polypheme devour'd:—I then was freed  
 By patient prudence, from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on Reason's peaceful coast,  
 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost; 30  
 Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:  
 As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

V. 25. *Not fiercer woes*] This contradicts the Original. It should have been thus:

‘Not fiercer woes thy fortitude now foil,  
 Than when the brave companions of thy toil—’

— — και κυνῆσον αλλο ποτ' εἶλυσ  
 Ημαδι τω δὲ τοι μενος ασχχῆτος ησθιε Κεκλωψ  
 Ιφσιμβς εἶαρες—. V. 18—20. L.

V. 32. *As one who long, &c.*] No passage in the whole Odyssey has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison; Monsieur Per-  
 rault is particularly severe upon it: Homer (says that critic) compares  
 Ulysses turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron.  
 Whereas the truth is, he compares that Hero turning and tossing in  
 his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of  
 the suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a vic-  
 tim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of  
 Ulysses. Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, answers this objection. It  
 is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most deli-  
 cious dishes amongst the ancients. that the ‘sumen’ or sow's belly  
 was boasted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a  
 sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides the Greek word used to  
 express a black-pudding was not invented in the days of Homer.  
 Ogilby indeed thus renders it:

‘As one a pudding broiling on the coals.’

But you will ask, Is not the allusion mean at best, and does it not  
 convey a low image? Monsieur Dacier answers in the negative, in his

The sav'ry cates on glowing embers cast  
 Incessant turns, impatient for repast;  
 Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd, 35  
 In self-debate the suitors doom resolv'd.

notes upon Aristotle's Poetics. The comparison is borrowed from sacrifices\* which yielded blood and fat: and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. Lib. i. of the Iliad.

'On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from every part.'

The 'cawls' and the 'choicest morsels' were the fat of the victim, selected as the best part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language: for the Author of Ecclesiast makes use of it, xlvii. 2. 'As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, so was David chosen out of the children of Israel.' And the same allusion which was used to represent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulysses.

But what is understood by the 'belly of the beast, full of fat and blood?' Boileau is of opinion that those words denote the fat and the blood which are in those parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error; as appears evidently from these lines, lib. xviii. of the Odyssey.

Γαστέρες αἱ δ' αἰγῶν κεατ' ἐν πυρὶ τας δ' ἐπὶ δορπῶ  
 Κατ' ἡμεῖθα, κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματ' ἐμπλήσαντες.

'Implentes sanguine et pinguedine, in cœnâ deponimus;' a demonstration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

V. 32. *Pale-ey'd famine.*] Mr. Wakefield observes, that this is from the Eloisa:

'Shrines, where their vigils pale ey'd virgins keep.'  
 as that from a Poem ascribed to the Duke of Wharton on the Fear of Death in a most beautiful line:

'Where pale-ey'd griefs their wasting vigils keep.' L.

\* See Lowth's excellent remark on the Dignity deriv'd to Metaphor or simile from this source. De S. P. Hebr. Lect. viii. 'De imaginibus ex rebus sacris.' L.

When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,  
 From heav'n descends the Jove-born martial Maid;  
 And hov'ring o'er his head, in view confest,  
 The Goddess thus her fav'rite care address. 40

Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!  
 Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?  
 Beneath thy palace roof forget thy care;  
 Blest in thy Queen! blest in thy blooming heir!  
 Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow, 45  
 They name, the standard of their dearest vow.

Just is thy kind reproach (the Chief rejoin'd),  
 Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,  
 In contemplation wrapt.—This hostile crew  
 What single arm hath prowess to subdue? 50  
 Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,  
 They're doom'd to bleed, O say, celestial Maid,  
 Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,  
 Nations embattled to revenge the slain?

Oh impotence of faith! Minerva cries, 55  
 If man on frail unknowing man relies,

V. 35. *Devolv'd*: a bad expression for the meaning which this passage requires, as noticed by Mr.W.—L.

V. 52. *They're doom'd.*] Mr.W. finely corrects this undignified abbreviation:

‘To death devoted—say, celestial Maid.’ L.

V. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*  
*Doubt you the Gods ?]*

There is excellent reasoning in this: if a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions; the Divine Being gives us his counsel, and we refuse it. Monsieur

Doubt you the Gods?—Lo Pallas' self descends,  
 Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.  
 In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast:  
 Though myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest,  
 My sure divinity shall bear the shield, 61  
 And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.  
 Now, pay the debt to craving nature due;  
 Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.  
 She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes; 65 }  
 His care dissolves in visionary joys: }  
 The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies. }

Dacier observes that Epictetus had this passage in his view, and beautified his morality with it. 'The protection of a Prince or Potentate (says that Author) gives us full tranquillity, and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension. We have an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our Father, and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive away our fears, inquietudes, and discontents.'

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the language of the Scripture; Psalm xxvii. 3. 'Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid.'

The Poet almost in every Book mentions the destruction of the Suitors by the single hand of Ulysses to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be shocked at the great catastrophe of the Poem as incredible. It is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascribed solely to Ulysses, it is at least reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a Goddess.

V. 62. — *reap the glorious field.*] Pope, in his Essay on Man:

'Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field.' W.

Not so the Queen; the downy bands of sleep  
 By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:  
 A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair—— 70  
 Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.

Diana! speed thy deathful ebon-dart,  
 And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.  
 Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,  
 Tost through the void illimitable space: 75  
 Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,  
 Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!  
 So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair  
 Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;

V. 71. More grammatically—' Thus she her fate.' L.

V. 72. *Diana! speed thy deathful ebon-dart, &c*] I doubt not but the reader will be pleased with the beauty of this soliloquy. There is an assemblage of tender images and moving complaints; and yet they are such as betray no meanness of spirit: the lamentation of Penelope is the lamentation of a Queen and Heroine; she mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good use of her sorrows. and they excellently sustain her character of persevering to elude the addresses of the suitors, when she wishes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confess the inserting so many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, &c. greatly lessens the pathetic of this speech.

V. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! &c.*] The ancients (says Dacier) were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical. It is probable that what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons: and their disappearance was ascribed, in the language of Poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The Orientals delighted in such bold figures. Job xxvii. 21. 'The east wind carrieth him away; and as a storm hurleth him out of his place.' And Isaiah xli. 16. 'The wind shall carry them away; and the whirlwind shall scatter them.'

Thyself untimely and thy consort dy'd ; 80

But four Celestials both your cares supply'd.

Venus in tender delicacy rears

With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years :

Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd

A form majestic, and sagacious mind : 85

With shapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom ;

And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.

But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,

Bright Cytherea sought the bow'r of Jove,

V. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*

*With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]*

Monsieur Dacier observes upon this passage Venus is said to feed these infants with wine, milk, and honey ; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moses. So the Prophet. ' Butter and honey shall he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and choose the good ;' \* that is, till the age of discretion.

V. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd*

*A form majestic, and sagacious mind.]*

It may seem that Homer ascribes improper gifts to this Goddess. Wisdom is the portion of Minerva ; Beauty of Venus : why then are they here ascribed to Juno ? Spondanus calls this an insolvable difficulty Dacier explains it by saying, that the beauty of Princesses is different from that of persons of an inferior station . † their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferior beauty : the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestowed on Princesses and Queens, by Juno the Regent of the skies.

\* Isaiah.

† In reality, the highest style of beauty is an attribute of Mind only ; and not merely of station. L.

(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye 90  
 The registers of fate expanded lie)  
 Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away,  
 And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.  
 Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed  
 Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead: 95  
 To seek my Lord among the warrior-train,  
 Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.  
 When woes the waking sense alone assail,  
 Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,  
 Of other wretches care the torture ends: 100  
 No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!

V. 92 *Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by these Princesses being carried away by the Harpies. Eustathius thinks that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governesses,\* whose severities the Poet ascribes to the *ερινυδες*, or Furies. Dacier imagines, that these two Princesses having seen the unhappy fate of their sister Aedon (who was married to Zethus, and slew her own son) feared a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retired to some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of Penelope: these Princesses were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost, rather than submit to second nuptials. This speech has a further effect: we find Penelope reduced to the utmost exigency, she has no further subterfuge; the Poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the Poem in the conclusion of the Odyssey.

V. 94. ' — — — or be, Diana, sped'

Mr. W. for the sake of a better rhyme: but with forced construction. L.

\* An odd word here. L

The night renews the day-distracting theme,  
 And airy terrors sable ev'ry dream.  
 The last alone a kind illusion wrought;  
 And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought, 105  
 In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,  
 As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;  
 Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,  
 I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,  
 In audible laments she breathes her moan; 111  
 The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;  
 Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear

V. 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace*] This little circumstance is not without a good effect it shews that the whole soul of Penelope was possessed with the image of Ulysses. Homer adds, 'such as he was when he sailed to Troy:' which is inserted to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this Ulysses in disguise is not like the Ulysses she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 110. *Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day: for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty-ninth day.

V. 110. 'While,' perhaps preferable here to 'whilst.' L.

V. 111. *In audible laments.*]

'Eve, who, unseen,

Yet all had heard, with 'audible lament,'

Discover'd thus the place of her retreat.' P. L. xi. 266.

V. 111. More exactly to the Original (*ἡμεῖς ἰωδῆς*, v. 116.) with Mr. W.

'O Jove, 'this day' confound.'

V. 113. — — — *a sudden fear*

*Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms.*]

I was at a loss for an explication of this line, till I found it in Eusta-



Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;  
 He thinks the Queen is rushing to his arms. 115  
 Up-springing from his couch, with active haste  
 The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;  
 (The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)  
 And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend  
 If the long series of my woes shall end, 121  
 Of human race now rising from repose,  
 Let one a blissful omen here disclose;

thus. For why should Ulysses imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulysses, after a speech that expressed so much concern for his absence? Ulysses, having only heard the voice, not distinguished the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of Penelope for tears of joy. He suspects that the discovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the suitors, and prevent his designs. He therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to Heaven for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

V. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones*——

123. —— *a blissful omen* ——]

The construction in the Greek is ungrammatical: for after *Ζευ πατερ* in the singular, the poet immediately adds *εἰ μ' εἰσελοντες* in the plural number. *Τα λοιπα δαιμονια* are implied, says Eustathius; so that *Θεοι* is understood, which rectifies the construction.

The reader will fully understand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongst the ancients. 'If,' says Ulysses, 'my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it:' and immediately a voice is heard, 'O Jupiter, may this day be the last to the suitors!' Such speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous, and one of the ancient ways of divination: Ulysses understands it as such,

And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!

Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above. 125

Whilst lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,  
The pitying God his Guardian aid avows.

and accepts the omen. It was in use among the Romans as appears from Tully of divination: When P. Emilius was going to war with Perseus King of the Macedonians, he found his little daughter in tears. 'O Father,' says she, 'Perseus is dead!' meaning her little Dog named Peiseus. Emilius immediately replied, 'O Daughter, I embrace the omen:' applying it to Perseus King of the Macedonians; who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in Rome. The same practice was used by the Hebrews. It was called Bath Kol. This is an instance of it. Two Rabbies desiring to see Samuel a Babylonish doctor, 'let us follow,' said they, 'the hearing of Bath Kol.' Travelling therefore near a school, they heard a boy reading these words out of 1 Samuel xxv. 1. 'And Samuel died.' They observed it, and found that their friend was dead. The Sortes Virgilianæ afterwards were much of this kind.

V. 128. *Loud from a sapphire sky.*] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a 'serene sky,' that made it ominous. It was noted as such amongst the Romans in the books of the Augurs: and Horace brings it as a proof against the opinions of Epicurus;

— — — 'Diespiter

Igni corrusco nubila dividens,

Plerumque, 'per purum' tonantes

Egit equos, volucremque curruin.' OD. L I. xxxiv.

Vigil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous: when Anchises saw the lambent flame round the head of Iulus, he prays to Jupiter, and immediately it thunders.

'Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore

Intonuit.' ÆN. II. 692.

The Stoics drew an argument from thunder from a serene air against the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs, for they concluded such thunder to be preternatural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:  
 With springing hope the Hero's heart rebounds.  
 Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r, 130  
 An omen'd Voice invades his ravish'd ear.  
 Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,  
 Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;  
 Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran  
 From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man)  
 Discharging to the day the labour due, 136  
 Now early to repose the rest withdrew;  
 One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,  
 Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind,  
 And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd. 140 }

Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll  
 O'er the Cerulean vault, and shake the Pole;  
 Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare ostent,  
 (Of granted vows a certain signal sent)  
 In this bless'd moment of accepted pray'r 145  
 Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!

V. 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the suitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word *πηγερωοντο*. It denotes the great labour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread; and consequently the great waste of the suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity: that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills were attended by women. I suppose because preparing bread was an household care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.

Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,  
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:  
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,  
And be this festival decreed their last! 150

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,  
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.  
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood  
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:  
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir; 155  
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,  
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,  
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.  
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;  
And Euryclea thus he there address'd. 160

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,  
Was care for due refection, and repose,  
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,  
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?  
Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers; 165  
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wisest errs.)

V. 165. *Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers.*] This speech of Telemachus may seem to be wanting in filial respect; as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother. but (remarks Eustathius) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation: it shews that her affection was so great for Ulysses, that she received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were less acceptable.

The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,  
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: O cease that ever honour'd name  
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame: 170  
A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;  
In vain the Queen the night-refection prest;  
Nor would he court repose in downy state,  
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!  
A hide beneath the portico was spread, 175  
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:  
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,  
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel jav'lin pois'd, with regal port,  
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court, 180  
Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:  
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,  
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay  
The dame divides the labour of the day;  
Thus urging to the toil the menial train. 185  
What marks of luxury the marble stain!  
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain; }

V. 180. *To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,  
Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd.*]

It was customary for Kings and Magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the Odyssey, the Poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement. EUSTATHIUS.

The seats with purple clothe in order due;  
 And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:  
 Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold; 190  
 Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:  
 Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,  
 And copious waters pure for bathing bear.  
 Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay  
 The lunar feast-rites to the God of day. 195

V. 189. *And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew.*] The table was not anciently covered with linen, but carefully cleansed with wet sponges. Thus Arrian, *ἀρον τας τραπέζας, σπογγισον*: And Martial:

‘Hæc tibi sorte datur tergendis spongia mensis’

They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands; but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they called *απομαγδαλαι*: which afterwards they threw to the dogs. This custom is mentioned in the *Odyssey*, lib. x.

‘Ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἀνακλῖα κυνὲς δαιτῆθεν ἰοῦνται  
 Σαινῶσ’, αἰεὶ γὰρ τε φέρει μείλιγματα θυμῶ.

‘As from some feast a man returning late,  
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,  
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,  
 Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morsel in the translation, and the *μείλιγματα* in the Greek, mean these pieces of bread, or *απομαγδαλαι*, with which the ancients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

V. 195. *The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.*] This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following. The Greek months were lunar. The first day of every month was a day of great solemnity; and it was consecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulysses had said, lib. xiv. v. 186,

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair  
 Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:  
 With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.  
 Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.  
 Some wield the sounding ax; the dodder'd oaks 200  
 Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.  
 Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,  
 (Eumæus in their train) the maids return.  
 Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,  
 He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind: 205  
 In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,  
 Then to the King this friendly speech renew'd:  
 Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train  
 Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;  
 Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane? }  
 Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd) 211  
 With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!

' Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,  
 His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey;  
 In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn.

ΤΟΥ ΜΕΝ ΦΘΙΝΟΝΤΟΣ ΜΕΝΟΣ, ΤΑ Δ' ΙΣΤΑΜΕΝΟΙΟ.

This, says Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulysses shall return on the last day of the month precisely. And here we find it verified. Ulysses discovers himself upon this day, and kills the suitors. By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his discovery; for he was returned when he made that assertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verse was rightly interpreted by Solon.

V. 196. A Mosaic composed of two fragments of the Miltonian Marble. P. L. iii. 643. P. L. xi. 582.—with some change in the surface of the first fragment. L.

No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains  
 The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:  
 From vice to vice their appetites are tost; 215  
 All cheaply sated at another's cost!

While thus the Chief his woes indignant told,  
 Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,  
 The goodliest goats of all the royal herd  
 Spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd: 220  
 Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;  
 With quav'ring \* cries the vaulted roofs resound:  
 And to the Chief austere, aloud began  
 The wretch, unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my Lords! 225  
 Blows have more energy than airy words.  
 These arguments I'll use:—nor conscious shame,  
 Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.  
 On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast  
 A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host! 230

Rejoinder to the churl the King disdain'd;  
 But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.

From Cephalenia cross the surgy main  
 Philæti<sup>us</sup> late arriv'd, a faithful swain.

\* Quavering—a very strange and even burlesque epithet on such an occasion. L.

V. 232. Cowper has here express the sublime Original:

‘He spake. To whom Ulysses answer none  
 Return'd: but shook his brows, and silent fram'd  
 Terrible purposes.’ L.



A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace, 235  
 And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;  
 Imported in a shallop not his own:  
 The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.  
 Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind  
 He thus began, benevolent of mind. 340

What guest is he, of such majestic air?  
 His lineage and paternal clime declare:  
 Dim through th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine  
 Of sov'reign state with faded splendour shine.  
 If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe, 245  
 To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!

V. 235. This phrase, at once affected and coarse, Mr. W. justly thinks a strange periphrasis for an heifer. L.

V. 237. *Imported in a shallop* —] To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that Melanthius and Philæti<sup>us</sup> fed their flocks and herds in Cephalenia, an adjacent island, under the dominion of Ulysses; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen, *παραβητες*, as Homer expresses it.

V. 243, 4. Mr. W. justly praises this admirable couplet. Perhaps the correction should not be on *dim*.

Possibly thus:

‘ Dim through the eclipse of Fate the rays<sup>1</sup> divine  
 Of sovereign state with awful gleamings shine.’ L.

V. 245. *If Monarchs by the Gods, &c.*] This is the reasoning of Philæti<sup>us</sup>: Kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not Kings from calamities, how can inferior persons (says Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adversity? But I persuade myself the words have a deeper sense, and

Then affable he thus the Chief address'd,  
 Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd.

Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,  
 And spin thy future with a whiter clue! — — — 250  
 O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;  
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies!

mean Ulysses; 'Well may vagrants suffer, when Kings, such as Ulys-es, are not free from afflictions.'

Dacier's meaning evidently includes as much of this latter remark as has any foundation L.

V. 248. 'While' better than 'whilst.' L.

V. 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;  
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies!]*

These words are to be ascribed to the excess of sorrow which Philæti-  
 us feels for the sufferings of Ulysses; for they certainly transgress  
 the bounds of reason. But if we consider the state of theology in  
 Homer's time, the sentence will appear less offensive. 'How can  
 Jupiter (says Philæti-  
 us) who is our father, throw his children into  
 such an abyss of misery? Thou, oh Jove, hast made us, yet hast no  
 compassion when we suffer.' It is no easy matter to answer this argu-  
 ment from the heathen theology, and no wonder therefore if it  
 confounds the reason of Philæti-  
 us. But we who have certain hopes  
 of a future state, can readily solve the difficulty: that state will be a  
 time of retribution; it will amply recompense the good man for all  
 his calamities, or, as Milton expresses,

'Will justify the ways of God to men.'

It may be observed in general that this introduction of Philæti-  
 us and his speech, so warm in the cause of Ulysses, is inserted here with ad-  
 mirable judgment. The Poet intends to make use of his assistance in  
 the destruction of the suitors; he therefore brings him in giving  
 Ulysses full assurance of his fidelity: so that when that Hero reveals  
 himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, be-  
 ing before certified of his honesty.

Unpiteous of the race thy will began!  
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,  
 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care, 255  
 The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.  
 Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,  
 Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:  
 O Monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—  
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow! 260

I will only add, that Philæti<sup>us</sup> is not to be looked upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity; and whatever has been said in these annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philæti<sup>us</sup>. He is here called *ορχαμῶνδρων*, a title of honour; and Ulysses promises to marry him into his own family in the sequel of the Odyssey: consequently he is a personage worthy to be an actor in Epic Poetry.

V. 251, 8. Mr. S. in his Essay seems to have been but half satisfied with this rant, greatly exaggerated beyond the Original, ascribed to Philæti<sup>us</sup>. Ess. 221, 2.

‘O Jove, than thou no God consumes us more.  
 Pitiest thou not man whom thyself hast made,  
 Nor spar’st in misery, and toils, and woes,  
 To plunge him?’ L.

V. 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are *ιδιον ὡς ἐνοησα*, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Eustathius. *Ιδιον*, τὰτ’ ἐστὶν ἰδρῶσα, ἡγωνίασα, ‘I have sweated and been in an agony at the thought of the severe dispensations of Jupiter.’ This is the interpretation of Eustathius. Dacier takes *ιδιον* to be an adjective: and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἀνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γεινεαὶ αὐτος,  
 Μίσγεμεναι κακοτήτι, καὶ ἀλγεσι λευγαλεοῖσι.  
*Ιδιον ὡς ἐνοησα.*

Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!  
 Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!  
 Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,  
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!  
 O, grateful for the good his bounty gave, 265  
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!  
 His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,  
 The regent of his Cephallenian herd:  
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,  
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads. 270  
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,  
 To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:  
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;  
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.

'Ut privatum, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo: for so we may render *ιδίον*, meaning Ulysses. Then the sense will be this. 'Jupiter, though thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion upon mankind; thou castest us into evils and misery: as I have learned by a private or domestic instance; namely, in the person of Ulysses.' If my judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this interpretation rather than that of Eustathius: which seems to be a forced one: and I remember no instance of this nature in Homer. But the preference is submitted to the reader's decision.

Mr. W. justly rejects the construction of *ιδίον* as 'peculiar.' Though the mere reason of prosody would not have been sufficient. A tribrachys in the beginning of a verse might have been used for a dactyl. Cowper rightly translates *ιδίον*, 'I sweated.' As Chapman had done before him. W.—L.

V. 265. Mr. W. thus avoids this ungraceful contraction:

'I, grateful for the good his bounty gave,  
 Will grieve me.' L.

Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside, 275  
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:  
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,  
 And with the royal herd protection buy. . .

V. 277—82. A very wide deviation from the Original. Wakefield has given it correctly. And Cowper with much accuracy, simplicity, and pathos, thus:

‘ Me, therefore, this thought occupies, and haunts  
 My mind, not seldom while the heir survives  
 It were no small offence to drive his herd  
 So far, and migrate to a foreign land.  
 Yet here to dwell, suffering oppressive wrong,  
 While I attend another's bees, appears  
 Still less supportable. And I had fled,  
 And I had serv'd some other mighty chief  
 Long since, (for patience fails me to endure  
 My present lot) but that I cherish still  
 Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return  
 To rid his palace of these lawless guests.’

COWP. xx. 258—69.

Αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ ἴοδε θυμὸς ἐν στήθεσσι φιλοῖσι  
 Πολλ' ἐπιδινεῖται· μάλα μὲν κακὸν, υἱὸς ἐόντος,  
 Ἀλλων δῆμον ἵκεσθαι, ἰοὺ' αὐτῇσι βροτοῖσι  
 Ἄνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαπὰς ἴοδε ριγίον, αὐτὶ μενονίᾳ,  
 Βεσιν ἐπ' ἀλλοῖρησι καθήμενων, ἀλγεα πασχεῖν.  
 Καὶ κεν δὴ παλαὶ ἄλλον ὑπερμενεων βασιλῆων  
 Ἐξικομὴν φευγῶν· (ἐπεὶ ἔκει' ἀνεκὶα πελονίᾳ)  
 Ἀλλ' εἰς ἴον θησύνον οἶομαι—εἰποῦσιν ἐλθῶν  
 Ἄνδρων μνηστῆρων σκεδασιν καὶ δαμαλῶν θείῃ.

ΟΔ. Τ. 217—25.

Music itself has scarcely more of melancholy sweetness to my ear than this passage: and especially the first hemistich of the penultimate verse. I think it might be thus rendered—

Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale;  
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail: 280  
 In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,  
 My King returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the Chief: In thy capacious mind  
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,  
 Attend a deed already ripe in fate: 285  
 Attest, oh Jove! the truth I now relate!  
 This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,  
 Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!  
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)  
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey, 290  
 Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful reign  
 By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,  
 And to the shades devote the suitor train. }

O Jove supreme, the raptur'd swain replies,  
 With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys! 395  
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,  
 In that blest cause should emulate the young—  
 Assents Eumæus to the pray'r address;  
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

‘ But him, I wait, the hapless—if at length  
 Return'd, he may disperse the suitor train.’

If it were not in a Poem where simplicity is so essentially characteristic as in the *Odyssey*, it would still concern us to remember what was said by a Prince in the Academy of France, that ‘ simplicity is the only resource of style which is not exhausted.’—We feel this charm in the Poetry of Bloomfield almost constantly; and in that of Cowper, and of Southey, very often, and very exquisitely. L.

Meantime the suitors urge the Prince's fate, 300  
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate:  
 When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove  
 Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;  
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd  
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd. 305

The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend.  
 O Peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:  
 Your future thought let sable fate employ;  
 And give the present hour to genial joy.

From council straight th' assenting peerage ceas'd;  
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast. 311

V. 298. Better thus with Mr. W.

‘Nor less Eumæus prayers the Gods entreat,  
 To give Ulysses to his native seat.’

V. 302. ‘—— nigh in her sight,

The bird of Jove stoop'd from his aery tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.’

P. L. xi. 185. W.

V. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd.*] It may be asked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy. And why might not the eagle denote the suitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious;—but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds: and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage; and could only be applied to Ulysses, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it; and the suitors acquiesce in this interpretation.

V. 309. This collision, *g* and *j*, ‘is disagreeable:’ genial joy. L.

V. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.*] The ancients, says Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where the suitors offer any sacrifice throughout the whole Odyssey; and that there is no instance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it

Disrob'd, their vests apart in order lay,  
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay :  
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,  
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread. 315  
 With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round ;  
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,  
 By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide  
 Melanthius from an ample jar supply'd :  
 High canisters of bread Philæti<sup>us</sup> plac'd: 320  
 And eager all devour the rich repast.

evident from this place, that this is a sacrifice' it is true the sacrificial term of *ἱερεῖον* is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a sacrifice: for *ἱερεῖα*, though it primarily signifies the flesh of animals offered to the Gods, yet in a less proper acceptation implies the flesh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, *τροφῆν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων*, which must be rendered, 'the flesh of young animals.' Thus lib. vii. *εὐσχημότερα τὰ νυκτὶρ θυομένα ἱερεῖα*, 'the flesh of animals that are killed by night soonest putrifies;' and Galen uses *ζῶον*, and *ἱερεῖον*, for an animal indiscriminately. The reason is, because originally no animal was ever slain but some part of it was offered to the Gods; and in this sense every *ζῶον* was *ἱερεῖον*. If we consult the context in Homer, it must be allowed that there is no other word but *ἱερεῖον* that distinguishes this from a common repast, through the whole description; and if that word will bear a remote signification, as *ἱερεῖον* does, I should conclude, that this is no sacrifice. Nay, if it should be found that *ἱερεῖον* implies of necessity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a customary meal: since the ancients at all entertainments made libations to the Gods. What may seem to strengthen this conjecture is, that the Poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, *Ἀχαιοί*, sacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the suitors partook in the sacrifice: nay they seem to be feasting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove.



Dispos'd 'apart, Ulysses shares the treat!  
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,  
 The Prince appoints; but to his Sire assigns  
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines. 325  
 Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without controul  
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl.  
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;  
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:  
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be; 330  
 From my great Sire too soon devolv'd to me!

V. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignoble seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily. the table is suitable to the disguise of Ulysses; and it might have created a jealousy in the suitors if Telemachus had used him with greater distinction.

V. 323. Dryden, in the charming translation of the delightful story of Baucis and Philemon (Ov. MET. xii.)

'The trivet-table of a foot was lame.' W.—L.

V. 327. Homer, Mr. W. here observes, required here another epithet:

'— — — and drain the golden bowl.'

which implies respect. But this applies to the 'previous' description: for the epithet is not in the speech; and, 'drain the cheering bowl' does not ill agree with *οἰνονολαΐων*. V. 262.

Cowper, as usual, is correct:

'— — — fill'd a golden goblet high,  
 And thus in presence of them all, began  
 There, seated now, drink as the suitors drink.'

V. 312—14. L.

V. 330, 1. Ogilby, with considerable force:

'Nor shall this palace prostituted be:  
 My Father built it for himself and me.'

Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease;  
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the Prince, so haughty, brave, and young,  
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.  
Be patient, Peers! at length Antinous cries; 336  
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:  
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,  
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:— 340  
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:  
By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move  
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:  
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,  
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345  
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid. }  
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,  
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.

— επει εἶσι δῆμιος εἶλος

Οἶκος ὁδ', ἀλλ' Ὀδυσσεύος· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐκλῆσαίῳ κεινός. V. 264, 5.

There is a mistake however in 'built.' Ogilby has translated it as if it had been *ἐκλῆσαίῳ* for *ἐκλίσειν*, which has the second syllable short.

V. 334, 5 Mr. W. after just admiration of these noble verses, would prefer, and justly,

'Aw'd by Telemachus the bold and young.'

This kind of short Prosopopeia the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey aptly describes under the idea of the 'animating' metaphor. (p. 30.) L.

Observant of the Prince's high behest,  
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest: 350  
 Whom Pallas with unpar'd'ning fury fir'd,  
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.  
 A Samian Peer, more studious than the rest  
 Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;  
 And urg'd, for title to a consort Queen, 355  
 Unnumber'd acres arable and green;  
 (Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,  
 And thus burst out th' imposthume with pride.

The sentence "I propose, ye Peers, attend:  
 Since due regard must wait the Prince's friend, 360  
 Let each a token of esteem bestow:  
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;  
 With which he nobly may discharge his seat,  
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said; and of the steer before him plac'd, 365  
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,  
 Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combin'd,  
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;  
 Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd. }

V. 349. *High behest.*

'Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs.'

P. L. xi. 251. W.

V. 359—64. Mr. W. has done justice to the dexterity and spirit with which this humorous speech is translated. L.

V. 369. I fear we must agree with the censure pronounced by Mr. W. on this circumlocutory and exaggerated style in describing such an incident as that of throwing an ox-hoof. L.

The Chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;      370  
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil :

V. 370. — — — *grins a ghastly smile.*] The expression in Greek is remarkable :

— — — *μειδῆσε δε θυμῷ*  
*Σαρδανίων (or Σαρδονίων.)*

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the island of Sardinia, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and thence the ‘Sardinian laugh’ became a proverb, to signify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an ancient custom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians): it is pretended that, upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy; and obliged these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the *Σαρδονιῶ γέλῳ*, and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation: not only as it appears most natural, but because Virgil seems to understand it in that sense; for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, *Eclogue vii. ver. 41.*

‘Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis.’

‘ — — — deform’d like him who chaws  
 Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.’

The reader may observe that Ctesippus breaks out into buffoonry, and the suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyssey*: these levities have been proscribed by the Critics as too low, and unworthy of Epic Poetry: but Homer adapts himself to his characters: he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; though I will not say but such characters are more proper for Comedy than Epic Poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in Homer; who puts these low pleasantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees: such persons being generally men of no worth or serious deportment.

When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:  
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd  
 Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear  
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear: 375  
 Nor should thy Sire, a Queen his daughter boast;  
 The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost.  
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless pow'r  
 Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:  
 For genuine worth, of age mature to know, 380  
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.

V. 370. *Grins a ghastly smile*] Most of the adoptions from Milton are very happy. But, notwithstanding it has been noticed with favour by the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey, I cannot think so of this, from the known passage in P. L. ii. 846. And I cannot by any means believe that Fuseli would represent Ulysses in this silent and stern resentment, mixed with conscious superiority, as Death anticipating the triumphs of his insatiable appetite. L.

V. 370. The Original is sublime and singular:

' — — the blow Ulysses shun'd;  
 Gently his head declining: in his soul  
 He smil'd sardonic, thus.' — L.

V. 380. One would never suppose here that 'of age mature to know' is referred in this speech to Telemachus: which yet is the meaning of the Original; and was, I believe, that of Fenton. Chapman is exact, and unambiguous:

' — — — — I now  
 Have years to understand my strength, and know  
 The good and bad of things.'

— — — — ηδη γαρ νοεω και οίδα εκασ'τα  
 Εσθ'λα τε και ια χερεσιν." 309, 10.

Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,  
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;  
 What single arm with numbers can contend?  
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,      385 }  
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensu'd;  
 By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd.

A just reproof, ye Peers!—your rage restrain  
 From the protected guest, and menial train:      390  
 And, Prince! to stop the source of future ill,  
 Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.  
 Whilst hope prevail'd to see your Sire restor'd,  
 Of right the Queen refus'd a second Lord.  
 But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,      395  
 To think he still survives to claim the state?  
 Now press the sovereign Dame with warm desire  
 To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:  
 The Lord selected to the nuptial joys,  
 Far hence will lead the long contended prize:      400  
 Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,  
 You reign, of this imperial dome possest.

V. 382. This passage in the Original is a repetition of that in B. xvi. It is there uttered by Ulysses. W.—L.

V. 399. Mr. Wakefield, much better: \*

‘ By him, selected to the nuptial bed,

Far hence the long contested \* prize he led.’

which saves the rhyme, with improvement to the diction: and consults propriety of the occasion and the speaker. L.

\* I have substituted this word for ‘ contended.’ L.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies:  
 By him at whose behest the thunder flies!  
 And by the name on earth I most revere, 405  
 By great Ulysses, and his woes, I swear!  
 (Who never must review his dear domain;  
 Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train,)  
 Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,  
 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse: 410  
 But from this dome my parent Queen to chase!—  
 From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.

V. 403. *Sage and serene Telemachus replies, &c.*] It is observable that Telemachus swears by the 'sorrows' of his father: an expression, in my judgment, very noble; and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an ancient custom amongst the Orientals: as appears from an oath not unlike it in Genesis xxxi. 53: 'And Jacob sware by the fear of his father Isaac.'

But how is this speech to be understood? 'for how can Telemachus persuade his Mother to marry, when he knows that Ulysses' is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expression. Telemachus, observes Eustathius, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband; but he means Ulysses. The words therefore are ambiguous: and the ambiguity deceives the suitors; who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

V. 412. We now come to one of the noblest passages in the compass of Poetry: and which, in my idea, is a full proof, that the Odyssey, where the occasion is such as to admit of it, is not inferior in sublimity to the Iliad itself. The note of Mr. Wakefield is admirable. 'The powers of the Translator (says that excellent Critic, second only to Pope himself) have compassed this passage with all desirable felicity. The full sense is exhibited, and the terrific grandeur preserved in all its vigour.'

I must here quote the Original: because it is for the honour both

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom  
The suitors souls, insensate of their doom !

of that and of the Translation that such passages should be under the eye together.

— — μνηστήρσι δε Παλλας Αθηνη  
 Ασδεσῖον γελον ωρσε· παρεπλαναγενδε νοημα.  
 Οἶδ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελῶων ἀλλόλοισι.  
 'Αἰμοφορικῶν δὲ δὴ κρεα ἡσθιον· Ὅσσε δ' ἀρα σφρων  
 Δακρυοφιν πιμπλάντο· γοον δ' οἰέτο θυμος.  
 Τοῖσιδε καὶ μέλειπτε Θεοκλυμενος θεοειδης.  
 Α δειλοῖ, ἦ κακὸν ἴδε πασχέει, — νυκτὶ μὲν ὕμνων  
 Εἰλυαῖαι κεφαλαί τε, προσωπαί τε, νεφθεῖ γένα.  
 Οἰμωγῇ τε δέδωκε, δακρυοῖ τε παρειαί.  
 'Αἰματὶ δ' ἐρραδαῖαι τοιχοὶ καλαί τε μεσοδμαί  
 Εἰδῶων δὲ πλεον προθυρον· πλειθε καὶ αὐλῇ  
 'Ιεμενων ἐρεβος δὲ διὰ ζοφον· ἡελιος δὲ  
 Οὐρανὸν ἐξαπολῶλε, κακῇ δ' ἐπιδεδρομεν ἀχλὺς. 345—57.

The passage Εἰδῶωνδε, το διὰ ζοφον, has hardly any thing which merits to be compared to it, except in Ossian; and that which follows has that sublime which strikes us in the prophetic Scriptures.

The Translation, noble as it is, is weakened by the epithet 'rubbied,' and that of 'howling' applied to the ghosts.

In this latter part the blank verse of Cowper, with some little alteration, makes the nearest approach to the unequalled Original :

'I see the walls and arches spotted thick  
 With blood. The vestibule is throng'd, the courts  
 On all sides throng'd with apparitions dire,  
 Hastening to Erebus through gloom. The sun  
 Is perish'd from the heavens. Portentous Night  
 O'erwhelms ye premature.'

Mr. S. (p. 214) has excellently said, 'Where the Greek speaks of 'the sun being perished out of the Heavens, and of darkness rushing over the earth,' I cannot express the fullness of the words. This whole prophetic vision of the fall of the suitors is the true Sublime, and gives us an higher Orientalism than we meet with in any other part of Homer's writings. L.



A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd; 415  
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:  
 Floating in gore, portentous to survey,  
 In each discolour'd vase the viands lay!

V. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd, &c.*] It is in the Greek, 'They laughed with other men's cheeks.' There are many explications of this passage: Eustathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Erasmus explains it, 'Non libenter neque ex animo ridere; sed ita ridere quasi non tuis, sed alienis maxillis rideas.' But if we consult the conduct of the suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary for this laughter of the suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it, *αἰεσίλον*, 'excessive, inextinguished;' and again, *ἦδὺ γελασσαν*, or they laughed 'with joy,' 'suaviter riserunt,' which expressions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally: they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks; as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; such persons as the suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes use of the same expression:

'Cum rapiens in jus, malis ridentem alienis.'

And likewise Valerius.

'Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.'

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are some lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expression of laughing with other men's cheeks, Homer adds, that their 'eyes flowed with tears,' and 'sorrow seized their souls.' It is true Homer describes the suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasioned by Minerva: and from hence we may gather the reasons why they are tost by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears. This moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess; persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes.

Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,  
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe. 420

V. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!*

*In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.]*

This is to be looked upon as a prodigy the belief of which was established in the old world; and consequently, whether true or false, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. See Book xii. Note on ver. 464.

In the following speech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthusiasm of Poetry. But how are we to understand that Theoclymenus sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the suitors? Theoclymenus was a prophet: and speaks of things future as present. It is the eye of the prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghosts, he anticipates the event which is verified in the approaching death of the suitors.

Eustathius is of opinion that by the last words of this speech Theoclymenus intends to express an eclipse of the sun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen. Others understand by it the death of the suitors; as when we say the sun is for ever gone down upon the dead: Theocritus uses that expression, *ἡλίου δεδουκεν*.

— — — *ἡλίου δὲ*

*Οὐραίου εξαπολωλε* — —

So far Eustathius. It may be added that the Roman Poets used the same expression in this latter signification. Thus Catullus,

‘Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.’

The Oriental style, the proper language of prophecy, may explain this. A total subversion of the ruling powers of a state is there expressed by the sun perishing out of Heaven. The actually ruling powers in this instance are the suitors: whose immediate ruin and destruction Theoclymenus prophetically sees; and by this most expressive image foretels. L.

In vision rapt; the Hyperesian\* seer  
Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.

O race to death devote! with Stygian shade  
Each destin'd Peer impending fates invade!  
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;  
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round! 426  
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,  
To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!  
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to roll,  
But universal night usurps the pole! 430

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate  
The Peers reproach the sure divine of fate;  
And thus Eurymachus: the dotard's mind  
To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:  
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away; 435  
Let him in open air behold the day.

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)  
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.

V. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of Theoclymenus literally, viz. 'I see you all involved in darkness,' think him distracted; not conceiving his words to be a prophecy: and therefore by way of derision command him to be carried into a place of public resort, that he may convince himself it is full day. Eustathius imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenness, because it makes all objects appear indistinct and different from the reality: he quotes a pleasant expression of Anacharsis to this purpose: a certain person telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; 'I think so too,' replies Anacharsis; 'but fill me a bumper, that I may make her a beauty.'

\* Theoclymenus.

No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays;  
 Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys: 440  
 Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend;  
 Far hence, before yon hov'ring deaths descend;  
 Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,  
 I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the Seer, 445  
 His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.  
 O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
 And aim to wound the Prince with pointless wit:  
 Cries one, with scornful leer and m'fmic voice,  
 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice. 450

V. 437. *Tax not, (the heav'n illumin'd Seer rejoin'd,) &c.*] Eustathius explains the answer of Theoclymenus: "I have 'eyes,' and therefore have no occasion for a guide to lead me from the palace; I have 'ears,' and therefore hear that my absence is desired; I have both my 'feet,' and therefore am able to go away without giving others the trouble to assist me; and I have an 'understanding' well informed, by which I see the evil that threatens the suitors, and haste away to avoid it."

V. 444. In the speech of Theoclymenus, Cowper is close and excellent, when combin'd in the close with Wakefield:

' I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides  
 To lead me hence: for I have eyes and ears,  
 The use of both my feet, and of a mind  
 In no respect irrational or wild:  
 These shall conduct me forth: for well I know  
 That evil threatens you; evil which none  
 Shall 'scape of all the suitors in the house  
 Of the divine Ulysses; who here plan  
 Amid fierce insults machinations dire.' L.

Why such profusion of indulgence shown

To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?

That other feeds on planetary schemes,

And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.

But, Prince! for once at least believe a friend; 455

To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send:

V. 456. *To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send.*] It is evident from this passage that the name of Sicily is very ancient. And Eustathius makes the following remark upon it that the reason why the Poet never mentions this word in describing the wanderings of Ulysses which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more surprising and marvellous; and that the more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Phæacians, he chooses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his readers. Dacier observes from Bochart, that this island received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians long before the birth of Homer, or the war of Troy: *Siclul* in their language signifies 'perfection;' they called it the 'Isle of Perfection,' because it held the chief rank amongst all the islands in the Mediterranean 'It is the largest and best island in all our seas,' says Strabo. It has likewise been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language: namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a 'raisin.' For long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards, and thence the Carthaginians imported their raisins and wines. Homer celebrates this island for its wines in the ninth Odyssey,

'Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,'

And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.

It is likewise probable from this passage, that the Sicilians traded in slaves; for their lands were fertile, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I should rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves; the suitors speaking by way of terror to intimidate Theoclymenus: And the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning Echetus: we will 'send him to Echetus,' or 'the Sicilians, who will use him with the utmost cruelty.'

Where, if they yield their freight across the main,  
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they:—but naught the Prince replies:  
Full on his Sire he roll'd his ardent eyes: 460  
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword;  
From the wise Chief he waits the deathful word.

Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive Queen  
To see the circle sat, of all unseen.  
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare 465  
An eve-repat, with equal cost and care:

V. 459. The Original thus:

'So said the Suitors:—but not he their words  
Respected. silent on his Sire he look'd;  
Expecting still the moment, long delay'd,  
When on the shameless suitors he should loose  
The arm of vengeance.'

Ὦς εἶπασαν μνηστήρες. ὅδ' ἐκ ἐμπάξετο μυθῶν  
Ἀλλ' ἀκείων Πάριον προσεδέρκετο· δεγμένος αἶε  
Ὅπποτε δὴ μνηστέρσιν ἀναιδεσί χείρας ἐφήσει. (384—6.)

Lines indeed sublime. L.

V. 461. These expressions are borrowed from a well known passage of Shakespere.

'— full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.' (H. IV. 1st P. A. 5.) W.

V. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove the pensive Queen.*] The word in the Original is διφρεῖς, and signifies a large seat that would hold two persons, from δις φερεῖν.\*

This circumstance (observes Eustathius) is not inserted in vain:

\* Rather δύο φερεῖν.—δις φερεῖν is to bear twice; like a tree, fruiting twice in the season. L.

But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,  
 A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;  
 A feast of death!—the feasters doom'd to bleed!\*

the Poet describes Penelope thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion: now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best archer: and this naturally connects the story with the next Book.

V. 469. Justly may Mr W. say, 'The Translation of this Book preserves its excellence to the last.' L.

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This is marked F. in my Copy, and the Miltonian Diction, with the fulness and sweetness of the numbers, 'sufficiently refers it to Fenton. L.

\* There is in the Original an awfully particularised, simple, and most affecting anticipation of the great event which approaches. It may be thus translated: observing the opposition between *Δορπον* and *Δειπνον*. Perhaps Leonidas alluded to it before the immortal conflict at Thermopylæ:—'To dine as those who are to sup with Pluto.'

'They, full of mirth, their 'noon repast' prepar'd;  
 Sweet and heart-cheering: (largely they had slain.)  
 But naught less grateful than their 'evening feast'  
 Shall ever be:—such the heroic Man  
 And Goddess doom'd them, for their crimes foregone.' L.

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In the Original (v. 150) *ρασσάει* is peculiar to this Book: *αλειαλα* (v. 108) would be so: but Barnes justly suspects *αλειφαλα* to be the true Reading. L.





THE  
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE BENDING OF ULYSSES'S BOW.

*PENELOPE, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses taking Eumæus and Philætiſtus apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven: Ulysses accepts the omen; and gives a sign\* to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.*

\* 'The sign' should have been said, as it was the signal previously agreed. L.

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XXI.\*

AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals fires,  
With her own art Penelope inspires.  
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing  
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,

\* This Book is intitled *Τὸξος Σεισις*, or 'the proposition † of the Bow.'

We are to remember that this day was sacred to Apollo. This is evident from the preceding Book, where the Ithacians ‡ offer an hecatomb in a grove consecrated to that Deity: the diversion suits the day; the exercise of the Bow being proper to be practised on the festival of that Deity, who is the Patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it, *Ἑκαεργός*, *Ἑκατηβολός*, *Ἀργυροτόξος*. It is strange that this necessary observation should escape the notice of all Commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in proposing the Bow, an instance almost parallel to it might be produced from History. When Cambyses was preparing to make war against Ethiopia, the King of that country bent his great Bow with two fingers in the presence of the Persian Ambassadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with these words, That when the Persians could do the like, they might hope to conquer the

† 'Proposition' would have been suitable in this sense in French: but it is harsh in English. L.

‡ Altered from Ithacans. L.

Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;      5  
But Discord and black Death await the game!

The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends:  
At distance due a virgin-train attends.  
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,  
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:      10

Ethiopians. There is nothing more absurd in the delivery of the Bow to the Suitors by Penelope, than in the same act of the Ethiopian King to the Persian Ambassadors.

V. 9. *A brazen key she held, &c.*] The numerous particularities and digressive histories crowded together in the beginning of this Book have not escaped censure. The Poet very circumstantially describes the key, and the make of it, as likewise the Bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to Ulysses. At the mention of the donor's name he starts into a little history of him, and returns not in many lines to his subject; he, then no less circumstantially describes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he descends to every particular of Penelope's opening it, and every step and motion she takes till she produces the Bow before the suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of small importance, to no proposed end. But notwithstanding, every circumstance is not without its effect and beauty: and nothing better shews the power of the Poet's diction. So great a critic as Vida admired this very passage. Poetic. lib. ii.

‘ Ipsa procos etiam ut jussit centare sagittis  
Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas  
Victori, per quanta moræ dispendia mentes  
Suspensas trahet ante, viri quam proferet arcum,

Thesauris clausum antiquis penitusque repostum \*.’ P. II.

The Poet adapts his verse to the nature of his subject; the description loiters, to express the studied delay of Penelope, and her unwillingness to bring affairs to a decision. However, I will not promise that these digressions and ancient histories will please every reader; the

\* I quote this more correctly from the Cremona Ed. 1550. The propriety of the future tense here is elegant and striking. L.

Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,  
 Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay.  
 There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore:  
 And there the bow which great Ulysses bore,  
 And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept 15  
 Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since, when Sparta's shores he trod,  
 On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:  
 Beneath Orsilochus's roof they met;  
 One loss was private, one a public debt: 20  
 Messena's state from Ithaca detains  
 Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;

passage is so far from being faulty, that it is really an instance of Homer's judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The case is, Penelope proposes the trial of the Bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; she is slow in producing it for the same reason: and Homer, to paint this slowness in a lively manner, lets the subject of the Poem stand still, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too soon to the end of his journey.

V. 15, 16. Not an ill amplification (as Mr. W. observes) on two words in the Original, *στρογγυλεῖς οἰστροί*, (v. 12.) 'groan-causing arrows.' It seems to have been founded on Madame Dacier's translation: 'Flèches, sources de gémissemens et de pleurs.' W.—L.

Mr. W. both for the rhyme and for correctness, would restore: here the right, though disused preterit—'trode.' L.

V. 21. *Messena's state*, &c.] It has been disputed whether Messene here was a city or a country; Strabo affirms it to be a country, lib. viii. It was a port of Laconia, under the dominion of Menelaus in the time of the war with Troy; and then (continues that author) the city named Messene was not built. Pausanias is of the same opinion, lib. iv. c. 1. 'Before the battle of Leuctra between the Thebans and Lacedæmonians, it is my judgment that there was no city called Messene;' this is evident from the words of Homer,

And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,  
 The King and Elders trust their common cause.  
 But Iphitus employ'd on other cares, 25  
 Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,

Τῷ δ' ἐν Μεσσηνί ξυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοισιν  
 Οἰκῷ ἐν Ορσιλοχίῳ.

Now Orsilochns lived in Pheræ, a city of Messenia, and consequently Ulysses and Iphitus meeting at his palace in Messenia, Homer must mean the country, not the city. That Orsilochns lived in Pheræ, appears from the third *Odyssey*.

Ες Φήρας δ' ἰκόντο Διοκλῆς ποτι δωβῶ,  
 Ὑιὸς Ορσιλοχίῳ.—Γ. 38, 9.

This Iphitus was the son of Eurytus mentioned in the eighth Book, famous for his skill in archery.

‘Vain Eurytus! whose art became his crime;  
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;  
 Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,  
 Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer-God.

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose. The Poet largely describes the Bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the *Odyssey*. He shews it was originally in the possession of Eurytus, the most famous archer in the world. nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that Bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the Hero of the Poem, who alone is able to bend it.

V. 22. *Three hundred sheep, &c.*] It has been observed in a former annotation, that such ravages or piracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst the ancients; why then is Ulysses here sent to redemand the spoils made by the Messenians? Dacier answers, that such inroads were not allowable except in open war; she means between Greeks and Greeks; for they themselves exercised such piracies with impunity against other Nations.

And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;  
 Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!  
 For journeying on to Hercules, at length 29  
 That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,  
 Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress;  
 And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest;

V. 31. *Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress.*] Homer very solemnly condemns this action of Hercules in slaying Iphitus: and some authors (remarks Eustathius) defend him by saying, he was seized with madness, and threw Iphitus down from the top of his palace, but this is contrary to Homer, and to the sentiment of those who write that Hercules was delivered as a slave to Omphale, for the expiation of the murder of Iphitus.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expression,

— — — ὅδε τραπέζαν

Ἡδῆσατ'.\* ———

That is, 'he paid no reverence to his table.' The table was held sacred by the ancients; by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality. It was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpose Juvenal.

'Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia mensæ.'

The statues of the Gods were raised upon the tables. They were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteemed holy; and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the table therefore is called in Plutarch φιλιῶν Θεῶν βωμόν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteemed an inviolable obligation of Friendship; and τραπέζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add, that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual tokens: thus Ulysses here presents Iphitus with a sword and spear; Iphitus Ulysses with a bow. And the pro-

\* The passage is—

——— Οὐδὲ Θεῶν σπιν ἠδῆσατ', ὅδε τραπέζαν

Τὴν δὲ οἱ παραβήκεν Φ. 28, 9. L.

He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part  
 Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:  
 Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore 35  
 Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.  
 The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,  
 Ulysses bore not from his native land;  
 Nor in the front of battle taught to bend;  
 But kept, in dear memorial of his friend. 40

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,  
 By many an easy step, the Matron went;  
 Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,  
 (With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)  
 The folding gates a dazzling light displaid, 45  
 With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.  
 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,  
 Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;  
 The wards respondent to the key turn round;  
 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound: 50  
 Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,  
 So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.

ducing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality between the persons themselves, and their descendants in following generations.

V. 46. *With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid* ]

— — — 'pillars over-laid

With golden architrave. P. L. i. 714. W.

V. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This description presents us with a noble image. Homer introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This



She moves majestic through the wealthy room,  
 Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;  
 There from the column where aloft it hung, 55  
 Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:  
 Across her knees she lay'd the well-known Bow,  
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.  
 To full satiety of grief she mourns;  
 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns, 60  
 To the proud suitors bears in pensive state  
 Th' unbended Bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,  
 Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.  
 Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears, 65  
 And with her veil conceals the coming tears:

exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the xxivth of the Iliad:

' Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,  
 So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade.

V. 51. The 'ringing of the vallies' from Chapman.

V. 57. *Across her knees she laid the well-known Bow,  
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.*]

The Bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belonged to a beloved person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a shower of tears: and no doubt the exercise which the suitors are to practise with the Bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of Ulysses, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

V. 57, 8. Most beautiful this description: and an admirable subject for a Picture. The Note too is excellent. The whole brings to mind a beautiful passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. L.

On either side awaits a virgin fair;  
While thus the Matron, with majestic air.

Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,  
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows; 70  
If these neglected, faded charms can move?  
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?  
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,  
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.  
Who first Ulysses' wond'rous Bow shall bend, 75  
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,  
Him will I follow, and forsake my home; . . .  
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,  
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,  
And still to last, the vision of my night! 80

Graceful she said; and bade Eumæus show  
The rival Peers the ringlets and the Bow.  
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,  
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.  
Philæti<sup>us</sup> too relents; but secret shed 85  
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said.

Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence, away;  
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day:

V. 66. Nothing of tears in the Original.

'Before her cheeks holding her fine wrought veil.' W.—L.

V. 75. Compare Fenton. Book xix. 668. W.

V. 84. Exquisite line. L.

V. 85. Αλλοῦσι (v. 83.) as Mr. W. notices, is only on his part: and is accordingly translated by Dacier—

'Philæti<sup>us</sup> pleure aussi, 'de son côté.'

Nor to the royal heart recall in vain  
 The sad remembrance of a perish'd man. 90  
 Enough her precious tears already flow—  
 Or share the feast with due respect, or go }  
 To weep abroad, and leave to us the Bow:  
 No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew  
 That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew. 95  
 I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er  
 While yet a child) what majesty he bore!  
 And still (all infant as I was) retain  
 The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.  
 He said, but in his soul fond joys arise; 100  
 And his proud hopes already win the prize.  
 To speed the flying shaft through every ring,  
 Wretch! is not thine!—the arrows of the King }  
 Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!  
 Then thus Telemachus:—Some God I find 105  
 With pleasing phrenzy has possest my mind;

V. 102, 4. Not very accurate: but yet solemn and impressive.  
 See Ess. on Odyss. p. 217. L.

V. 105. *Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find, &c.*] This speech is not without greater obscurity than is usual in so clear a writer as Homer. M. Dacier has done it justice, and clearly opened the sense of it in her paraphrase. 'Surely, says Telemachus, Jupiter has disordered my understanding. I see my Mother, wise as she is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a second marriage; and yet in these melancholy circumstances, I think of nothing but diverting myself, and being an idle spectator of this exercise of the Bow. No, no; this is not to be suffered: you (the suitors) use your utmost efforts to rob me of Penelope; I will therefore use mine

When a lov'd Mother threatens to depart,  
 Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?  
 Come then, ye Suitors! and dispute a prize  
 Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies; 110  
 Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,  
 Than all our Isles or Continents enclose:  
 A woman matchless, and almost divine;  
 Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.  
 No more excuses then, no more delay; 115  
 Haste to the trial——Lo! I lead the way.  
 I too may try, and if this arm can wing  
 The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring,  
 Then if no happier Knight the conquest boast,  
 I shall not sorrow for a Mother lost; 120  
 But blest in her, possess these arms alone,  
 Heir of my Father's strength, as well as throne.

to retain her: a woman the most excellent in any nation. But why do I praise her? you know her worth. Use therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the Bow, that we may come to an issue. I will try the Bow with you; and if I succeed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conquest; then she shall not be obliged to second nuptials: nor will Penelope abandon a Son, who emulating his Father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from so many antagonists.'

This is the true meaning of the words of Telemachus. The diction indeed is somewhat embarrassed, and the connexion a little obscure. But this is done by the Poet, to express the disorder and hurry of mind in Telemachus, who fears for the fate of Penelope: therefore the connexion of the periods is interrupted; to represent Telemachus starting through eagerness of spirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,  
 And cast his purple garment on the ground.  
 A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd 125  
 The level axes, and the points made fast.  
 (His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,  
 The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)  
 Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;  
 And grasp'd the Bow, and twang'd it in his hand. 130  
 Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;  
 Three times, unequal to the task gave way:  
 A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:  
 And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd:  
 The fourth had drawn it.—The great Sire with joy  
 Beheld; but with a sign forbade the boy. 136

V. 125. Here again, better 'spake.'

V. 125. 'Cast,' proposed by Mr. W. though more accurate for the rhyme, is less so for the sense.

V. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy  
 Beheld, but with a sign forbade—*]

It is not apparent at the first view why Ulysses prohibits Telemachus from drawing the Bow; but Eustathius gives sufficient reason for this conduct: it would have defeated his whole design, and rendered the death of the suitors impracticable; for Telemachus has declared that he would retain Penelope, if he succeeded in the exercise of the Bow; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that Hero and the Suitors, and bring matters unseasonably to extremity. The same author assigns a second reason: Ulysses fears lest Telemachus, by bending the Bow, should make it more supple and flexible; and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have raised an emulation amongst them, and they would have applied the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as

His ardour straight th' obedient Prince supprest,  
And artful, thus the suitor-train address.

Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!  
(For Heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure) 140  
How shall this arm, unequal to the Bow,  
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?  
But you! whom Heav'n with better nerves has blest,  
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.

He cast the Bow before him; and apart 145  
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.  
Resuming then his seat, Eupitheus's son  
The bold Antinous to the rest begun.  
' From where the goblet first begins to flow,  
From right to left, in order take the Bow; 150

Telemachus; but his despair to effect it, makes them less solicitous, the trial being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observed, that \* there is a very happy address made to Telemachus by Homer \*; he shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to Ulysses. Thus the Poet has found out a way to give Telemachus the honour of the victory without obtaining it: and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of Ulysses, who restrains his Son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him, by a happy presence of mind, † at once foresee the danger, and prevent it †.

V. 145. Homer is more accurate and characteristic. The bow is not thrown down, but laid carefully against the wall. v. 136, 7.

Mr. W. justly praises the Translation of this speech of Leiodes. L.

V. 149. *From where the goblet first begins to flow,  
From right to left, &c.]*

Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill

\*\* The English idiom hardly admits this expression. L.

†† A dramatic verse. L.

And prove your several strengths.—The Princes' heard,  
And first Leiodes, blameless Priest, appear'd:

without confusion. Perhaps it is proposed by Antinous by way of omen; the right hand being reckoned fortunate: but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the Ancients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence δεξιωσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand; and Athenæus thus interprets this passage in the first of the Iliad \*.

— — — χερσεῖσις δεπασσι

Δειδεχατ' αλληλως. — —

Which, remarks that author, signifies εδεξιενλο προπινοντες εαυτοις ταις δεξιαις. And there is express mention made of this practice, lib. i. ver. 597, of the Iliad.

— — — θεοις ενδεξια πασιν

Ωινοχοει — — —

That is, 'beginning from the right hand,' as the scholiast rightly interprets it, 'Vulcan delivered the bowl to all the Gods.'

This observation explains various passages in many ancient authors, as well as in the Iliad and Odyssey: the custom indeed is not of any great importance; but is at least a curiosity, and valuable because ancient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which these persons drank, would by antiquaries † be thought inestimable; and the possession of an ancient bowl is not quite so valuable as the knowledge of an ancient custom ‡.

V. 152. — — *Leiodes, blameless priest.*] The word in the original is θυοσκοπῶ, a person who makes predictions from victims, or from the smoke of the sacrifice. This Leiodes, the Poet tells us, sat next to the bowl. The reason of it, saith Eustathius, was because the suitors feared lest poison should be mixed in it; and they thought themselves safe through his care and inspection: but it may perhaps be a better reason to say, that he sat there in discharge of his office as a Prophet, to make libations to the Gods, as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds, that this Prophet was placed at the extremity of

\* I believe it does not occur in the first Il. It is in the fourth. Δ. 3, 4. L.

†† Though no Antiquary, I own I should think somewhat differently in this particular instance, from the Author of the Note. L.

The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,  
 Who next the goblet held his holy place.  
 He, only he, of all the suitor-throng, 155  
 Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.  
 With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains;  
 The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!  
 Already in despair he gives it o'er:—  
 Take it who will, he cries; I strive no more. 160  
 What num'rous deaths attend this fatal Bow?  
 What souls and spirits shall it send below?

the apartment. The reason may be because he was an enemy to the insolence of the suitors, and therefore withdrew from their conversation. Or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that his place was the first (for Eustathius explains *μυχούρα* by *πρωτ* and *ενδύρα*) and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make trial according as they were seated, successively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.

V. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal Bow?*

*What souls and spirits, &c.]*

There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the suitors by the Bow of Ulysses. But what follows, when the Prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. 'Better indeed to die,' &c. The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between *ψυμος* and *ψυχη*, 'soul' and 'spirit:' the reader may turn to the note on lib. xxiii. ver. 92, 124, of the Iliad; and that on lib. xi. ver. 743 of the Odyssey, where an account is given of the notion of the Ancients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in St. Paul \* to the Hebrews, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. 'The word of God is quick and

\* It is by no means clear that the Great Apostle is the Author of this admirable Epistle. Some, with considerable probability, ascribe it to one of the earliest, most elegant, and rational of the Fathers, Clemens Alexandrinus. L.



Better indeed to die, and fairly give  
Nature her debt, than disappointed live;  
With each new sun to some new hope a prey, 165  
Yet still to-morrow false than to-day.

How long in vain Penelope we sought?  
This Bow shall ease us of that idle thought;  
And send us with some humbler wife to live,  
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give. 170

Thus speaking, on the floor the Bow he plac'd;  
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd):  
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws;  
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him Antinous thus with fury said. 175  
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?  
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;  
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.  
Why should this Bow be fatal to the brave?  
Because the Priest is born a peaceful slave. 180

powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword; piercing even to the dividing asunder of 'soul' and 'spirit.' Heb. iv. 12.

This Leiodes falls by the sword of Ulysses in the next Book. Is it not injustice to take away the life of a person who is here described as a man of virtue; detesting the actions of the suitors, and dignified with prophecy? It is easy to answer this objection. He is one of the suitors to Penelope; as appears from his trying the bow among the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage: and consequently he is involved in the general crime. This distinguishes his case from that of Medon and Phemius, whom Ulysses spares: it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of Penelope; whereas Leiodes endeavours to marry the Queen, which single act would exclude Ulysses from his own bed and dominions.—Besides, if we would

Mark then what others can—He ended there ;  
 And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare.  
 He gives it instant flame : then fast beside  
 Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.  
 With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er, 185  
 Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.

escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation.

V. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the suitors to make them more supple; after the manner of the wrestlers who observed that custom. But it is very evident that *τοξον* is to be understood in the Greek; and that it is the Bow, not the limbs of the suitors, that is to be anointed. Eustathius thus fully explains it the lard is brought to make the Bow pliant; they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the Bow, and render it flexible But Eustathius falls into an error about the seat that is brought by Melanthius he imagines the suitors sat while they drew the Bow; that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fixed upon the ground: whereas in reality the seat is brought, that they may sit while they chafe the Bow. Homer himself says, when Leiodes endeavours to draw it, that he stood up, *ανιστατο*, and again,

‘He stood, and stepping forward try'd the Bow.’

Στη δ' αὖρ' ἐπ' ἔδον ἰων, καὶ τόξω πειρητιζεν. (v. 149.)

But how is this to be reconciled with the conduct of Ulysses, who is directly affirmed to sit while he draws it?

— — — *ἔειλκεν νεύσῃν γλυφιδασίῃ*

*Αὐτοθεν, ἐκ διφροῖο, καθήμενος* — — (v. 419—20.)

That circumstance is inserted to shew the great strength and dexterity of Ulysses, who is able to draw it in that disadvantageous posture: the Poet in every incident maintains his superiority.

V. 180—6. The Translator (Mr. W. remarks) judiciously sinks the particular directions of Antinous; which are sufficiently apparent in the execution of them. L.

Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain:

The Bow inflexible resists their pain.

The force of great Eurymachus alone

And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown: 190

Those only now remain'd;—but those confest

Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,

The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.

The King observes them: he the hall forsakes, 195

And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.

V. 193 *Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,  
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.*]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet observes the distribution of time: he distinctly marks the action of every day; and allots a proper space to every action. In this place the Poem goes forward while Ulysses withdraws to engage the assistance of Philætiüs and Eumæus. The suitors are amused and employed about the bow, while Ulysses steals away from their observation, and returns without raising their jealousy. The Poet likewise manages the time of the discovery of Ulysses very judiciously. Though he knew the fidelity of Eumæus and Philætiüs, yet he trusts them not with the knowledge of his person, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound secrecy. But then is not this an imputation to Penelope; that he should choose to discover himself to these two persons, rather than to his Queen? The answer is, There was a necessity for his discovery to the former, but none to the latter: he wants their assistance in the future engagement, and makes good use of it; whereas a discovery made to the Queen could have been of no advantage, and might possibly have proved detrimental. Besides, this is a season that requires expedition; and we find Ulysses complies with it, and is very concise in the discovery and interview with Philætiüs and Eumæus. The Poet therefore reserves the discovery of Ulysses to Penelope to a time of more leisure; that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his Poem with so essential an ornament with greater solemnity.

Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:  
 Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!  
 Shall I the secret of my breast conceal;  
 Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell? 200  
 Say, should some fav'ring God restore again  
 The lost Ulysses to his native reign?  
 How beat your hearts?—what aid would you afford?  
 To the proud Suitors; or your ancient Lord?

Philæti<sup>us</sup> thus:—Oh were thy word not vain! 205  
 Would mighty Jove restore that man again!  
 These aged sinews with new vigour strung  
 In his blest cause should emulate the young.  
 With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd  
 Each pow'r above, with wishes for his Lord. 210

He saw their secret souls, and thus began.  
 Those vows the Gods accord—behold the man!  
 Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd  
 By woes and wand'rings from his hapless land:  
 At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown;  
 And finding faithful you, and you alone. 216  
 All else have cast him from their very thought;  
 Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs forgot!  
 Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm succeed,  
 And give yon impious revellers to bleed, 220  
 My care shall be, to bless your future lives  
 With large possessions, and with faithful Wives:  
 Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend;  
 And each on young Telemachus attend,  
 And each be call'd his brother, and my friend. }

To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye; 226  
 Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,  
 When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,  
 On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar.  
 His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd 230  
 The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:

V. 231. — — *and the scar expos'd.*] Aristotle treating of the different sorts of 'remembrances,' chap. xvii. of his Poetics, divides them into two kinds; 'natural' or 'adventitious.' The former sort is simple and without art, which Poets use for want of invention; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body: the latter are either marks upon the body, or scars occasioned by some accident, or token distinct from the body, (such as the casket, &c. which Plautus and Terence use in the discovery of several persons in their Comedies.)\* Of this latter kind is this scar of Ulysses; it is an adventitious remembrance. And these remembrances (continues Aristotle) may be used with more or less art: thus in the case of this wound of Ulysses, it is used by Homer in a different way: Euryclea, (lib. xix.) describes it accidentally: Ulysses here shews it to Eumæus and Philætius voluntarily. and it is certain that all those marks which a Poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually; and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth Odyssey is more ingenious than the second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery: it causes no surprise nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention: on the contrary, the other in the nineteenth Book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. I will only further observe the judgment of Homer in making this discovery with the utmost brevity; concluding it in the compass of

\* This clause is here put in a Parenthesis lest the appearance of an Anachronism should be incurred: as otherwise it might seem as if Aristotle were made to quote Plautus and Terence. L.

Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;  
 With tear-ful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:  
 Around his neck their longing arms they cast;  
 His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd: 235  
 Tears follow'd tears:—no word was in their pow'r;  
 In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.  
 The King too weeps, the King too grasps their hands,  
 And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun, 240  
 But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun.  
 Enough—on other cares your thought employ;  
 For danger waits on all untimely joy.  
 Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:  
 Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear. 245  
 Re-enter then: not all at once; but stay  
 Some moments you, and let me lead the way.

two verses: he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story: there is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; the urgency of the time demands it; for Ulysses and Eumæus could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the suitors. P.

It may be added, that the discovery being 'accidental' in the first instance, gives a greater air of reality and truth to the 'voluntary' discovery here. For the mark does not seem invented by the Poet for the purpose. L.

V. 235, 6. Additions by the Translator. I cannot quite so much admire V. 236 as Mr. Wakefield does. L.

V. 242—5. In a moment of such urgency the conciseness of the Original would have been preferable which is well represented by Mr. W.

'Cease from your tears of grief:—lest some descry  
 As from the house they pass, and tell within.' L.

To me, neglected as I am, I know  
 'The haughty suitors will deny the bow;  
 But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away, 250  
 Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.  
 At ev'ry portal let some matron wait;  
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:  
 Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;  
 Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.  
 To thy strict charge, Philætius! we consign 256  
 The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine.

This said, he first return'd. the faithful swains  
 At distance follow, as their King ordains.  
 Before the flame Eurymachus now stands, 260  
 And turns the Bow, and chafes it with his hands:  
 Still the tough Bow unmov'd. The lofty man  
 Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:

V. 252. *At ev'ry portal, &c.*] This is a very necessary injunction. Ulysses fears not only lest any of the suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 256. Amusing to observe with Mr. W. that the Poet here parodies two lines of his own, of one of the liveliest of his Poems:

'The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,  
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine.'

RAPE OF THE LOCK. L.

V. 258. The Original thus:

'He said: and enter'd the full peopled dome;  
 And on the seat whence he had risen sat.  
 The servants of Ulysses the divine  
 Next also enter'd.

W.—L.

I mourn the common cause: for, oh my friends!  
 On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends? 265  
 Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,  
 (For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore)  
 But baffled thus! confess'd so far below  
 Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his Bow!  
 How shall all ages our attempt deride? 270  
 Our weakness scorn!—Antinous thus reply'd.

Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws  
 The wond'rous Bow, attend another cause.  
 Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day, 274  
 Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:

V. 266. *Not the lost nuptials — —*] No doubt but Eurymachus misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of Penelope of little importance. But his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have used our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loses its value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easy under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very solicitous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed. The remedy for this disease of our minds is a regular conduct and to hold the balance even in all our affairs, that the scale be not raised too high or depressed too low.

V. 271. The verse would have been better without 'thus.' L.

V. 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day.*] Antinous, in this reply, speaks, as well as Eurymachus, with dissimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reason, and therefore invents a false one. The true reason why he defers the trial of the Bow is, because he fears his inability to draw it; the feigned reason is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be observed religiously; and he insinuates that all sports upon it are a profanation of it, and consequently, Apollo



Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,  
 And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.  
 Now bid the sew'r approach; and let us join  
 In due libations, and in rites divine:  
 So end our night: before the day shall spring,      280  
 The choicest off'rings let Melanthius bring:  
 Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs  
 Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies;  
 So shall the patron of these arts bestow  
 (For his the gift) the skill to bend the Bow.      285

being provoked, disables them from drawing the Bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reason why he proposes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuse of the day by their diversions. But perhaps the reason why Antinous defers the exercise of the Bow to the following day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the festival of Apollo; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a profanation of the day? I should therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by Antinous, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they begun the trial, that he might prosper their endeavours. the conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable. 'Let us now defer the experiment; and offer sacrifice in the morning to Apollo, that he may give us success in drawing the Bow:' which implies that they were unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. I will only add, that Antinous mentions a goat as an offering to Apollo. We have before seen bulls, sheep, and bullocks offered to that Deity: the reason why a goat is a proper victim, I suppose, is because he is a rural God, and patron of shepherds, and therefore all kinds of beasts were offered to him promiscuously.

V. 278, 9. Closer to the Original thus:

'Now bid the sewer pour forth the genial wine;  
 In due libations and in rites divine.' W.—L.

V. 285. 'The skill'—rather 'the power.'

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring  
 The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:  
 The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,  
 In order circling to the Peers around.  
 That rite complete, up-rose the thoughtful man; 290  
 And thus his meditated scheme began.

If what I ask your noble minds approve,  
 Ye Peers and rivals in the royal love!  
 Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,  
 (Whose sage decision I with wonder hear) 295  
 And if Eurymachus the motion please;  
 Give Heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.  
 To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,  
 And take it He, the favour'd of the skies!  
 But since till then, this trial you delay, 300  
 Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:  
 Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,  
 What once I was, whom wretched you despise;  
 If yet this arm its ancient force retain;  
 Or if my woes (a long-continued train) 305  
 And wants and insults, make me less than man. }

Rage flash'd in lightning from the Suitors eyes;  
 Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.  
 Antinous then:—O miserable guest!  
 Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast? 310

V. 296 Better with Mr.W.

' If wills Eurymachus, your efforts cease.'

Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd  
 To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,  
 Admitted here with Princes to confer;  
 A man unknown, a needy wanderer?  
 To copious wine this insolence we owe: 315  
 And much thy betters wine can overthrow.  
 The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,  
 Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;

V 318. *Pirithous' roofs, &c*] The story of the Centaur is this: Pirithous, a Lapithite, marrying Hippodamia the daughter of Adrastus, invited the Centaurs and Lapithæ to his nuptials: the Centaurs drinking to great excess, and offering violence to the bride, engaged them in a quarrel. Eurytion was the person who began the disorder, and the war that ensued became fatal to the whole nation of the Centaurs. Horace alludes to this history.

' At nequis modici transiliat munera Liberi,  
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero.  
 Debellata.' — — CARM. I. 18

The Lapithites were a people of Thessaly inhabiting the mountains Pindus and Othrys, the Centaurs were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount Pelion. This war between the Lapithites and the Centaurs probably lasted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of Pirithous; and on the day that his son Polypætēs was born, he obtained a decisive victory over the Centaurs, and drove them from mount Pelion. Thus lib. ii. v. 896, of the *Iliad*.

' Thy troops Argissa, Polypætēs leads  
 And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades;  
 Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,  
 The fruit of fair Hippodamé's embrace,  
 That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head  
 To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled.

This history is at large related by Ovid, *Metam.* xii. He calls Eury-

Boundless the Centaur rag'd: till one and all  
 The Heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall; 320  
 His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,  
 And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.  
 Hence with long war the double race was curst:  
 Fatal to all; but to th' aggressor first.  
 Such fate I prophesy our guest attends, 325  
 If here this interdicted Bow he bends.  
 Nor shall these walls such insolence contain:  
 The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;  
 Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,  
 (The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of Kings.)  
 Better than that, if thou approve our cheer; 331  
 Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

tion by the name of Eurytus, and describes the nuptial feast in a cave, and not in the palace of Pirithous. Thus Mr Dryden :

' In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,  
 Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.  
 There one more brutal of the brutal brood,—  
 Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,  
 Or both, at once,—beheld with lustful eyes  
 The bride, at once resolv'd to make his prize:  
 Down went the board, and fast'ning on her hair  
 He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair:  
 'Twas Eurytus began. — —

V. 319—21, 2. The latter half of the first of these verses, and both the others, debased by exceedingly vulgar diction. L.

V. 324. A just and impressive description of war in general. L.

V. 332. Ogilby very neatly :

' With us sit still; but not with us compare.' W.—L.

To this the Queen her just dislike exprest:—  
 'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the stranger guest;  
 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name: 335  
 And some respect Telemachus may claim.  
 What if th' Immortals on the man bestow  
 Sufficient strength to draw the mighty Bow?  
 Shall I, a Queen, by rival Chiefs ador'd,  
 Accept a wand'ring stranger for my Lord? 340  
 A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:  
 Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.  
 Far he be banish'd from this stately scene  
 Who wrongs his Princess with a thought so mean.  
 O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind: 345  
 (Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)  
 Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,  
 We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;  
 We dread the censure of the meanest slave,  
 The weakest woman:—all can wrong the brave. 350  
 ' Behold what wretches to the bed pretend  
 Of that brave Chief whose Bow they could not bend!

V. 337. Instead of this interpolation, better thus:

'What if the stranger's vigorous arm should shew.' W.—L.

V. 343. Better melody and cadence thus—

'Far be he banish'd.' L.

V. 349, 50. This expanded and detailed sentiment I suspect alludes to the politics and persons of the day: and to the opinion of them entertained by the Translator as affecting his friends. L.

In came a beggar of the strolling crew,  
 And did what all those Princes could not do.  
 Thus will the common voice our deed defame; 355  
 And thus Posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the Queen:—If Fame engage your views,  
 Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues:

V. 354. Mr. W. agreeably to the Original.

‘He drew the Bow, and sent an arrow through.’

More exactly thus:

‘With ease he drew the bow, and sent an arrow through.’ L.

Πηιδίως εἰλυσσε Βιον δια δ’ ἤμε σιδηρε. (γ. 328.)

V. 357. — — — *If Fame engage your views,*

*Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues.]*

This answer of Penelope is very severe and very just. Eurymachus (observes Dacier) had said, If this beggar draws the Bow, we shall lose our reputation: Penelope answers, It is in vain to be solicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a series of infamous actions. Fame is the reward of good, and shame the portion of base and unworthy deeds: it is no dishonour to a Prince to be surpassed by a Beggar in strength; but a Prince is more infamous than a Beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worse man; a base action sinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in Homer are, *τι ελεῖχεα ταυτα τιθεσθαι*; which Eustathius thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater dishonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? And, adds Dacier, the sentiment is just and happy. These Princes place disgrace where it is not. They think it a shame to yield in strength to this stranger; which is really no shame: mere strength is the praise of a beast, not of a prince: on the contrary, what is really a shame, they think to be none. They prey upon a King, who was a friend to all Mankind; they act a thousand insolent and base deeds, and yet apprehend no discredit. This is an unhappy, and I wish it were an unjust, picture of human nature. We deceive ourselves with false notions both of shame and glory. And we may apply the words of Terence to this purpose:

Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;  
 Know, Friend! that Virtue is the path to praise. 360  
 The stature of our guest, his port, his face,  
 Speak him descended from no vulgar race.  
 To him the Bow, as he desires, convey;  
 And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,  
 Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear 365  
 A two-edg'd falchion and a shining spear,  
 Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,  
 And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal Mother! ever-honour'd name!  
 Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim 370  
 A son's just right.—No Grecian Prince but I  
 Have pow'r this Bow to grant, or to deny.  
 Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,  
 And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,  
 To me alone my Father's arms descend; 375  
 And mine alone they are, to give or lend.

— — — 'Hic, ubi opus est,

Non verentur: illic ubi non opus est, ibi verentur.'

Praise is only to be obtained by Virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: ill-nature or envy may eclipse it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.

V. 366, 7. A thought is omitted:

*κυνων αληθεια και ανδρων* (V. 340)

expressed by Ogilby; though not with the sonorous dignity of the Greek:

'That he nor dogs nor men shall need to fear.'

but the speech in general is excellently translated. W.—L.

Retire, oh Queen! thy household task resume,  
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;

V. 377. *Retire, oh Queen! &c.*] This speech has been accused of too great a liberty, and as wanting in respect from a son to a Mother. Telemachus speaks with authority, when he ought to have shewed obedience and filial duty. But these critics mistake the design and intention of Telemachus: he speaks directly to Penelope; but obliquely and intentionally to the suitors: it is for this reason that he says he is supreme in the palace; viz. to let them know that he will not give up the sway into their power. He tells Penelope that the Bow shall be used as he directs: this is done to intimidate the suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to Ulysses, contrary to their injunctions to Eumæus.

The verses are the same with those in the vith of the Iliad. There Hector speaks to Andromache; a tender Husband to a fond Wife; and the speech was never taxed with any want of love and kindness. In that place Hector remembers that he is an husband; yet forgets not that he is an hero. In this Telemachus deviates not from the duty of a son; yet speaks in the character and style of a Prince.

Eustathius excellently enlarges upon the words of Telemachus. There is an absolute necessity that Penelope should withdraw, that she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the Poet introduces Minerva casting her into a profound sleep; that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the suitors. This is absolutely necessary \* for if she had been acquainted that Ulysses was returned, and the suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between Ulysses and Penelope in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey.

But is not Minerva introduced upon too small an occasion, only to cast Penelope into a slumber? would not nature have worked the same effect without the assistance of the Goddess? I have already remarked, that machines are not always used out of necessity; but frequently for ornament, to dignify the poetry, and create surprise by the appearance of a Deity. But here the Poet brings down Minerva, to give credibility to the story: for though it be true that nature is

\* It is necessary for another reason. It was on all accounts most unfit that she should then be present. L.



The Bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,  
These cares to man belong;—and most to me. 380

Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd  
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:  
There in her chamber as she sat apart,  
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.  
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul: 385  
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,  
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,  
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Now through the press the Bow Eumæus bore,  
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar. 390

sufficient to produce this effect, yet that it should operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occasion for it, is in some degree incredible: the Poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural sleep, occasioned by the immediate operation of a Goddess.

V. 381. — — — *the Queen admir'd*

*His sage reply — —]*

Peneiçe is amazed at the free remonstrance of Telemachus: she is ignorant of the reason of it; yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flowed from a just cause, and not from a want of filial duty: she is therefore said by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time should unfold the mystery.\* DACIER.

V. 387. *Cries.*] If this is meant for tears, it is very incorrect language: if for exclamations, it is unauthorised by the Original. W.—L.

V. 390. *Wild uproar.*] P. L. ii. 541, where the same words also close the verse. W.

I own I cannot agree with Mr. W. in thinking 'presume' and 'loom' not a sufficiently good rhyme. L.

\* The words of the Original,

'She in her heart lodg'd her son's wise reply.'

Παιδος γὰρ μητρὸν πεπνυµένον ἐνδὲο θυμῷ. (V. 355.)

have been applied to the Mother of Christ. LUKE. L.

Hold, lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?  
 To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the Bow?  
 Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,  
 Far from the sweet society of men,  
 To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;      395  
 If Heav'n and Phœbus lend the Suitors aid.

Thus they.—Aghast he laid the weapon down,  
 But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on.  
 Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;  
 What? hopes the fool to please so many lords?      400  
 Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand  
 Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.  
 Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well  
 Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!  
 Then what a shoal of lawless men should go      405  
 To fill with tumult the dark courts below?

The Suitors with a scornful smile survey  
 The youth, indulging in the genial day.

V. 399, 400. This part of the Greek is much more fierce and insulting than the Original, where there is nothing of slave or fool, or of any disrespectful compellation. But in v. 402, the change by the Translator is judicious and dextrous. In the Original, Telemachus threatens to drive Eumæus to the field by throwing stones at him.

Αγρονδε διωμαι

Βαλλων χερμα διοισι. v. 370, l. L.

V. 407. *The suitors with a scornful smile, &c.*] Spondanus believes they laugh out of contempt of Telemachus. Dacier, because they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of Penelope: they hope to draw the bow; and this hope

Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring  
 The strife-full Bow, and give it to the King. 410  
 Old Euryclea calling then aside,  
 Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)  
 At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,  
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;  
 And if unusual sounds invade their ear, 415  
 If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,  
 Let none to call or issue forth presume;  
 But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;  
 Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates. 420

mollifies their anger. But all these reasons (as well as those of Eustathius) seem to be rather invented than natural. We may find a sufficient reason of their laughter, from the sharpness of Telemachus towards Eumæus: they rejoice to see an enemy (for such they esteem Eumæus) mis-used. And this will likewise give a reason why the Poet adds, that they ceased their anger against Telemachus: namely, because he gratifies their ill-will by threatening Eumæus

V. 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins, &c.*] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from Telemachus but Ulysses. It was Ulysses who gave directions to shut the door of the women's apartments: but Eumæus is ignorant that Euryclea was acquainted with the return of Ulysses; and \* therefore speaks as from Telemachus \*. He knew very well that she would obey the orders of Telemachus: but if she had not been acquainted with the return of Ulysses, she would have made some hesitation: believing the beggar to be really a stranger, and not Ulysses. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 420. This verse is excellently expressive. L.

\* \* Here is an entire heroic verse which might easily have been avoided. See the Preface by BOYLE to his great Work. L.

In the same moment forth Philætiüs flies,  
 Secures the court, and with a cable ties  
 The utmost gate; (the cable strongly wrought  
 Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought)  
 Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board 425  
 His seat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord.

And now his well-known Bow the Master bore,  
 Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:

V. 423. — — — (*the cable strongly wrought  
 Of Byblos' reed, — — —*]

The word in the Greek is βυβλινον· which we are not to understand of the Egyptian Papyrus, but it is derived from βιβλ or βυβλ, a plant growing in the marshes of Egypt, εἶδος βοτάνης ἐμπερές παπυρω, that bears the resemblance of the Papyrus, as Eustathius explains it. Of this plant the ancients made their cordage: on the top of it there grew fibrous threads resembling hair; and thus Strabo describes it, *φίλη ραβδος ἐπ' ἀκρᾷ ἐχέουσα χαιτην*, 'a slender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it.'

V. 426. 'His eye' would be more poetic. L.

V. 428. *Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inserted in vain. Ulysses is ready to engage in a terrible combat. It is therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the Bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had observed that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furnished him with some other instrument. Eustathius is of opinion that this whole Bow was made of horn: because *πρες* denotes worms that breed in horn. The Bow, says that author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the Scythian bows. This, it must be confessed, is not entirely satisfactory: because the bows were anciently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; \* and to this horn Ulysses may refer \*. But the other opinion is most probable: and Ovid thus understood it.

Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,  
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long. 430

While some deriding—How he turns the Bow!

Some other like it sure the man must know,

Or else would copy; or in bows he deals:

Perhaps he makes them; or perhaps he steals.—

Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!  
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd, 436 }  
With such good fortune as he now shall find.

Heedless he heard them:—but disdain'd reply;  
The Bow perusing with exactest eye.

Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing 440

High notes, responsive to the trembling string,

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,

Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,

Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro',

So the great Master drew the mighty Bow: 445

V. 434. Mr. W. observes there is more drollery than good faith in this translation. The fact is, the Translator has transposed the sentiment, not added to it. For it seems justified by *ἐπικλῶπος τοξων.* (v. 400.) L.

V. 440. *Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, &c.*] Eustathius confesses himself to be greatly pleased with this comparison: it is very just, and well suited to the purpose: the strings of the Lyre represent the bow-string; and the ease with which the Lyrist stretches them, admirably paints the facility with which Ulysses draws the Bow. When similitudes are borrowed from an object entirely different from the subject which they are brought to illustrate, they give us a double satisfaction: as they surprise us by shewing an agreement between such things in which there seems to be the greatest disagreement.

And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd  
 The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.  
 From his essaying hand the string let fly  
 Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.  
 A gen'ral horror ran through all the race; 450  
 Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.  
 Signs from above ensu'd:—the unfolding sky  
 In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.

V. 448. — — — *the string let fly*

*Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.]*

The comparison is not intended to represent the sweetness of the sound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harsh or jarring sound, or somewhat rough, *ὑποτραχύ*, as Eustathius interprets it; such a sound as the swallow makes when she sings by starts, and not in one even tenour. The swallow is inharmonious: and Aristophanes uses *χελιδωνων μασσεια* in his *Frogs*, to signify those who are enemies to the Muses: and here the Poet uses it to denote a shrill, harsh, or jarring sound.

V. 449. An excellent verse: imitative without affectation. L.

V. 452. *Signs from above ensu'd*—] The signal of battle is here given in thunder by Jupiter, as in the eleventh Book of the *Iliad*.

‘ Ev’n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill’d  
 Red drops of blood o’er all the fatal field.’

And again,

‘ That instant Juno and the martial maid  
 In happy thunders promis’d Greece their aid.’

This prepares us for the greatness of the following Action, which is ushered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not surprised to see Ulysses defeat his enemies, when Jupiter declares himself in his favour. Homer calls this thunder a sign and a prodigy: it is a sign, because it predicts the event; and a prodigy, because the thunder proceeds from a serene sky. EUSTATHIUS.

Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's Almighty Lord,  
 He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board: 455  
 (Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,  
 But soon to fly, the messengers of death.)

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,  
 Through ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;  
 Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing; }  
 The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string, 461 }  
 Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.  
 The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;  
 Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate resounds.

Then to the Prince:—Nor have I wrought thee  
 shame; 465  
 Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;  
 Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost  
 That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.

There is not in general much poetic excellence or care in translating the preceding parts of this Book: but from 437 to 57, is admirable in diction and numbers, and worthy of the sublime Original. Indeed all is noble to the end of this Book. L.

V. 455. *That glitter'd.*] Mr. W. commends this as expressing justly and comprehensively the force of the term γυμνος, 'naked,' in the Original. L.

V. 467. — — — *nor have I lost*  
*That ancient vigour — —]*

Ulysses speaks not thus out of vanity; but solely to confirm the courage of Telemachus, and his two friends, Eumæus and Philætius. He sets<sup>d</sup> his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the succeeding engagement.

Ulysses speaks very naturally: as rejoicing, his-self, at his success, prelude to a moment of such importance. L.

Ill I deserv'd these haughty Peers disdain:—

Now let them comfort their dejected train; 470

In sweet repast the present hour employ,

Nor wait till ev'ning for the genial joy:

Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;—

Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.

V. 471. *In sweet repast the present hour employ,  
Nor wait till ev'ning — —]*

This circumstance is very necessary; Ulysses excites the suitors to supper by day-light, because it would be more easy for him to assault them while they sat at table; the posture would give him some advantage. and he adds 'before evening,' because if they had supped by the light of the torch, upon extinguishing it they had greatly embarrassed him; and perhaps rendered his designs ineffectual through the benefit of the darkness. Neither is it without reason that he proposes singing and music: he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealousy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the assault unexpectedly, and begins the slaughter before they are prepared to make any opposition.

V. 473, 4. Two sweet lines: but perhaps too sweet and polished for the occasion. L.

There is something sublimely animated in the close of this Book: and in the awful expectation it leaves of the commencement of the next.

I cannot resist quoting the Great Original, and Cowper's noble Translation.

Ἐίλεκεν νευρὴν γλ' υφιδάσσει (Φ. 419.)

Ἀνὶα ἰήυσκομενος· πελεκευεν δ' ἐκ ἡμέροισι παντῶν

Πρωτῆς στείλειης· διαδ' ἀμπερες ἤλθε θυραζε

Ἴος χαλκοξαρῆς· ὁδε Τηλεμαχὸν προσεείπε.

Τηλεμαχ', ε σ' ὁ ξείνος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐλεγχεί

Ἥμενος· εἴθε ἦ ἴθι σκοπε ἡμέροισιν, εἴθε ἦ ἰοξόν



He said, then gave a nod;—and at the word 475  
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.

Δὴν ἑκαμὼν ἱανυῶν· εἰ μοι μένος ἐμπέδον ἐστίν.

Οὐκ ὥς μοι μνηστῆρες αἰμαζόντες οὐνοῖται.

Νυνδ' ὦρῃ καὶ δορπον Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἱεῖκεσθαι

Ὡς φασὶ ἀντάρ ἐπειτα καὶ ἀλλῶς ἐψιασθαι

Μολπή καὶ φορμιγγί· ἴα γὰρ ἴ' ἀναδημαῖα δαίλος.

Ἢ, καὶ ἐπ' ὄφρυσιν νευσεν· ὁδὲ ἀμφεθέο ξίφος ὄξυ

Τηλεμαχός, φίλος υἱὸς Ὀδυσσεύος θεοῖο.

Ἀμφιδὲ χεῖρα φίλῃν ἔαλεν ἐγχρῇ ἀγχί δ' ἀρ' αὖτε

Παρ' ἄρουρῃ ἐσίστηκει κεκορυθμενὲς αἰδομένη χαλκῷ. 434.

I take the Translation a line or two higher up.

— — — — True he lodg'd

The arrow on the centre of the Bow,

And occupying still his seat, drew home

Nerve and notch arrow-head —with stedfast sight

He aim'd and sent it.—Right through all the rings,

From first to last the steel-charg'd weapon flew,

Issuing beyond:—and to his Son he spake.

Thou need'st not blush, † Telemachus, receiving

A guest like me. Neither my arrow swerv'd,

Nor labour'd I long time to draw the Bow:

My strength is unimpair'd; not such as these

In scorn affirm it. But the waning day

Calls us to \*supper :—after which succeeds

Jocund variety; the song, the harp,

With all that heightens and adorns the feast.

He said; and with his brows gave him the Sign:

At once the Son of the illustrious Chief

Slung his keen faulchion, graspt his spear, and stood

Arm'd bright for battle at his Father's side.

Mr. Cowper adds, in a Note on the passage marked with an asterism, a most just and forcible remark on these words. This is an

† I have altered here for conformity to the Original: which says Telemachus, simply; and not 'young Prince.' L.

Fast by his Father's side he takes his stand;  
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

instance of the Συρδονιον μαλα τοιον mentioned in Book xx. such as, perhaps, could not easily be paralleled. L.

V. 478. 'Lightening' would have been more elegant, and nearer to the Original. L.

I question whether there be a passage in ancient or modern Tragedy, so truly terrible, as this seeming levity of Ulysses the moment when going to begin the slaughter. L.

This 21st Book is marked P. in my copy. L.

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*Observable Words in this Book not in the ILIAD.*

V. 20. εξεσιη.

V. 230. προμνησινος.

V. 41. κεσκειν.

V. 284. αλη.

V. 61. ογκιον.

ακομισιη.

V. 71. επισχεσιη.

V. 306. επηλυς.

V. 111. μυνη.

V. 407. κολλοψ.

V. 112. Ιανυστυς.

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V. 99. ακεων used adverbially, and as undeclinable as *bien-aise* in French.

THE  
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

*ULYSSES begins the slaughter of the Suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his Father, himself, Eumæus and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the Wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The Suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their Master with all demonstrations of joy.*

# THE ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK XXII.\*

THEN fierce the Hero o'er the threshold strode;  
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.  
Full in their face the lifted Bow he bore,  
And quiver'd-deaths, a formidable store;

\* We are now come to the great Event or Catastrophe † of the Odyssey; which is the Destruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been praised and censured: by some as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible. It is therefore highly necessary to vindicate Homer, in the chief Action of the whole Poem: that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact, and ‡ draw his Hero to the best advantage.‡ The objection made against this decisive action is, that the Poet makes Ulysses perform impossibilities: no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an hundred enemies. It is no answer to say that Pallas descends to aid Ulysses: for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be subtracted from it without destroying it; whereas this Action is essential to it. No less a Critic than Longinus, chap. vii. condemns

† Catastrophe is properly 'conversion' from one state of things to the contrary. L.

‡‡ The omission of the Article here would have sav'd a verse. L.

Before his feet the rattling show'r he threw, 5  
And thus terrific, to the suitor crew.

Homer; for, enumerating the faults of the Odyssey, he thus proceeds. 'To these may be added the absurdities he commits, in the account of the destruction of Penelope's suitors.' And Scaliger, lib. v. of his Poetics, is of the same opinion: 'Ulysses interfecit arcu procos; inter quos et ipsum tantillum esset intervalli. Quare omnes simul in eum impetum non fecerunt?' The strength of this objection lies in the omission of the suitors in not rushing at once upon Ulysses in an united body. Now this was impossible: he stood upon the threshold in a narrow pass; and by this advantage he was able to make it good against a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring instances of a like nature from undoubted history. Cocles alone defended the bridge over the Tyber against the whole army of Porsena, and stood immoveable till the Romans broke it down behind him. And Leonidas the Spartan General defended the pass of Thermopylæ with a small number, against three millions of Persians led by Xerxes; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably\* defeated his whole army. In both these instances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between Ulysses and the suitors. The reader will be reconciled to the probability of these relations, if he considers that the whole business of war was anciently decided by mere strength of body. Fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer level: but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest Hero: a man of superior and uncommon strength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident, that Homer scarce transgresses the bounds of historic truth, when he describes Achilles chasing whole squadrons of Trojans. He wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life; though sometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his Hero: thus in the Scripture, from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single Goliath defy the whole armies of Israel.

Rapin commends the conduct of Homer in bringing about the destruction of the suitors. The unravelling † the whole Odyssey (says

\* 'He would probably have.' L.

† 'Of' it should have been. L.

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day ;  
Another, Princes ! yet remains to play :

that Author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an Hero: that whole story is dressed up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that Antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration. here Homer has displayed himself to the best advantage. I wish Rapin had given his reasons; and not run into a general commendation. but we shall be sufficiently convinced of the judgment of Homer in describing the suitors falling chiefly by Ulysses, if we consider the nature of Epic Poetry. The chief Action is to be performed by the Hero of the Poem. Thus Hector falls by Achilles; Turnus by Æneas. The death of the Suitors is the chief Action of the Odyssey: and therefore it is necessary to be executed by Ulysses; for if any other person had performed it, that person would have done an action more noble \* than the Hero of the Poem, and eclipsed his glory. It is for the same reason that the Poet refuses all easy methods to re-establish Ulysses: he throws him into difficulties which he is to surmount by his own prowess and magnanimity. Homer might easily have raised an army, and placed Ulysses at the head of it: but the more difficult way being most conducive to his honour, he rejects all easy methods;—shews him struggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himself personally by his wisdom and courage. By this means † he completes the character of his Hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the spectators, and makes him go off the stage with the utmost applause.

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V. 1. *Then fierce the Hero o'er the threshold strode, &c.*] Plato was particularly struck with the beauty of these lines: in his Dialogue intitled *Iōn*, p. 145, Socrates thus speaks: ‘When you repeat the verses of Homer emphatically, and ravish the whole audience, whether it be the passage where he sings how Ulysses leaps upon the threshold, discovers himself to the Suitors, and pours his arrows before his feet; or where Achilles rushes upon Hector; or where he

\* ‘More important to the main event of the Poem’ would have been language more critically exact. L.

† ‘These means’ might have been not improper here. L.

Another mark our arrow must attain.

Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.

10

paints the lamentations of Hecuba, Priam, or Andromache, tell me, are you any longer master of your own passions? are you not transported? and ravished with divine fury, think yourself present at the very actions, either in Ithaca, or Troy?' It must indeed be allowed, that Homer here paints to the life: we see Ulysses, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onset. The Poet interests us in the cause of his Hero; and we fight on his side against his enemies.

Eustathius observes, that instead of  $\rho\alpha\chi\textcircled{\text{C}}$  the Æolians wrote  $\beta\rho\alpha\chi\textcircled{\text{C}}$ .\* An observation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of Sappho as a proof of it.

Τις δ' αγροιωτις δελγει νοον  
Ουκ επισταμενη τα βρακε' ελκειν  
Επι των σφυρων;

which he thus explains,

'What rustic beauty drest in awkward charms  
Detains my lover from his Sappho's arms'

The circumstance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inserted without a reason. Ulysses could reach them thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the quiver.

V. 2. — — *he blaz'd out like a God.*] Mr. Wakefield has already observed that this is an interpolation.

Perhaps thus:

'Then off his tatter'd garb Ulysses threw,  
And with a bound on the high threshold flew:  
The Bow and quiver full of shafts he bore;  
And at his feet the formidable store  
Of arrows casting, to the suitors said.

This trial,—difficult it was,—hath sped!  
Another mark if now I may attain,  
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain!

\* From  $\xi\rho\alpha\chi\omicron\varsigma$ , probably, bracca and breeches. So that this reading would here make of Ulysses a *sans culotte*. L.



Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,  
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνωθὴ ρακεὼν πολυμήλῃς Οδυσσεύς·

Ἄλλο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν ἔδον, ἔχων ἕϊον ἠδὲ φαρείρην

Ἴων ἐμπλείην· ἰαχέας δ' ἐκχευαὶ οἷσ' ἔσθες

Αὐτὸ προσθε ποδῶν μέλαδε μνηστήρσιν εἰσπέν.

Ὅυτος δὴ-μοι ἀεθλος ἀάλος ἐκίλεσσαι.

Νῦν αὖτε σκοποῖν ἄλλον, ἐν ἑπῶ ἵς ἔαλεν ἀνὴρ,

Εἰσομαι αἰκε ἰσχυρίμῃ, πορήδε μοι εὐχος Ἀπολλῶν. X. 1—7.

The additions made by the Translator are animated and striking. But I own, without reserve, that although they are as much in the character of the Original as could well be, I think there is in the Original a terrible conciseness and simplicity, which all addition weakens.

I have translated *μέγαν ἔδον* 'the high threshold,' because I think such is the meaning.

The threshold had two advantages. It was a station best likely to be maintained without being dislodged from it, or being surrounded. And its height was some advantage; both for resistance and for attack. Virgil, if the reading we have is just, seems to have construed the epithet in the same manner.

'Nec non et gemini custodes, limine ab alto

Præcedunt, gressumque Canes comitantur herilem.'

ÆN. viii. 460—2.

where, however, Mr. W. reads, ingeniously, 'limine ab arto.' L.

V. 10. *Phœbus, assist!*] Ulysses addresses a prayer to Apollo to give success to his present enterprise. He directs it to him, because he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to Apollo confirms my observation, that Penelope proposed the trial of the Bow in honour of that Deity. And we find that it was customary, from a remarkable passage in the Iliad; lib. iv.

'But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow

To Lycian Phœbus with the silver Bow:

Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!  
 High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!  
 Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;    15  
 Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:  
 For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?  
 And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?  
 Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon past,  
 And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.

And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay  
 On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.'

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of Ulysses, as well as the prayer, is concise. It would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onset with a long oration: this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

V. 11—18. One cannot be surprised that the consummate elegance of this intervening description has approved itself to the taste and judgment of Mr. Wakefield. Yet the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey \* condemns the concluding line as a kind of quibble. But is it not to reason too curiously to reason thus? L.

V. 18. *And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?*] This particular is very artful. The Poet while he writes, seems to be surprised at the difficulty of the enterprise he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event; and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect. it sets the courage of Ulysses in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility, and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible. For Homer appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet establishes the probability of it. EUSTATHIUS.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows, 21  
 A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;  
 Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:  
 Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,  
 And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood 25  
 Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.  
 Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,  
 Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall:  
 O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye:  
 Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh: 30  
 Aim'st thou at Princes? (all amaz'd they said)  
 Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;  
 Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,  
 And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.  
 Vultures shall tear thee—Thus incens'd they spoke; 35  
 While each to chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke:

V. 22. *A stream of gore burst spouting* — —] The word in the Original is *αυλος*, which commonly signifies a pipe or musical instrument. The ancients (observes Eustathius) used it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood; *κρενος*, *εξακοντισμα αιματ*®. The word therefore very happily paints the blood spouting from the nostrils, as from a fountain: and in this sense, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound.

V. 23. 'Grim' and 'sprawls,'—two words fitter for a travesty of Homer. L.

V. 27, 8. Rhime too near v. 23, 4. The 'epiphonema,' or animated 'apostrophic,' v. 33—38, is commended by the Author of the Essay. L.

V. 30. An excellent line. L.

V. 34. — — *Thus incens'd they spoke;*

*While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke:]*

This passage was looked upon as spurious by the ancients; for they

Blind as they were; for Death ev'n now invades  
 His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.  
 Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,  
 That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke. 40

Dogs, ye have had your day:—ye fear'd no more  
 Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;

thought it impossible that all the Suitors should speak the same sentiment, as by compact, like a Chorus in a Tragedy. They \* appealed to the custom of Homer himself,\* who continually wrote

‘Ωδὲ δὲ τις εἰπεσχεν.’

Eustathius answers, that the Poet speaks thus confusedly, to represent the confusion of the Suitors at the death of Antinous. Dacier defends him by saying, that all the Suitors imagined that Antinous was slain by accident and therefore the whole assembly having the same sentiment, the Poet might ascribe to every member of it the same expression.†

V. 41. I fear we must join with the Author of the Essay in condemning the introduction of this vulgar proverb here. He says well. ‘Proverbial speeches become unworthy of our Epic Poetry. Foreign proverbs are often great and emphatical to us; as many of ours may sound great to foreigners: yet, at home, both, if vulgar, will be apt to appear mean, or, at least, unfit for the greater kinds of Poetry.’—He then says (as Addison had done) what is not exactly the fact; that we do not know what expressions were become mean by being habitually applied to mean occasions among the Ancients. (V. Ess. p. 302, 3. Ev. V.)

V. 42. *Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore.*] The mention of the return of Ulysses from Troy is not inserted casually: he speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his inten-

\*\* A bad anapæstic cadence. L.

† I believe in Writers of great antiquity ‘speaking’ often means ‘imagining:’ or acting in such a manner as the Writer interprets into such words and sentiments. And this acceptance may be a clue to some otherwise inexplicable passages of scripture. L.

While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,  
 Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:  
 Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd, 45  
 Ev'n to our bed, presumptuous, you aspir'd:  
 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,  
 Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above:  
 Heedless alike of infamy or praise,  
 Of Fame's eternal voice in future days: 50  
 The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come;  
 Impending Fate is yours, and instant doom.

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood;  
 From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:  
 Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide; 55  
 Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd.

If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)  
 Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,

tion, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from Troy near ten years, and returns from the Phæacian, not the Trojan shores. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 47—50. Amplified (probably through attention to Chapman and Ogilby) from these two verses:

Οὐτε Θεὸς δεισαντὶς οἱ θράσος εὐρυν ἔχουσιν·  
 Οὐτε ἴν' ἀνδρωπῶων νημεσίον, καλοπίσθευ, ἐνδεσθίε.

finely translated by Wakefield:

'Of Gods who dwell high Heav'n no fear your mind  
 Sway'd, nor the future vengeance of mankind.'

Yet the 50th verse is a noble one: and the numbers and rhythm of this whole speech are admirable. L.

4. The words 'recedes' and 'flying' thus associated are inelegantly tautologous. W.

Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd  
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land. 60

The cause and author of those guilty deeds,

Lo' at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.

Not love, but wild ambition was his guide:

To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,

These were his aims;—but juster Jove deny'd. 65 }

V. 59 Mr. Wakefield corrects, for the sake of a more exact rhyme, thus—'from this unruly band' which has the advantage not only in rhyme, but as being nearer to the Original.

— — — — — ὅσα ρεῖσσκον Ἀχαιοὶ

Πολλὰ μὲν ἐν μεγάροισιν ΑΤΑΣΘΑΛΑ. (V. 46, 7.) L.

V. 64. *To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expression is judiciously inserted and with good reason put into the mouth of one of the Suitors; namely Eurymachus. The Poet is now punishing them for their crimes. It is therefore very necessary that the reader should be satisfied that they deserve punishment: for if it be not an act of justice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confessing themselves guilty by the mouth of Eurymachus their crime is the intended murder of Telemachus, and the usurpation of the throne of Ulysses. If this had not been set in a clear light, there might have been room for a suspicion that Ulysses inflicted a punishment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deserved death, to aim at the marriage of Penelope? This is not to be supposed: for they took her to be a widow,\* and might therefore without a crime ask her in marriage. Was death due for the waste and profusion of the riches of Ulysses? This might have been redressed, by a full repayment, and a just equivalent. Homer therefore, to shew that there is a cause for the severity of the punishment, sets their crimes in open view: which are an intentional murder, and an actual treason. The place likewise where he inserts this circumstance is well chosen: viz. in the place where the punishment is re-

\* Their evidence of her being a Widow was mere general presumption.

Since cold in death th' offender lies, oh spare  
 Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!  
 Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray:  
 Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince shall pay;  
 The waste of years refunded in a day. } 70  
 Till then thy wrath is just—Ulysses burn'd  
 With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd.

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne  
 Before your rapines, join'd with all your own:  
 If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call: 75  
 'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all.  
 Your blood is my demand; your lives the prize,  
 Till pale as yonder wretch each Suitor lies.  
 Hence with those coward terms: or fight, or fly:  
 This choice is left ye, to resist or die; 80

lated: and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. It is true, Eurymachus throws the guilt upon Antinous as the chief offender. But all the Suitors have been his associates, and approved of all his violent and bloody designs through the Odyssey, and therefore are justly involved in the same punishment; so that Ulysses punishes rebellious subjects\* by the authority of a King. Homer likewise observes justice in the death of Antinous; he is the first in guilt, and the first that falls by his Hero's hands.

V. 65. 'Jove more just' would avoid a striking collision of most unpleasant sounds. L.

V. 72. In every instance of this kind, for the preservation of grammatical propriety, Mr. W. proposes the pronoun rather than the adverb.

' — — — and sternly 'these' return'd.' L.

\* That is by 'local' allegiance as to most of them. L.

And die I trust ye shall.—He sternly spoke :  
 With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.  
 Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train :  
 Yon Archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain ;  
 But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,      85  
 (Whoe'er he be) till ev'ry Prince lie dead.  
 Be mindful of yourselves; draw forth your swords,  
 And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,  
 (So need compels.) Then, all united strive  
 The bold invader from his post to drive:      90  
 The City rous'd shall to our rescue haste,  
 And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

V. 88. *And to his shafts obtend these ample boards.*] Eurymachus exhorts the Suitors to make use of the tables to oppose Ulysses in the manner of shields, whence, observes Eustathius, it may be gathered that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this Book: for when Antinous falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown. besides he speaks in the plural number, *τραπέζας*,

V. 88. — — — *obtend these ample boards.*] The Author of the Essay objects (p 293), and, as it seems, with reason, to the disproportion of the phrase to the subject and occasion. L.

V. 91. *The City rous'd shall to our rescue haste.*] It is impossible but that the Suitors must have had many friends amongst the Ithacans. Interest or ill-humour engages men in faction. But this is not the full import of the sense of Homer. The Ithacans\* were ignorant that Ulysses was returned: and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the Princes of their land,† against a stranger and a beggar, for such in appearance was Ulysses.

\* Ithacians.

† Only so in part: twelve were of Ithaca; as enumerated L. xvii.



Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,  
 And like a lion rush'd against his Lord.  
 The wary Chief the rushing foe repress; 95  
 Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:  
 His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,  
 And prone he falls extended o'er the board!  
 Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll  
 Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl. 100  
 Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound;  
 With dying rage his forehead beats the ground:  
 He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,  
 And the fierce soul to darkness divid'd, and hell:

V. 93, 4. Instead of this interpolation of the simile of the lion, Mr. W. better in exact correspondence with the Original:

'And rush'd 'with dreadful shouts' upon his Lord.'

— — — αλλ' ὁδ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 Σμερδαλεα ἰαχῶν. (V. 85, 6.)

The epithet 'traitor' to the sword is also (as might be imagin'd) a modern interpolation. L.

V. 96. Mr. W. correctly:

'And wings a 'previous arrow' to his breast.' L.

V. 102. Instead of this coarse exaggeration, rather thus, partly with Mr. Wakefield:

'With dying 'pangs' his forehead beats the ground,  
 He spurns the seat, convulsive, as he lies,  
 And the deep gloom of death o'erspreads his eyes.'

The Translator seems determined to avoid what is imputed to the Chaplain,

'Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.'

But he is very blameable in the contrary excess: by the perpetual and unauthorized use of this word. L.

Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends 105  
 To force the pass: the godlike man defends.  
 Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack:  
 The brazen weapon driving through his back  
 Thence through his breast his bloody passage tore;  
 Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor, 110  
 And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.

V. 108. *The brazen weapon driving through his back.*] Eustathius, and Spondanus from him, interpret this passage very much to the disadvantage of the courage of Telemachus: they observe that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the shoulders: that as soon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the spear in the wound: (an action as disreputable, as to throw away the shield in battle) and lastly, that it is fear that suggests to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be distant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend Telemachus. Amphinomus was assaulting Ulysses: and consequently his back was turned toward Telemachus; and this occasions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are observed: Telemachus was therefore at liberty to destroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; especially considering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear, but from a dictate of wisdom. he is afraid lest some of the Sutors should attack him while he is disengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence. Besides, he has no farther occasion for it: he hastes away to provide other arms, not only for himself, but for Ulysses and his friends. and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

There is some difficulty in the expression ἀροπῆναι τυψας. The meaning of it is, lest he should receive a descending blow: the word is an adjective, and Eustathius tells us, that χεῖρ is to be understood. I should rather choose πασγανῶ, which immediately precedes: it be-

He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear  
 The long incumbrance of the weighty spear  
 To the fierce foe advantage might afford,  
 To rush between and use the shorten'd sword. 115  
 With speedy ardour to his Sire he flies;  
 And, Arm, great Father! arm, (in haste he cries)  
 Lo hence I run for other arms to wield;  
 For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield:  
 Fast by our side let either faithful swain 120  
 In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Haste and return, (Ulysses made reply)  
 While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;

ing as good sense to say, a wound is given by a descending sword, as a descending hand.

V. 115. — — — *and use the shorten'd sword.*] This epithet is characteristically emphatic, though not in the Original — though something of similar effect is a back-handed stroke. L.

V. 117. — — — *arm (in haste he cries)*] Homer almost constantly gives the epithet *πτεροεντα* to *επεα* — 'winged words.' Plutarch in his treatise upon Gairulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (says that Author) while it remains unspoken is a secret: but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour: it is then 'flown' from us: and this is the reason why Homer calls words 'winged:' he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not easily catch it again; and he that lets a word slip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in some passages a still closer meaning: when a person speaks with precipitation, the epithet expresses the swiftness of the speech, the words are winged — it is here applied with particular propriety; Telemachus asks a question in the compass of four lines, and receives an answer in two from Ulysses; the time not allowing any delay.

V. 123. Mr. W. observes, that this epithet, 'auxiliar,' is from Chapman.

Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,  
 Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost. 125  
 With speed Telemachus obeys; and flies  
 Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies.  
 Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,  
 And four broad bucklers, to his Sire he bears :  
 At once in brazen panoply they shone; 130  
 At once each servant brac'd his armour on :  
 Around their King a faithful guard they stand.  
 While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand,  
 Chief after Chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,  
 And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.

V. 130. 'Golden panoply.' P. L. vi. 527. L.

V. 135. *Bleeding mountain.*] Though Mr. W. says this part of the Translation is excellent, it may be doubted whether the Author of the Essay have not, in this instance, more truly judged.

He says:—

'There is another disagreement in Epithets, when \* two Expressions, proper in themselves,\* are yet joined together improperly. After a great slaughter we may very well have a notion of 'heaps,' or (as it is in the poetical language) 'mountains of the slain.' 'tis natural on the same occasion, to imagine to ourselves their wounds, and the 'blood ebbing' † out of them. These are very proper separately; but to join them under the notion of a 'bleeding mountain,' does not look so reconcileable to the mind.' (Ess. p. 189.)

We may add to this observation, that if the Metaphor had been allowable in describing the horrors of a field of carnage, or of a city taken by storm, in which myriads have perished, it is disproportioned here. The catastrophe has its abundant terror: which unsuitable exaggeration weakens instead of heightening. L.

\* \* He might have avoided a verse, by saying, 'in themselves proper.' ~~but~~

† 'Ebbing' seems the reverse. L.

Soon as his store of flying fates was spent, 136

Against the wall he set the Bow unbent:

And now his shoulders bear the massy shield;

And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield:

He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd

O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade. 141

There stood a window near, whence looking down  
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.

V. 136. I cannot say much for the elegance of this periphrasis of arrows, by which they are called 'flying' fates. Of the two, perhaps Ogilby's 'feather'd storms' may be preferable. L.

V. 137. *Against the wall he set the Bow unbent*] The Poet may be thought too circumstantial in the disposal of the Bow; but there is a reason for it. He shews Ulysses placed it out of the reach of the Suitors: who, if they had seized the Bow, might have furnished themselves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them against Ulysses: this caution was therefore necessary. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 141. 'High o'er the crest' would have been more poetical. L.

V. 142. *There stood a window near, whence looking down,  
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town*]

The word in the Greek is *ορσοθυρη*, 'janua superior:' and it is likewise used a little lower. It has given great trouble to the Commentators to explain the situation of these two passages. Dacier imagines that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard, and so to the street. But this cannot be true: for Agelaus exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word *αναβαινω*: which signifies to 'ascend,' and not to 'descend' into the court-yard: besides, he bids them raise the people by 'shouting to them;' which seems to imply, that this place overlooked the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. *Ορσοθυρη* (observes Eustathius) is *θυρη εις ην ορνυται τις δελων ιδειν εκειθεν*: that is, 'a door by which a person ascends to obtain a prospect.' This probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street: whence a person standing in the open air, and shouting, might raise the city: or, as for

A double strength of valves secur'd the place;

A high and narrow, but the only pass:

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greater clearness it is here translated, a window; which answers all these purposes.

But there is still a difficulty arising from the word *λαυρην*: which is thus solved by Eustathius; *λαυρη εστιν ὁ πρὸς τὴν οὐρανὸν ἀγῶν στενωπός*. that is, a narrow passage leading to this private window or door. and he afterwards interprets it by *στενή ὁδός*.

From what has been observed, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by Eumæus, and was inaccessible: and consequently Melanthius conveys the arms to the Suitors by some other stair-case. This Homer expresses by *ἀνάρρωγας μεγάροιο*.—the former word is very well explained by Hesychius; it signifies the passages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the *διοδοί* of the apartments: *ῥωγή* properly denotes a rupture; and here represents the openings of the passages from room to room. The ancients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace, as Eustathius informs us in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But Dacier starts another difficulty: if Melanthius could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no passage thence into the palace yard. Her mistake arose from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the *οὐρανὸν* which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed Telemachus had brought down the arms this way, then there must have been a passage for Melanthius to the place from whence \* Age-laus bids him raise the city; for if Telemachus had passed to the armoury by it, why might not Melanthius from it? But this is not the case.—for this door or window is not mentioned till Telemachus has furnished Ulysses and his friends with armour; and consequently Homer cannot intend that we should understand that Telemachus ascended to the armoury by it.

\* More grammatically, 'whence:' but then there would have been a rhyme. L.

The cautious King, with all preventing care,  
 To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:  
 When Agelaïus thus:—Has none the sense  
 To mount you' window, and alarm from thence  
 The neighbour Town? the Town shall force the door,  
 And this bold Archer soon shall shoot no more. 151

Melanthius then:—That outlet to the gate  
 So near adjoins, that *one* may guard the strait.  
 But other methods of defence remain;  
 Myself with arms can furnish all the train. 155  
 Stores from the royal magazine I bring,  
 And their own darts shall pierce the Prince and King.

He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,  
 Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets  
 bears:

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears 160  
 A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

V. 144, 5. Certainly a bad rhyme: though made (according to Mr. W's conjecture) on the principle on which Boileau constructed his rhimes to such exactness, by making the second verse before the first, for Mr. W. supposes that the Translator finding 'pass' in Chapman, concerned himself little for a rhyme to match it.

V. 158—61. Ogilby, a little corrected, preferable: on account of the too near resemblance of the neighbouring lines in this Translation. Thus—

' This said, Melanthius hastens up the stairs;  
 And thence twelve shields and plumed helmets bears  
 Twelve lances:—swift he gave them these to arm:  
 Ulysses trembled at this new alarm.'

V. 159. *Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] Aristarchus, remarks Eustathius, blamed this description as incre-

The Hero stands opprest with mighty woe.  
 On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow.—  
 Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!  
 Melanthius or the women have betray'd—— 165  
 Oh my dear Son! — The Father with a sigh!  
 Then ceas'd;—the filial virtue made reply.

Falsehood is folly;\* and 'tis just to own  
 The fault committed:—this was mine alone.  
 My haste neglected yonder door to bar; 170  
 And hence the villain has supply'd their war.  
 Run, good Eumæus, then; and (what before  
 I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:

dible, for how could one person be able to carry such a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this supposition. the Poet speaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that Melanthius brought them at several times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furnish the rest of the suitors.

V. 167. 'Whom thus the 'angelic virtue' answered mild.'

P. L. v. 371. W.

The Author of the Essay objects (p. 185.) to this phrase: perhaps without much reason. L.

V. 168. \*Very like the Aphorism of the great lord Mansfield,—'Nothing is so silly as cunning.' Perhaps here an Aphorism is out of place: but it is most concise and excellent in itself. L.

V. 172. *Run, good Eumæus, &c.*] This passage, where Telemachus bids Eumæus go and see who brings the arms, proves that Telemachus did not before absent himself from the battle out of cowardice: here he chooses to partake the danger with Ulysses, and sends Eumæus and Philætiüs to execute his orders; a sign that he does not consult his safety at the expence of his honour. EUSTATHIUS.

But it may seem extraordinary, that Ulysses and Telemachus should be in doubt to know the person who brought the arms to the Suitors: especially when Ageläus had held a public conference with



Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,  
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son. 175

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again  
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain :  
Not unobserv'd;—Eumæus watchful ey'd;  
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side.

The miscreant we suspected takes that way. 180  
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?  
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed  
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?

Not so: (reply'd Ulysses): leave him there.  
For us sufficient is another care: 185  
Within the stricture of this palace wall  
To keep inclos'd his Masters till they fall.

Melanthius in order to it; but, answers Eustathius, they spoke with a low voice, and at a proper distance from Ulysses. It may also be objected, that Melanthius could not possibly bring the arms without the observation of Ulysses and his friends. To solve this difficulty we must have recourse to the second private door, or *προθυρη*, mentioned in a former annotation: by this passage he ascends and descends without a discovery; that passage standing in such a situation, as not to be visible to those who were on the opposite side of the palace. What may seem to contradict this observation is, what Homer afterwards adds: for he directly tells us, that Eumæus observed that the person who brought the arms was Melanthius; but that expression may only imply, that he saw Melanthius going from the rest of the company, and hasting towards that ascent, and therefore justly concludes him to be the person.

V. 185 An excellent line. L.

V. 187. *To keep inclos'd his Masters — —*] It may be asked, \* when Eumæus retires from the guard of the passage,\* what hinders

Go you and seize the felon: backward bind  
 His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;  
 On this, his body by strong cords extend, 190 }  
 And on a column near the roof suspend;  
 So study'd tortures his vile days shall end. }

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste:  
 Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,  
 As round the room in quest of arms he goes: 195  
 (The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)  
 One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield  
 Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,

the Suitors from seizing it, and by it giving notice to the City of their danger? What Ulysses here says obviates this objection. He tells Eumæus, that he and Telemachus will defend it against all the efforts of his enemies: by this expression he gives us to understand, that Telemachus shall post himself in the place of Eumæus, and make it good till he has executed justice upon Melanthius.

V. 197. *One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield* ] We see Melanthius after a diligent search finds only one helm and one shield; and the shield is described as almost spoiled with age. Hence Eustathius gathers that there were no more left in the armoury; for it is probable that Melanthius would not have returned with so few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decayed shield, if he could have supplied himself with a stronger. So that all the arms of Ulysses were seventeen helmets: twelve at first delivered to the Suitors by Melanthius, one more he was now bringing, and Ulysses and his friends were in possession of four: there were the same number of shields, and twenty spears; twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the assistants of Ulysses. This was his private armoury for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that these were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a public repository for armour for the public use of their armies against their enemies.

Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,  
The brass corroded, and the leather torn. 200

Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,  
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,  
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,  
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.  
Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil 205

At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:  
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound;  
Then straiten'd cords involv'd his body round:  
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,  
The howling felon swung from side to side. 210

Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:  
There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain!  
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height  
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;  
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east, 215  
To drive thy victims to the Suitors feast †.

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay;  
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:  
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dang'rous post  
Near great Ulysses; Four against an host. 220  
When lo! descending to her Hero's aid  
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant maid:  
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;  
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd.

† This said by the benign Eumæus is abominable. One could wish to think it interpolated. L.

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend; 225  
 Oh ev'ry sacred name in one!—my friend!  
 Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:  
 Whate'er through life's whole series I have done  
 Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,  
 And aiding this one hour, repay it all. 230

Thus he:—but pleasing hopes his bosom warm  
 Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.  
 The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd;  
 And first loud threat'ning, Agelaius cry'd.

Mentor, beware; nor let that tongue persuade  
 Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid; 236  
 Our force successful shall our threat make good,  
 And with the sire's and son's commix thy blood.  
 What hop'st thou here?—Thee first the sword shall  
 slay;  
 Then lop thy whole posterity away; 240

V. 225. An expansion very fine in itself, but unsuitable to the haste and urgency of the occasion.

The Original is only thus:

‘Mentor, ward off the fight; thy friend below'd  
 Remember, oft thine aid, of equal years.’

Μέντορ ἀμυννον ἀργν, μνησαι δ' εἰαροιο φιλοιο  
 ‘Ὅς σ' ἀγαθα ρεξεσκον· δμηλιικηδε μοι εσσι. v. 208, 9. L.

V. 226. *Oh every sacred name.*—From that delightful line,

‘And all those tender names in one, thy love.’ ELOISA, v. 154.

W.—L.

Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;  
 With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:  
 Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend. }

His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires;  
 Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires. 245

Art thou Ulysses!—where then shall we find  
 The patient body and the constant mind?  
 That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,  
 Known nine long years, and felt by Heroes dead?

V. 246. *Art thou Ulysses? &c.*] Pallas is here an allegorical Deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by Ulysses in the destruction of the Suitors. The Poet puts the words into the mouth of a Goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his Poetry; but they are only the suggestions of † his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: the Poet indeed was obliged to introduce a Deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole Poem: thus Jupiter assists Æneas in Virgil; Minerva, Achilles in the Iliad, and the same Goddess Ulysses here in the Odyssey. I very well know that all these passages have been blamed by some Critics, as derogatory to the courage of these Heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but through the assistance of a Deity. The reader may be pleased to look back for a full vindication of Homer and Virgil, to Lib. iii. Note on v. 491 of the Odyssey.

We may observe that a Deity descends to assist Ulysses; but that the Suitors are left to their own conduct: this furnishes us with a very just and pious moral; and teaches us that Heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies.

† The reference is incorrect: it should have been Ulysses's. The construction now refers it to the Poet. L.

And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust 250  
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?

If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,  
What for thy Country now, thy Queen, thy Son?

Rise then in combat; at my side attend;  
Observe what vigour Gratitude can lend, 255 }  
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!

She spoke; but willing longer to survey  
The Sire and Son's great acts, with-held the day;  
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,  
And level pois'd the wings of Victory: 260 }  
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,  
Perch'd like a Swallow on a rafter's height,  
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.

V. 262. *Perch'd like a swallow* — —] We have seen the Deities, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, changing themselves into the shape of birds: thus Lib. vii. v 67 of the Iliad,

‘Th’ Athenian Maid, and glorious God of day  
With silent joy the settling hosts survey;  
In form like vultures, on the beech’s height  
They sit conceal’d, and wait the future fight.’

This perhaps may be the occasion of all such fictions. The superstition of the heathen world induced the ancients to believe that the appearance of any bird in a critical hour was a sign of the presence of a Divinity and by degrees they began to persuade themselves, that the Gods appeared to them in the form of those birds. Hence arose all the honours paid to Augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds, and almost every Deity had a bird sacred to him. The Eagle to Jupiter, the Peacock to Juno, &c. Pallas here takes the form of a Swallow, because it is a domestic bird; and therefore may be said to appear within the walls of the palace with most probability.

Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads  
 The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds: 265  
 With these, Pisander great Polyctor's son,  
 Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,  
 With Demoptolemus: these six survive;  
 The best of all, the shafts had left alive.  
 Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand, 270  
 Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more  
 With bleeding Princes shall bestrow the floor:  
 Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast:  
 The four remain;—but four against an host. 275  
 Let each at once discharge the deadly dart:  
 One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:  
 Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:  
 The rest must perish, their great leader slain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw; 280  
 And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:

V. 266, 7. Ogilby's rhimes—But such a word as Amphimedon almost necessarily makes its own rhyme in a sentence like this. L.

· V. 279. More faithfully, as Mr. W observes, (and it is also more impressive) thus:

‘The rest ‘I reckon not,’ their great leader slain.’

The Original is both in diction and cadence an admirable line.

Τωνδ' ἄλλων εἰ κῆδος' ἐπὶν εἰσοργε πεισισιν. (v. 254.)

More exactly perhaps thus:

‘The rest I little heed, were he but slain.’

In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,  
 And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;  
 With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,  
 One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls; 286  
 The storm past innocent. The god-like man  
 Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.  
 'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw  
 (So speed 'em Heav'n) our jav'lines at the foe.  
 That impious race to all their past misdeeds 290  
 Would add our blood. —Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:  
 Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;  
 Euryades receiv'd the Prince's dart;  
 The Goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart; 295

V. 288. Perhaps better thus:

' Now, friends, would I persuade to cast our darts,  
 If they may reach the crowded Suitors hearts;  
 Who daring yet, to all their past misdeeds  
 Would add our death.

Ω φίλοι, ἤδη μὲν κεν ἐγὼν εἰποιμι καὶ ἀμμι  
 Μνησθήρων ἐς ὄμιλον ἀκονίσσαι· οἱ μεμαασι  
 Ἡμεας ἐξεναρῖξαι ἐπὶ πρῶτοισι κακοῖσι. (v. 262—4.)

Ogilby, however, has the advantage of conciseness which, in such circumstances, is peculiarly important. And, as corrected by Wakefield, he is good.

' Now, friends, 'tis ours to try:—' that impious throng'  
 Would add our murder \* to their former ' wrong.' L.

\* For an obvious reason it is necessary so to read, and not 'our murders'—which would be those murders which we have committed. L.



Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls:  
 Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.  
 The rest retreat: the Victors now advance;  
 Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.  
 Again the foe discharge the steely show'r;                    300  
 Again made frustrate by the virgin-pow'r.  
 Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,  
 Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;  
 Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,  
 Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead. 305  
 Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin cast;  
 Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:

V. 297. Instead of this 'thunder of their fall,' Homer only says, as well represented by Cowper,

' In one moment all alike

Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor.'

Only that he should have said the ' ample' floor—

'Οἱ μὲν ἐπειδ' ἄμα πάντες ὄδαξ ἔλον ἀσπείρον εἰδας. (v. 269.)

It is remarkable that the verse is wholly dactylic. L.

V. 298. — — — *the Victors now advance;*

*Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.]*

The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, Ulysses advances from his stand.—There was a necessity for this conduct. Ulysses and his three assistants had killed four enemies with their spears: and consequently the Poet was obliged to supply them with fresh weapons; otherwise, if they had discharged their spears once more, they must have been left naked and defenceless, having only two apiece brought by Telemachus. This observation shews the exactness which Homer maintains in his relation.

This is an excellent Note. L.

V. 305. This is a very happy imitative line. L.

And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd  
 On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd;  
 Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound) 310  
 Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.  
 Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear  
 Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.  
 By the bold Son Amphimedon was slain:  
 And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain. 315  
 Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,  
 And thus Philæti<sup>us</sup> gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain;  
 Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!  
 How weak is mortal pride! To Heav'n alone 320  
 Th' event of actions and our fates are known:  
 Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:  
 The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

V. 323. *The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.*] This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the Odyssey, where Ctesippus throws the foot of a bullock at Ulysses. Philæti<sup>us</sup> here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. Eustathius informs us, that this became a Proverb, *τατο τοι αντι ποδος ξεινηιον*, to express a return of evil for evil, the like may be observed of the death of Antinous, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλα μεταξυ πελει κυλικῶ και χειλεῶ ακρβ.

Which is exactly rendered by our Proverb, 'Many things happen between the cup and the lip.' Thus likewise the kindness of the Cyclop\*

\* Though strictness requires Cyclops, yet Cyclop as a singular, without the s, is more agreeable to the ear and to the analogy of our language: and such is the constant form of the word when used as a singular in this Translation in the ix Odys. L.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,  
 And Damastorides that instant fell: 325  
 Fast-by Leocritus expiring lay,  
 The Prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way  
 Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,  
 His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confess'd.—aloft she spreads  
 The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads; 331  
 The dreadful Ægis blazes in their eye;  
 Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:

was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility; that monster having promised Ulysses mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him last. These little instances prove the great veneration the ancients had for Homer.

V. 329. This disgusting addition should have been avoided.

The Original required only—

‘He fell, and with his forehead dash'd the ground.’

Ἡριπς δὲ πρηνὴς χθοναδ' ἤλασε πανὶ μέτωπῳ. (v. 296.) W.—L.

V. 332. *The dreadful Ægis* — — —] This shield is at large described, lib. v. of the Iliad.

‘— — round the margin roll'd,  
 A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold:  
 Here all the terrors of grim War appear;  
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear;  
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd;  
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.’

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the Poet into a kind of Beings, and animated to fight on the side of his Hero.

Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they fling,  
 Like oxen madden'd by the breese's sting, 335  
 When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle  
 spring.

V. 335. *Like oxen*, &c.] The fury of the Battle being now over, Homer pauses with the Action, and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrors they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The Gadfly, shews the fury and close pursuit of Ulysses and his assistants; the † Hawks their courage, and superior power †. EUSTATHIUS. Virgil at last describes this Breese-fly. Georg. iii.

' About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,  
 Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:  
 This flying plague, to mark its quality,  
 Oestros the Grecians call, Asilus, we:  
 A fierce, loud, buzzing Breese: their stings draw blood;  
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood,  
 Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry, &c.'

DRYDEN.

This description shews that it is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and Ulysses wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the ancient manner of that sport. It is evident, says Dacier, that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practised by the ancients: the nets, called by Homer *νεβηα*, were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining eminences: when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks:

Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chace  
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,

then the hawk or vulture was loosed, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape. This is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: a plain indication, that the Poet intended to describe the sportsman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word νεφεα \* signifies 'nets,' is evident from Aristophanes; *μα νεφελας, μα δικτυα*, that is, 'I swear by my nets.' Hesychius is of the same opinion: *νεφεα*, says that Author, signifies the 'clouds,' *και λινα θηρατικα*, 'hunters nets.' Eustathius directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practised in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called *νεφελοστασια*. That Author construes these words *νεφεα πλωσσεσαι ιεναι*, as if *επι* were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining *νεφεα* with *πλωσσεσαι*, the period will be plain, and signify, that through fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monsieur Dacier has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the ancients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of Homer this is manifest from a passage in Arrian, lib. ii. cap. 1, where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear *Λοιπον, ημεις το των ελαφων πασχωμεν οτε φοβηθαι φευγεσαι αι ελαφοι τα πτηνα, πα τρεπονται; και προς τινα (τοπον) αναχωρησιν ως ασφαλη; προς τα δικτυα και οτως απολλυνται, εναλλαξασαι τα φοβερα και τα θαρραλεα*. 'For what remains, we are like deer: for they fearing the birds that are flown at them, what course do they take? To what place of refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets; and so perish; mistaking their danger for their greatest safety.' Minerva, in this similitude, is the bird of prey descending from the mountain; for she it is who scatters the Suitors by displaying her Ægis from the roof of the palace. This is the opinion of Eustathius: but in the winding up of the compa-

\* It is remarkable that the same word נֶפֶשׁ in the Hebrew, *chamer* or *chomer*, signifies heat, a *net*, and blackness, as of *clouds* covering the sky as *nets* a field. L.

When the wide field extended snares beset,  
 With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:  
 No help, no flight: but wounded ev'ry way,      341  
 Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.  
 On all sides thus they double wound on wound;  
 In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground:  
 Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,      345  
 And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the Victor falls:  
 The wretched Augur thus for mercy calls.

ri-son, Homer plainly by the vulture denotes Ulysses and his assistants (though perhaps not exclusively of the Goddess) for in the application he writes:

Ὡς ἀρὰ τοὶ μνηστήρας ἐπέσσυμενοι κατὰ δῶμα  
 τυτλόν. — — —

V. 345. There seems no reason for introducing 'unmanly shrieks.' The *στονος αεικής*, I understand 'horrid sound.' L.

V. 347. *Leiodes first before the Victor falls:*  
*The wretched Augur — — —]*

This Leiodes is the last person who survives of the Suitors. He was an Augur and a Prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wiser counsels: he tells Ulysses that he endeavoured to restrain the Suitors from their insolence; but he, himself, aspired to the bed of Penelope, and consequently was an associate in their conspiracies. Leiodes falls without resistance: and indeed it would have been very improper to have represented him encountering Ulysses in a single combat, when above an hundred had not been able to stand before him: beside, fighting is out of the character of Leiodes: he was not a man of the sword, but an Augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging Ulysses; and consequently it is with great propriety that he is described falling, not as a warrior, but as a suppliant.

O, gracious, hear;—nor let thy suppliant bleed:  
Still undishonour'd or by word or deed. 350

Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd  
Full oft' was check'd th' injustice of the rest:  
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well;  
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.  
Oh spare an Augur's consecrated head, 355  
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.

Priest as thou art! for that detested band  
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:  
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made;  
For them, thy daily orisons were paid: 360  
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:—  
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took  
Which Agelaius' dying hand forsook;

V. 347. Mr. W. justly commends the accurate and pathetic representation of the affecting speech of Leiodes.

Only in the Original there is at the close a natural stroke which has been lost in the Translation.

*Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μέλα ἰοῖσι, Θυσσχοῦς, ἔθεν ἐοργῶς,  
Κεῖσομαι ὥς ἐκ ἐστὶ χάρις μείλοπιςθ' ἐλεργεῶν. (v. 318, 9.)*

Where it is observable that the synalœpha at the end of the verse may contribute to preserve the reading of a lately disputed verse in the *Æneid*:

‘ — — — Quin protenus omnia  
Perlegerent oculis.’

‘ But I with these, a Seer, nought having done,  
Shall fall!—so unremember'd Good when past.’ L.

Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped: 365  
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd:  
Phemius, the sweet, the heav'n instructed, Bard.  
Beside the gate the rev'rend Minstrel stands;  
The Lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands; 370  
Dubious to supplicate the Chief, or fly  
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,

V. 366. Perhaps better thus to preserve a clause of the Original—

' Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,  
' Compell'd to sing,' the heaven-instructed bard.'

Φημιος ὅς ρ' ηειδε παρα μνηστήρσιν αναγκη. (v. 331.)

And the reduplication of the name, Phemius, though elegant, is not in the Original. L.

V. 370. Founded, as Mr. W. observes, on a passage in the *Eloisa*, which is yet more beautiful:

' The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand.'

V. 371. *Dubious* — — — *if to fly*

*To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, &c.]*

This altar of Jupiter Hercæus stood in the palace-yard; so called from ἔρκος, 'the out-wall inclosing the court-yard.' It stood in the open air, where they sacrificed to Jupiter the Guardian, or Protector; and within the palace to Ζεὺς ἑστιαρχος.

Jupiter was worshipped under the same name by the Romans. Thus Ovid,

' Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis.'

The altar mentioned by Virgil, *Æneid*. ii. was of the same nature: to which Priam fled at the taking of Troy.

' Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view  
An Altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,  
Dodder'd with age; whose boughs encompass round  
The household Gods, and shade the holy ground.



Where oft' Laertes holy vows had paid,  
And oft' Ulysses smoking victims laid.

These Altars were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevailed amongst the Jews: for we find frequently in the Scriptures that it was customary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge; which is evident from the expression of 'laying hold on the horns of the \* altar.' This is the reason why Phemius entertains an intention to fly to the altar of Jupiter Hercæus. Plutarch, in his treatise upon Music, informs us, that Demodocus was reported to have wrote a Poem, intitled, 'The destruction of Troy.' and Phemius another, called, 'The return of the Grecian captains.' but by these Poets Homer probably means only himself, who was Author of two Poems, the Iliad, and the Odyssey. Homer (remarks Eustathius) plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good Poet. He must sing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he must be *αυτοδιδασκῶν*, or 'self-taught,' that is, as we express it, he must be a genius, he must have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned, by study. he adds, that besides this felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtained by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. Thus PINDAR, (OLYMP. ii.)

— — — σοφας ὁ πύλ-  
λ' εἰδως φύα.  
Μαθόντες δέ, λαῖροι  
Παγλωσσια, κορακες ὦς,  
Ἀκρανῖα γαρυετον.

' The Bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,  
Receive from Nature more than human fires:  
In vain from Art alone they tune the voice;  
Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.'

\* 1 Kings 50.

His honour'd Harp † with care he first set down, 375  
 Between the laver and the silver throne;  
 Then prostrate, stretch'd before the dreadful man,  
 Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.

O King! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,  
 And spare the Poet's ever-gentle kind. 380  
 A deed like this thy future fame would wrong:  
 For dear to Gods and Men is sacred Song †.

This is the *Mens Divinior* of Horace: by industry men may become great Scholars and Philosophers, but no man was ever a great Poet, without being in the strictest sense a great Genius. I will only add, that Aristotle in his *Rhet.* i. 7, quotes this hemistic *αυτοδιδασκῶ*, &c. as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities. He gives the reason of it; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human industry. Maximus Tyrius has a criticism upon it. How (objects that Author) can it be said that the Poet is self-taught, if the Gods teach him to sing? The answer is easy, Homer means that he has no human instructor. It is observable that Maximus Tyrius erroneously quotes the verse, *Dissert.* xxii. for he writes, *Θεοὶ δὲ μοι ὠπασαν ὁμῶν*, instead of

— — — Θεὸς δὲ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἶμας  
 Παντοίας ἀνεφύσεν — — —

He likewise puts the words in the mouth of Demodocus, which are here spoken by Phemius. He undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What Homer adds after all this, to raise the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery: nor was it voluntarily that he served or entertained unworthy men; but was merely compelled to it by their violence.

† V. 375. The three first words of this line form a very disagreeable alliteration. L

† V. 382. The *sigmatosis*, or close and frequent recurrence of the *s* in this line, is also bad. L.

Self-taught I sing;—by Heav'n, and Heav'n alone,  
 The genuine seeds of Poesy are sown;  
 And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay, 385  
 To Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.  
 Save then the Poet, and thyself reward;  
 'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.  
 That here I sung, was force and not desire;  
 This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire: 390  
 And let thy Son attest, nor sordid pay,  
 Nor servile flatt'ry, stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,  
 His Sire approaches, and the Bard defends.—  
 Oh mix not, Father, with those impious dead 395  
 The man divine; forbear that sacred head;  
 Medon the herald too our arms may spare;  
 Medon, who made my infancy his care:  
 If yet he breathes, permit thy Son to give  
 Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live. 400

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,  
 Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,

V. 385—8. '— — it fits to thee I sing  
 As to a God:—O take not then my life.' L.

V. 399. Ogilby better: with the natural circumstantiality of the  
 Original:

'If by Philætiús or Eumæus he  
 Not yet be slain, nor in the charge by thee.'

which, as Mr. W. observes, is an exact Translation from the Ori-  
 ginal. L.

Wrapt in a new slain ox's ample hide:

Swift at the word he cast his screen aside, 404

Sprung to the Prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,

And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears!

O Prince! O Friend! lo here thy Medon stands;

Ah stop the Hero's unresisted hands,

Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,

Whose guilty glories now are set in blood. 410

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:

Be bold; on Friendship and my Son rely:

Live, an example for the World to read,

How much more safe the good than evil deed.

Thou, with the heav'n-taught Bard, in peace resort

From blood and carnage to yon open court: 416

V. 410. This fine Verse is added by the Translator. W.

V. 411. 'To whom Ulysses with a 'smiling' eye,' is the mode of translating which Mr.W. would prefer:—quoting in support of it the inimitable Eloisa:

'Those 'smiling eyes' attempering every ray.' L.

V. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read,*

*How much more safe the good than evil deed ]*

The Moral intended to be taught by the Fable of the Odyssey is, to shew Virtue, though long in distress, at length triumphant; and Vice, though long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion: it is to this effect that Ulysses here speaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by Homer: the punishment is no sooner over but Ulysses declares the equity of it. He speaks to all mankind; and lays it down as an universal truth, that virtue is to be preferred before vice: and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the Suitors.

Me other work requires—With tim'rous awe  
 From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw;  
 Scarce sure of life, look round,—and trembling move  
 To the bright altars of Protector Jove. 420

Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find  
 If yet there live of all th' offending kind.  
 Not one!—complete the bloody tale he found;  
 All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.  
 So, when by hollow shores the fisher train 425 }  
 Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,  
 And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain, }

V. 420. Much preferably with Mr. W

' To the bright altars of ' domestic' Jove.'

' To the bright altars of the ' potent' Jove'

would be yet more close.

— — — ΔΙΟΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ πρὸς ἑωμὸν. v. 334.

V. 423. ' Tale' for ' number,' Mr. W. observes: and that Milton has probably used it in the same sense in the Allegro.' L.

V. 425. *So when by hollow shores the fisher train*

*Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.]*

The ancients, remarks Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where Homer manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets: for those words, lib. v. ver. 595, of the Iliad,

' — — — and sweep away

Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey;

which in the Greek is expressed by *αἰσι λινε ἀλόντε πανάγρε*, may be applied to the taking of beasts or birds by nets; and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this

All naked of their element, and bare,  
 The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;  
 Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey  
 Till the warm sun exhales their soul away. 431

And now the King commands his Son to call  
 Old Euryclea, to the deathful hall:  
 The Son observant not a moment stays;  
 The aged Governess with speed obeys: 435  
 The sounding portals instant they display;  
 The Matron moves, the Prince directs the way.  
 On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,  
 All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.

art was practised very anciently amongst the Grecians; it was likewise known early to the Hebrews and Egyptians. Thus Isaiah xix. 8. 'The fishers (of Egypt) shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.' And that they fished the seas with nets is evident from Ezekiel xxvi. 5. 'It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.' The comparison is very just, and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to Ulysses: that Hero is the Sun who kills the Suitors, in application of the similitude.

V. 425—31. This simile is perhaps one of the most striking in the compass of Poetry: it is drawn from a very remote source of illustration, and yet has a striking and affecting correspondence. It is justly praised by the Author of the Essay. (327.) L.

Two short speeches, the one by Ulysses to Telemachus, the other by Telemachus to Euryclea, are concentrated into close and rapid narration. W.—L.

V. 438, 9. We have too much of this 'dust and gore' even in the Iliad, where it is in its place: here, as Mr. W. notices, it is strangely out of its place. But Ogilby, as he remarks, had mislaid the Trans-

So the grim lion from the slaughter comes : 440  
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams ;  
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,  
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,  
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete, 445  
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd :  
The Hero check'd her, and compos'dly said.

lator. Or perhaps the Latin Translation, where *λυθρων* is 'pulvere:' and even Cowper has given into the same idea :

'With Blood defil'd and 'dust.'

But in rendering these words,

*Αἱμαλί και λυθρων πεπαλαγγμενον*, (v. 402.)

Chapman is quite correct ; good and faithful, as Mr.W. expresses it :

' — — — there the King she view'd

Amid the slain, with blood and gore embu'd.' L.

V. 440. *So the grim lion, &c.*] Eustathius agrees with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the Odyssey, lib. xvi. He here remarks that comparisons are as rare in the Odyssey as they are frequent in the Iliad ; and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects. The subject of the Iliad is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: the subject of the Odyssey requires to be related in a less exalted style, and with greater simplicity. This Book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the Iliad than any other Book of the Odyssey: and we find it is more adorned with comparisons than almost all the rest of the Poem.

V. 441. Perhaps 'terrible.'

V. 442. 'Painted o'er' is an expression strangely affected on such an occasion. L.

V. 444. 'Meet' would be much better both for the rhyme and vividness of expression: and so the present in the next couplet. L.

Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul  
 Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.  
 T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust; 450  
 Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust.  
 Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;  
 The good and bad were equal in their mind.

V. 450. *T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust* ] The word in the Original is *ολολυζε*, and here signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. See note on v. 573 of the third Odyssey. I am wonderfully pleased with the noble sentiment of Ulysses contained in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the sufferings of any of its fellow creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember, that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of Ulysses: he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with Job, xxxi. 29. 'If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him: if I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul,' &c.

Were a Prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weighed in a scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if Reason held the balance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered?

A very pleasing and valuable Note. It is now advice from the dead: but let the living lay it to heart. L.

V. 450. Perhaps better, and nearer to the Original, thus:

'Joy o'er the dead is impiously unjust.'

Ουκ ὄστιν κλαμενοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδρασιν ευχέλασθαι. (v. 412.)



Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,  
 And each now wails, an unlamented shade. 455  
 But thou sincere! oh Euryclea, say,  
 What maids dishonour us, and what obey?

Then she:—In these thy kingly walls remain  
 (My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,  
 Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave, 460  
 And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive:  
 Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,  
 Nor me, nor chaste Penelope, obey;

V. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There is some obscurity in these words, 'they neither respected the good nor the bad man,' or, as Homer expresses it,

Οὐ κακὸν εἶδε μὲν εὐθλόγῳ. (v. 415.)

A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it. but why should it be objected to the Suitors as a fault that they despised the bad man, whose actions deserved to be despised? Eustathius answers, κακὸς may signify πτωχὸς, or a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger, and this justifies the assertion: but perhaps the Poet uses it to shew that they despised and outraged all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty; they considered not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind.

V. 455. This diffuse and weak Couplet ill expresses the Original.

Τῷ καὶ ἀλασθαλίῃσιν αἰεὶ κακὰ πόλιν ἐπεσπον. (v. 416.)

'Thence by their deeds an evil fate they found.' L.

V. 462. *Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, observes Monsieur Bayle, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the Suitors. But it is not indeed affirmed that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities.

Nor fits it that Telemachus command  
 (Young as he is) his Mother's female band. 465  
 Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,  
 Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;  
 There wake her with the news——The Matron cry'd;  
 Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)

Plutarch, in his treatise of Education, informs us, that Bion wittily applied this passage to the study of the Sciences: when the Suitors failed in their attempts upon Penelope, they condescended to address her maids: so men who are not capable of understanding Philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value.

V. 464. *Nor fits it that Telemachus command  
 (Young as he is) his mother's female band.]*

This, remarks Eustathius, is an instance of the maternal wisdom of Penelope: and at the same time a vindication of Telemachus for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; they were out of his jurisdiction, and immediately under the protection of Penelope. But is not this removal of the fault from Telemachus, an imputation upon the Queen? and if the Son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the Mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids Telemachus to redress it? Is it to be supposed that this chaste Matron was more indulgent to female frailty than Telemachus? The true reason is, Telemachus could not, and Penelope durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the Suitors to stand in awe of the Queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident: for Penelope herself was in a great measure in their power; and the same authority that supported the Suitors in their insolence against the Queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty.

V. 467. 'Where seals in sleep some God thy consort's eye.'

Εἶπω σὴ ἀλογχῶ, ἦ τις θεὸς ὑπνόν ἐπῴρσε. (v. 429.)

Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds.—  
In haste the Matron parts: the King proceeds. 471

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains  
To you, my Son, and you, my faithful Swains;  
Th' offending females to that task we doom;  
To wash, to scent, and purify the room. 475  
These, (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,  
And all the melancholy labour done),

V. 469. *Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)]* Ulysses gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of Penelope with a spectacle of such horror as the dead bodies and blood of the Suitors. It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the Queen immediately: this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore Ulysses makes even his fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with such a terrible scene of slaughter: besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct. for by it he introduces the discovery to Penelope in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprising and tender incident.

V. 477. — — — *the melancholy labour done)*

*Drive to yon court — — —]*

It would in these ages, observes Dacier, be thought barbarous in a King to command his Son to perform an execution of so much horror: but anciently it was thought no dishonour. Thus in the Scriptures, Gideon having taken Zeba and Salmana, two Midian Kings, commands his Son to kill them with the sword in his presence:† but, continues that Author, I wish Homer had deviated from this custom, that he had given both Ulysses and Telemachus sentiments of more humanity, and spared his reader a description of such a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to

Drive to yon' court, without the palace-wall:  
 There the revenging sword shall smite them all;  
 So with the Suitors let them mix in dust, 480  
 Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said:—the lamentable train appear:  
 Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;  
 Each heav'd her mournful burden, and beneath  
 The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death. 485  
 The Chief severe, compelling each to move,  
 Urg'd the dire task, imperious, from above.  
 With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er;  
 (The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor }  
 Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore. }  
 Once more the palace set in fair array, 491  
 To the base court the females take their way;

inhumanity more than that Lady; but it may be answered, that Homer was obliged to write according to the custom of the age Virgil has ascribed an act more cruel to the pious Æneas, who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. ÆN. xi, v. 15.

' Then, pinion'd with their hands behind appear  
 Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;  
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,  
 To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.'

DRYDEN.

This act is to be ascribed to the manners of the age, and the customs of war in the days of Æneas, and not to his inhumanity.

I have omitted the rest of the Note: which contains a vindication of this odious act. L.

V. 480. 'Avenging' were better; if such a passage were worth correcting. L.

There compass'd close between the dome and wall,  
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.

Then thus the Prince—To these shall we afford  
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword? 496  
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,  
And base revilers of our house and name?

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung  
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung; 500  
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,  
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.  
Their heads above connected in a row,  
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:  
Thus on some tree, hung struggling in the snare, 505  
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air,  
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind  
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began  
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man, 510

V. 505. *Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare.*] Nothing can better represent to us the image of these sufferers than this similitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or snare. Hobbs, in his version, has omitted it; and Dacier has abridged the whole description.\*

Eustathius is pleasant upon the death of these wantons. What a certain person, says he, once spoke of a fig tree, on which his clamorous wife had hanged herself, viz. 'I wish all trees bore such fruit,' may be applied to these ropes, 'It were to be wished that all nooses could catch such birds.'†

David behaves much better in the case of the concubines who had become captives to Absalom. 2 Sam. xx. 3. L,

\* Who can wonder? L.

† Ill-tim'd pleasantry. L.

Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers  
 The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;  
 His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:  
 He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—

They wash, and to Ulysses take their way; 515  
 So ends the bloody business of the day.

To Euryclea then address the King:  
 Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,  
 To purge the palace: then the Queen attend,  
 And let her with her matron-train descend; 520  
 The matron-train with all the virgin band  
 Assemble here, to learn their Lord's command.

Then Euryclea:—Joyful I obey:  
 But cast those mean dishonest rags away:  
 Permit me first thy royal robes to bring: 525  
 Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a King.  
 'Bring sulphur straight and fire' (the Monarch cries).  
 She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

V. 510. Mr. W. after suggesting a reference to B. xviii. 99, justly adds, 'but who can dwell on this horrid and abominable passage' L.

V. 514. Certainly this illaudable line, as Mr. W. with reason denominates it, was by no means wanting to increase the horrors of a representation so dreadfully disgusting. L.

V. 516. By this vulgar line the Translator his-self seems to have been sick of the death of the female servants, and the yet more disgusting and horrible narrative of that of Melanthius. L.

V. 527. *Bring sulphur straight and fire* — — —] The reason why Ulysses orders sulphur to be brought, is, because every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body: and he uses it by way of purification. The same opinion prevailed amongst the Hebrews as well as

With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,  
 He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms. 530  
 Again the Matron springs with eager pace,  
 And spreads her Lord's return from place to place.  
 They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand;  
 A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.  
 They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace  
 Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face; 536  
 He knows them all; in all such truth appears,  
 Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

Greeks, as the Scriptures inform us. Thus also in Job it is said, 'Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation;' xviii. 15, which is thought to allude to this custom. Pliny mentions this practice amongst the Romans, lib. xxxv. c. 15, 'Habet et in religionibus locum ad expiandas suffitu domus.' †

Homēr describes the female servants descending with torches: this is done to shew the exact time of the Action of this Book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day.

Ulysses forbids Euryclea to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inserted with judgment, for the disguise of Ulysses in the garb of a beggar contributes to increase the incredulity of Penelope: and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a Husband and the dread of an Impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding Book.

The time of the action of this Book is only from the Evening toward the Morning of the next day. It is above praise in the conduct and enunciation of all its principal parts.

This Book is marked P. in my Copy. Indeed, it is not to be supposed that Pope would relinquish the glory of translating it. L.

† So in the *Ἡρακλεισμος*—

— — καὶ θάρσος πυρρὰ αἶε δάμα στείρω. L.





THE  
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY

## THE ARGUMENT.

*EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the News of Ulysses's return, and the death of the Suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the Queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his Father.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XXIII.\*

THEN to the Queen, as in repose she lay,  
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;  
The transports of her faithful heart supply  
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

\* This Book contains the Discovery of Ulysses to Penelope Monsieur Rapin is very severe upon some parts of it. whose objections I shall here recite.

The discovery of Ulysses to his Queen was the most favourable occasion imaginable for the Poet to give us some of the nicest touches of his art: but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and weak surprises, cold and languishing astonishments; and very little of that delicacy and exquisiteness which ought to express a conjugal tenderness. He leaves his wife too long in doubt and distrust; and she is too cautious and circumspect. The formalities she observes in being fully assured, and her care to act with security, are set down in number and measure, lest she should fall into any mistake; and this particularity makes the story dull, in a place that so much requires briskness and liveliness. \* Ought not the secret instinct of her love \* to have inspired her with other sentiments? and should not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whispers more to us than the senses can convey. But Homer understood not this philosophy. Virgil, who makes Dido foresee that Æneas designs

\*\* A verse.

And sleeps my child? the rev'rend Matron cries :  
 Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise! 6

to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The strength of this objection consists chiefly in the long incredulity of Penelope, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery. This Rapin judges to be contrary to the passion of love and consequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is somewhat of the Frenchman in this Criticism. Homer, in his opinion, wants vivacity; and if Rapin had been to have drawn Ulysses, we had seen him all transport and ecstasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. Penelope thought Ulysses to be dead he had been absent twenty years, and through absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that Ulysses whom she knew, when he sailed to Troy, so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if Penelope, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real Ulysses? And how could she be convinced, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed Ulysses and Penelope had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been expressed by the Poet. But this is not the case. She is first to know her husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return. otherwise she might be in danger, of misplacing it upon an impostor. But she is no sooner convinced that Ulysses is actually returned, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as Rapin could require.

' While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,  
 She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away :  
 At length recover'ing, to his arms she flew,  
 And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.'

Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. If she had here appeared cool

At length appears the long expected hour!

Ulysses comes! the Suitors are no more!

and indifferent, there had been weight in Rapin's objections. Besides, Aristotle informs us, there was a Play, called, 'The False Ulysses.' It was formed upon a story of a person who designed to surprise Penelope, and told her, that he was her husband, and to confirm it, pretended to remember a Bow, which he used before he went to the siege of Troy. This shews that Penelope had been in danger from impostors: and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by Monsieur Bayle namely, whether if Penelope had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really Ulysses, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur Basnage thus argues 'Let us suppose a Wife transported with love for an Husband, running eagerly to the person she mistakes for him: this woman has no design to be deceived, one cannot blame her ardour; it is lawful, if he proves her real husband. In short, her ignorance is involuntary, and occasioned solely by a laudable passion for her husband. Yet if this person prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely inexcusable? ought her eagerness and precipitation to give her no uneasiness? Undoubtedly it ought, because she is supposed to act precipitately, without a full examination her passion is stronger than her reason, and therefore she is blameable.' The Author of the General Critique on Maimbourg is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, though she happens to oblige an impostor. So that according to this Author, though the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasioned by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had used due circumspection. In short, Monsieur Bayle rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were observed, there would scarce be any room for the aforesaid supposition. The resemblance between man

No more they view the golden light of day;

Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey! 10

Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen rejoin'd,  
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

and man is never so perfect, but the difference, upon a strict observation, is discernible, we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived.

I fear I shall be tedious to the reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a similar nature started by Seneca. 'If any person should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, supposing her to be the wife of another person, would he be guilty of adultery?' he answers in the affirmative: though the wife herself would be innocent, for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of Jacob, who was blameless when he was deceived by Leah, who personated his wife Rachel; but Leah was culpable, though Jacob was innocent, for she very well knew that she was not wife to Jacob. But this is the province of a Casuist, not of a Commentator.

V. 6. *Ulysses lives! — — Ulysses comes!*] In the Greek it is literally, Ulysses is come, he is at length come to his palace. This last circumstance is not a tautology; for, observes Eustathius, a person may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family. Thus Agamemnon reached his dominions in safety; but was assassinated before he came to his palace. We may observe in general, that Euryclea and Penelope, through their whole conference, speak with brevity. Homer was too good a judge of human nature, to represent them speaking with prolixity. Passion is always in haste, and delivers itself with precipitation: and this is very well painted in this interview. Euryclea is in a transport of joy for the return of Ulysses; and Penelope has all her affections awakened at the news of it.

V. 7,—9. Mr. Wakefield much better:—

'See with thine eyes thy dear' Ulysses 'come,'

'So' long expected, to his native home.

No more the Suitors view the light of day.'

The righteous Pow'rs who tread the starry skies,  
 The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,  
 And human thought with unresisted sway, 15  
 Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:  
 Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,  
 And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom speaks.  
 Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!  
 Was it to flatter, or deride, my woes? 20  
 Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,  
 Since my dear Lord left Ithaca for Troy:

V. 13. *The righteous Pow'rs who tread the starry skies,  
 The weak enlighten, and confound the wise.]*

This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy Scriptures. God is the Lord of Spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

V. 16, 17. Ogilby, as Mr. W. observes, well and closely expresses the concise simplicity of the Original:

'They thus distract thee who wert once discreet.' L.

V. 21. *Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy, &c.]* Homer, observes Eustathius, very judiciously mentions this profound sleep of Penelope: for it might have been thought improbable, that she should not wake at the noise and confusion of the battle. It was solely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding Book Pallas was introduced to throw her into it. Beside, the women's apartment was always in the upper part of the house, and was from thence called *ἑρετων*: and consequently Penelope was at a sufficient distance from the place of the combat, and may be easily supposed not to be waked by it.

The circumstance of Penelope's not being awaked by the cries of the Suitors, furnishes us with a reason why they are not heard by the Ithacans that lived near the Palace: for if she who is within the Palace is not disturbed by the noise, it is credible enough, that the Greeks who lived at some distance from the Palace should not hear it.

Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,  
 O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!  
 Be gone: another might have felt our rage: 25  
 But age is sacred; and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth:—My soul a lie disdains:  
 Ulysses lives; thy own Ulysses reigns:  
 That stranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,  
 And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues, 30  
 He, he is thine! thy Son, his latent guest  
 Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;  
 With well-concerted art to end his woes,  
 And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

V. 28. The appropriation of this hemistich had been already made by Pope in his divine Eclogue,—the MESSIAH, as Mr. W. notices—

‘Thy realm for ever lasts; ‘thy own Messiah reigns.’ L.

V. 35. — — *The Queen in transport sprung  
 Swift from the couch — —*]

We are not to gather from this transport of Penelope, that she is fully convinced of the return of Ulysses. She is yet incredulous, but she must have been insensible if she had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an husband, whose return has been described through the whole Odyssey as the chief object of all her desires. Beside, she receives the death of the Suitors with joy. She cannot disbelieve the testimony of Euryclæa concerning their deaths, but thinking it impossible that they should be slain by any one person, she ascribes their destruction not to Ulysses, but a Deity. But then is not such a supposition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a God should really be supposed to descend to work their destruction? It may be answered, that the excess of the assertion ought to be ascribed to the excess of joy in the speaker: Penelope is in a transport; and no wonder if she speaks with amplifi-



While yet she spoke, the Queen in transport sprung  
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung; 36  
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear—

Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?  
How could that num'rous and outrageous band  
By one be slain, though by an Hero's hand? 40

I saw it not, she cries; but heard alone,  
When Death was busy, a loud dying groan:  
The damsel-train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound;  
Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound.  
When Death had seiz'd her prey, thy Son attends, 45  
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;

cation. She judges it impossible that such a great event should be wrought by a mortal hand, and it is therefore very natural, while she is under a surprise, and her thoughts raised above the bounds of calm Reason, to ascribe it to a Deity.

It has been believed that all the notions of good and bad Dæmons that prevailed among the Ancients were borrowed from truth; and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad Angels. If I might be allowed to make this supposition, then what Penelope here speaks may be reconciled to strict verity, then we may find a reason why she may without extravagance ascribe the Suitors deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus, 2 Kings xix. 35. 'That night the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand.' If this supposition be thought disallowable, the former will be a sufficient vindication. I will only add, that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of Penelope to the praise of Ulysses. The exploit was so great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it: it must therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length discovered to be Ulysses.

V. 46—51. The application of 'glorious' to such imagery is most

There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,  
 And the dead Suitors almost swam in blood.  
 Thy heart had leapt the Hero to survey,  
 Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey, 50  
 Glorious in gore! — now with sulphureous fires  
 The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;

disgustingly offensive — Perhaps the Original has suffered a transposition. At present it runs thus

Ἐυρον ἐπεὶ Ὀδυσσῆα μέγα κλισμενοῖσι νεκυσιν  
 Ἑστιαοῦ· ὁἶδε μιν ἀμφὶ κραλαιοπεδον ἐδάς εχονίῃς  
 Κεῖα' ἐπ' ἀλληλοῖσιν· ἰδεσακε θυμον ἰανθῆς  
 Αἰμαλί και λυθρῶ πεπαλ' αγμενον ὥστε λεονία. (Ψ v. 45—9.)

The natural order is thus·

Ἐυρον ἐπεὶ Ὀδυσσῆα μέγα κλισμενοῖσι νεκυσιν,  
 Αἰμαλί και λυθρῶ πεπαλαγμενον, ὥστε λεονία,  
 Ἑστιαοῦ· ὁἶδε μιν ἀμφὶ κραλαιοπεδον ἐδάς εχονίῃς  
 Κεῖα' ἐπ' ἀλληλοῖσιν· ἰδεσακε θυμον ἰανθῆς.

Nearer to the Original thus:

‘Ulysses there I found: where dread he stood  
 Amid the slain, lion-like, stain'd with blood.  
 They on the floor, their last possession, lay  
 In heaps, thy soul had pleasur'd to survey.’

But the Translator has dexterously sunk this shocking pleasure which Euryclea imputes to Penelope, in a term which might denote joy or astonishment and terror—

‘Thine heart had ‘leapt.’ L.

The vulgar and disagreeable hyperbole of ‘swimming in blood,’ made yet more mean by the prosaic addition of ‘almost,’ the Author of the Essay on the Odyssey (p. 312.) very justly condemns. L.

Heap'd lie the dead without the Palace-walls :—  
 Haste, daughter haste, thy own Ulysses calls !  
 Thy ev'ry wish the bounteous Gods bestow ; 55  
 Enjoy the present good, and former woe :  
 Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see :  
 He lives, to thy Telemachus and thee !

Ah no ! with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,  
 Excess of joy disturbs thy wand'ring mind. 60  
 How blest this happy hour, should he appear !  
 Dear to us all ;...to me supremely dear !  
 Ah no ! some God the Suitors deaths decreed :  
 Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed.  
 Blind ! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause, 65  
 And violate all hospitable laws !  
 The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd :  
 But Heaven is just ; and by a God they dy'd.  
 For never must Ulysses view this shore ;  
 Never !.....the lov'd Ulysses is no more ! 70

What words (the Matron cries) have reach'd my ears ?  
 Doubt we his presence, when he now appears ?

V. 55, 6. Mr. Wakefield justly admires the concentration and elegance of this distich. May the present Annotator be forgiven, as an affecting circumstance is still omitted, if he owns he should prefer something of this kind :

‘ But follow :—that the heart of both may know  
 Delight, since much and long ye suffer'd woe.

Ἀλλ' ἔπευ' ὄφρα σφωιν εὐχρηστον ἔπιελον  
 Ἀμφοτέρω φίλον ἦτορ' ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πεπρωθε. (v. 78, 9.)

Then hear conviction.—Ere the fatal day  
 That forc'd Ulysses o'er the wat'ry way,  
 A Boar fierce-rushing in the silvan war 75  
 Plough'd half his thigh: I saw, I saw the scar,  
 And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;  
 But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.  
 Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie  
 Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die! 80

To whom with dubious joy the Queen replies:  
 Wise is thy soul; but errors seize the wise.  
 The works of Gods what mortal can survey?  
 Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way!

V. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can survey?*] This assertion is made with great judgment. Euryclea had given almost a demonstrative proof that she was not mistaken in the person of Ulysses: she had instanced in the scar which he received by a boar on mount Parnassus; and this seemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity. What method then could the Poet take to carry on Penelope's incredulity, and give her room to resist such evidence with any appearance of reason? This is very well explained by Eustathius. Penelope (observes that Author) answers with profound wisdom; her words are short, but contain excellent truth and morality. This is her meaning. 'Euryclea, you appeal to your senses for the truth of your affirmation. You saw the wound, and touched it as you bathed him, and he forbade you to make a discovery of his person. Hence you conclude, that it is Ulysses who has slain the Suitors: not remembering that the Gods are able thus to shew themselves to man, and assume at their pleasure such disguises. How then do you know but this is a God? Are you able to know the ways of a Deity?' To this Euryclea makes no reply: whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the divine Beings sometimes assumed the shape of man, and appeared visibly upon earth. Such

But learn we instant how the Suitors trod 85  
The paths of death; by Man, or by a God.

Thus speaks the Queen: and no reply attends,  
But with alternate joy and fear descends;  
At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove!  
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love! 90  
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state  
Oppos'd, before the shining Fire she sat.

expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of Angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy Scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestations of those celestial Beings.

V. 89. *At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove!*

*Or rushing to his arms, confess her love!]*

Penelope apprehends that the person mentioned by Euryclea is not Ulysses: yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her Husband. In this state of uncertainty she descends: doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real Ulysses. And † this explains her conduct in this place †: if he evidently were Ulysses, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not Ulysses, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent amongst Ladies: and Madam Dacier affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by Homer through this whole interview; and that Antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observed. And indeed it must be allowed, that in this respect Penelope proceeds with no more than a necessary caution. It would have been very absurd to have described her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of Euryclea, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration.

The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd,  
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;

V. 90. 'Or go, and kiss his head and take his hands.'

Η παρσίασα κυσειε καρη και χειρε λαβεσα. (v. 87.)

One cannot translate λαβεσα here so as to introduce 'seize.' It is 'capere,' and not 'rapeire,' which λαβειν represents. L.

V. 93. *The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd*] The circumstance of persons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the Odyssey; it may therefore be necessary to explain it. It is mentioned twice in the eighth Book, προς κιονα μακρον ερεισας. But being there applied to Demodocus who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned against the pillar by reason of his blindness. But this is not the full import of the words: they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14, 'Behold the King stood by a pillar,' επι τε στυλε, 'as the manner was, and the Princes, &c. by the King.' Thus we see the royal station was by some remarkable pillar, Josephus expresses it by επι της σκηνης, which probably is a corruption; it ought to be επι της στηλης, 'juxta columnam.' thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3, 'And the King stood by a pillar, and made a covenant,' &c. So that by this expression of Ulysses being seated by a column, we are to understand that he received Penelope as a King: he took the royal seat; to convince her that he was the real Ulysses.

V. 94. — — *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*

*Curious to hear his Queen the silence break*]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of Penelope, for not immediately acknowledging Ulysses. Her ignorance of his person is her vindication; but how then is Ulysses to be justified, who is in no doubt about Penelope? Why does he not fly with transport to the Wife of his affection? The reason is very evident: he very well knows that Penelope is uncertain about his person; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modesty by any caresses, while she is in this state of uncertainty; and which decency requires her to refuse, till she is assured that the person who offers them is Ulysses.

Curious to hear his Queen the silence break: 95  
 Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak:

Homer tells us, that Ulysses turned his eyes toward the ground. Eustathius imagines, that he does it that Penelope may not immediately discover him; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw Ulysses here, as he drew him in the *Iliad*, lib. iii. and describe him according to his usual behaviour.

‘ — — In thought profound,  
 His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground.’

Thus also he is represented by Ovid. *Metam.* lib. xiii.

‘ Astitit, atque oculos paulum tellure moratos  
 Sustulit’ — —

Then from his seat arose Laertes' son,  
 Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun.\*

DRYDEN.

V. 96 *Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak.*] The reader will certainly be curious to know how Penelope accosts Ulysses in this first interview and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment. She must be supposed to be under a great surprise and confusion of thought this surprise takes away her speech. She is torn between hopes and fears; and consequently it is very natural, before she speaks, to examine him with her eyes.

V. 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone.*] It has been objected that Telemachus here makes too free a remonstrance to Penelope; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his Mother. Eustathius answers, that he speaks no more than Ulysses says himself, in the process of the story; and consequently he is no more blameable. But the case is not the same: there is a difference between a Son and a Husband; and what is decent in the mouth of the latter, would be irreverent in the former. Spondanus is of opinion, that he offends against decency; ‘*juveniliter nimis insultavit;*’ and Ulysses seems to repress his ardour.

\* The judgment of Eustathius in this instance seems to be right. L.

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,  
 Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.  
 At length Telemachus—Oh who can find  
 A woman like Penelope unkind? 100  
 Why thus in silence? why with winning charms  
 Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?  
 Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,  
 When twice ten years are past of mighty woes:  
 To softness lost, to spousal love unknown, 105  
 The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my Telemachus! the Queen rejoin'd,  
 Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;  
 Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,  
 Not dare to question: doubts on doubts arise. 110  
 Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove  
 These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the King replies,  
 Indulge, my Son, the cautions of the wise;  
 Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring: 115  
 This garb of poverty belies the King;

' Indulge, my Son, the cautions of the wise — —  
 No more — — —'

Dacier answers, that Telemachus being fully assured that it is the real Ulysses, seems shocked at the indifference of Penelope. And indeed the warmth of the expression is to be imputed to the emotion of the speaker: so that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency towards Penelope; but a warm expostulation occasioned by his zeal for Ulysses.

V. 116. *This garb of poverty belies the King.*] This expression



No more.—This day our deepest care requires,  
 Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.  
 If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,  
 The homicide retreats to foreign lands: 120

furnishes another cause for the incredulity of Penelope. Ulysses imputes it to his disguise; and is far from resenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I must confess, that here may seem to be an unreasonable transition. Homer brings Ulysses and Penelope together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the Husband to the Wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of Penelope. The scene closes too abruptly, and Homer acts like one who invites his guests to an entertainment, and when they were sat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be answered, that the occasion presses: Ulysses finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of Ithaca are informed of the slaughter of the Suitors. This is the dictate of good sense. He first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger. and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to Penelope: and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to Penelope to recollect her spirits from surprise, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a Tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

V. 119. *If one man's blood — —*] Ulysses here argues very conclusively. If the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station,—if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead person's relations or friends, what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred; and these not Plebeians, but Princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that Ulysses is a King, and therefore

By us, in heaps th' illustrious Peerage falls;  
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.

above apprehensions of punishment. It is true Ulysses is a King yet subject to the laws. his government was not so despotic, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand.—I cannot entirely agree with Dacier in this last sentiment. Ulysses had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgressed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I should rather ascribe the apprehensions of Ulysses, to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the Suitors, before he could discover himself to be the real Ulysses. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law.

V. 119, 20. Rather,

‘ If one less powerfully befriended, dies,  
The Homicide his friends and country flies ’

Και γαρ ἴσθ' ἓνα φῶτα κατὰ κλεινας ἐνὶ δήμῳ,  
'Ὡ μὴ πολλοὶ ἐώσιν ἀοσσηγῆρες ὀπίσσω,  
Φεύγει πηυστέ προλιπῶν καὶ παῖριδά γαίαν. (v. 118—20.)

In general the closest Translation that can be made of Homer, (and especially of the Odyssey) will abundantly gain, in appropriate simplicity and pathos, for what it may lose of embellishment foreign and uninteresting. L.

V. 121. There is something very whimsical in this modern term ‘peerage’ thus applied. L

V. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] Ulysses, to prove Telemachus, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence. But the Poet in his answer observes a due decency. Telemachus pays a laudable deference to the superior wisdom of Ulysses, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, though those men are inferior in wisdom.

Be that thy care, Telemachus replies :  
 The World conspires to speak Ulysses wise ;  
 For Wisdom all is thine !—lo, I obey, 125  
 And dauntless follow where you lead the way ;  
 Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find  
 Thy coward Son degen'rate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath ; (the Monarch cries)  
 Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise. 130  
 Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,  
 And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay ;  
 While the sweet Lyrist airs of rapture sings,  
 And forms the dance responsive to the strings.  
 That hence the eluded passengers may say, 135  
 Lo ! the Queen weds ! we hear the spousal lay !

V. 126. Pope at the end of his Temple of Fame :

‘ And follow still where Fortune leads the way.’ W.

V. 135. *That hence th' eluded passengers may say,*

*Lo ! the Queen weds — ]*

This is an instance of the art of Ulysses, essential to his character, and maintained through the whole Odyssey. Eustathius excellently explains the reason of this conduct. The Suitors had been accustomed to retire from the Palace, and sleep in other places by night : it would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a seeming reason why they returned not to their several houses as usual. Ulysses therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they stayed to celebrate the Queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation. We have already seen the Suitors slain, without being heard by the Ithacans of the city ; is it then probable that the sound of the music should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts, and groans, during the fight, were not

The Suitors death unknown, till we remove  
Far from the court and act inspir'd by Jove.

· Thus spoke the King: th' observant train obey:  
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array: 140  
The Lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,  
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.  
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,  
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;

heard out of the Palace? Was the music louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty: unless we are allowed to imagine that the more than usual stay of the Suitors in the Palace had raised the curiosity of some of the Ithacans to inquire the reason of it; who consequently approaching the Palace might hear the music and dancing, and conclude that it was occasioned by the Queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding Book, that the fight was by day.

V. 137. — — *Till we remove*  
*Far from the court — —*]

It may be asked what occasions this recess of Ulysses? Will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city? The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first resentments of the Ithacans, upon the discovery of the death of the Suitors: besides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his person, till the violence of the people is settled; or raise a party to resist their efforts. At the worst, he is certain to secure his flight, if his affairs should be reduced to extremities.

V. 142. — *fair-zon'd.*] Precisely the *καλλιζωνων* (v. 147) of the Original. Chapman, Mr. W. remarks, had also rendered it 'fair-girdled.'

V. 143, 44. Better perhaps thus, with some variation from Ogilby and from Mr. W.'s corrections:

Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say 145  
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!  
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.

Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.

Meanwhile the weary'd King the bath ascends;  
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends, 150  
O'er ev'ry limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:  
Then drest in pomp, magnificent he treads.  
The Warrior-Goddess gives his frame to shine  
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.  
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly 155  
His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.  
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives  
His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;  
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,  
And the pale silver glows with fusil gold. 160

' Sweetly he sung, light strike their feet the ground,  
And dancing made the arched hall resound.'

V. 147. A very bad line. L.

V. 155. Mr.W. quotes, with merited commendation, a very pleasing passage from Chapman:

' — — — curls soft and bright  
Adorn'd his head—and made it shew  
As if the flowery hyacinth did grow  
In all his pride.'

And Milton, who is exquisite in the grace and beauty of description:

' — — — and 'hyacinthine' locks  
Round from his parted forehead manly hung  
'Clustering.'  
P. L. iv. 303. L.

So Pallas his heroic form improves  
 With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;  
 More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,  
 Radiant before his gazing Consort sat.  
 And oh my Queen! he cries; what pow'r above 165  
 Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!  
 Canst thou, Penelope, when Heav'n restores  
 Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,  
 Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey  
 Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day? 170  
 Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread  
 For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

V. 171. — — — *dispatchful spread,*

*For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]*

These words have given occasion of censure from Monsieur de la Mothe de Vayer: according to whom the precaution of Penelope is not much to be admired. 'Ulysses made himself suspicious by expressing so much eagerness to go to bed with Penelope; she was so far from having time enough to know him, that she had scarce spoken three words to him, but he bluntly commands Euryclea to get the bed ready for them.' So that, according to this Author, Penelope mistrusts his impatience; she imagines the reason why he is so hasty, is because he fears that a longer time would discover his imposture, and frustrate his desires. And indeed if Ulysses had given such a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But La Mothe is deceived: Ulysses does not ask a bed for himself and Penelope: but for himself alone; because his Wife vouchsafed not to come near him, and used him with a seeming cruelty.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι, μαῖα, σῖορῃσον λεχθῆ, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 Λεξομαι — — — (v. 171.)

which is literally enough rendered in the Translation,

'Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread  
 For me. and me alone, th' imperial bed.'

My weary nature craves the balm of rest:  
But Heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear; 175  
A foe to pride:—no adamant is there;  
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see  
Once more Ulysses my belov'd in thee!  
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,  
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy! 180

V. 175. *Ah no' she cries, a tender heart I bear,  
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.*]

It is not easy to translate this passage literally.

— — — *ετ' αρ τι μεγαλιζομαι, εδ' αβεριζω,  
Ουδε λιην αγαμαι. (v. 174, 5.)*

Eustathius explains *μεγαλιζομαι* to signify, 'I am not of a proud heart;' *αβεριζω*, 'I despise not your poverty;' *αγαμαι*, 'I am not longer under an astonishment; or *εδε λιην εκπληττομαι*, 'I cease to be surprised at what I see and hear.' Thus Penelope speaks negatively: and the meaning of her words is, that she is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to persist in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. Eustathius proposes Penelope as a pattern to all women upon the like occasion. Her own eyes persuade her that the person with whom she confers is Ulysses; Euryclea acknowledges her master; Telemachus his father; yet she dares not immediately credit her own eyes, Euryclea, or Telemachus: and the same Author concludes with a pretty observation, that Ulysses found it easier to subdue above an hundred enemies, than the diffidence and incredulity of Penelope.

V. 175—180. Careless, and, as Mr.W. observes, not agreeable to the sense of the Original. For in the Translation Penelope seems to be convinced that it is Ulysses:—but this in the Original, and as appears in the sequel, she is far from being.

Cowper is very close in a part of his Translation; and an idea pretty near the sense of the whole passage may be thus given:

Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,  
Fram'd by his hand, and be it drest in state!

Thus speaks the Queen, still dubious, with disguise;  
Touch'd at her words, the King with warmth replies,

' I neither magnify thee, Sir, nor yet  
Depreciate: nor am lost in my surprise.  
Well know I what you were, when you set sail  
From Ithaca. Go, Euryclea, thou;  
Prepare his bed; but not within the walls  
Of his own chamber, which, his-self, he built.'

Δαίμονι' εἴαρ' ἐν μεγαλίζομαι, εὖ δ' ἀξέριζω  
Οὐδὲ λήην ἀγαμαί· μαλὰ δ' εὖ οἶδ' οἶος εἴηθ' α  
Ἐκ Ἰθάκης ἐπὶ νηὸς ἰὼν δολιχὴν ῥέμοιο.  
Ἀλλ' ἄγε οἱ σῶρεσσον πυκνὸν λεχὸς, Εὐρυκλεία,  
Ἐκλὸς εὐστράθεος θαλάμῳ τὸν ῥ' αὐτὸς ἐποίησιν. (v. 174—8.)

It is not merely from courtesy that she says she recognises him· but partly from doubtful recollection and half belief, and partly perhaps that her motive may be unsuspected in the trial which she makes of the veracity of the stranger, and that if he be not Ulysses, he may be less prepared to evade it. L.

The reader will be reminded of two well known lines in Horace;

' Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici  
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.'

(1 Ep. vi. 1, 2.) W.

V. 183. *Thus speaks the Queen, still dubious* — —] It must be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in Penelope. Ulysses commands a bed to be prepared· Penelope catches the word; and seeming to consent, orders Euryclea to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of such a nature as to be inwrought into the substance of the apartment itself, and could not be removed: if therefore Ulysses had acquiesced in the injunction given by Penelope, and not discovered the impossibility of it, she might very justly have concluded him an impostor, being manifestly ignorant of the secret of his own marriage bed.

But Eustathius starts an objection against this whole process of



Alas for this! what mortal strength can move 185  
Th' enormous burden;—who but Heav'n above?

the discovery, which he calls insoluble; and indeed if Homer fails in the unravelling of his Poem, he is to be severely blamed. Tully is of this opinion: '*Illic enim debet toto animo a Poetâ in dissolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est, quæ requirit \*diligentiam.*' The difficulty raised by Eustathius is as follows. Penelope imagines that the person who pretends to be her husband, is not really Ulysses, but a God, who not only assumes his form, but, to favour the imposture, the resemblance of the wound received from the boar. Now if he be a God, how is it possible she should conceive him to be ignorant of the secret of the marriage bed: and consequently how can she be convinced of the reality of Ulysses from his knowledge of it, when it must necessarily be known to a God, as well as to the real Ulysses? All that she ought to gather from it is, that the person with whom she speaks is Ulysses, or a God. Eustathius replies, that Penelope, upon the discovery of the secret, makes no scruple to yield; because, whether it be Ulysses, or a God, her case is happy: if he prove to be Ulysses, she has her wishes; if a God, it is no small piece of good fortune. Dacier condemns this solution, and tells us, that Penelope was so faithful to her Husband, that she would not have received even a God in the place of Ulysses. The true answer (continues that Author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferior Deities were supposed to have a finite knowledge: and consequently Penelope might think the discovery of the nuptial bed a full conviction of the reality of Ulysses; it being so great a secret that even a God might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy: for allowing this person to be a God, why might not Penelope imagine him to be a Deity of the superior order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bower? especially because Jupiter himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. Dacier herself confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: 'how is it possible (says she) that this

\* I have spared no pains to find this passage, but I find it neither in Cicero, nor in Quintilian. I suspected it to be from a Latin version of Aristotle. It occurs not to me there. It may be in some Commentator on the Poetics. Not far back Livy had been erroneously quoted for Pliny. The want of references in general makes these notes very troublesome. L.

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;  
But the whole earth must move, if Heav'n commands.

bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of Ulysses, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured that a secret that is known to a third person (Actoris) is not through weakness or interest discovered to others? It is true the manner of the discovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet; but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the same Author) is unworthy of the Odyssey. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where (as Horace writes) Homer nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that Penelope imagines Ulysses to be a God, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real Ulysses. The answer is, Penelope thought him a God only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprise, that she at all thinks him a Deity. This is very evident: for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition. Nay, from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real Ulysses.

‘ O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain;

Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.’

She is so far from thinking him a Deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her Husband. If this be allowed, the first difficulty ceases: for granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but Ulysses was acquainted with the nuptial bed, it follows, that this man is the real Ulysses, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the Poet, in the discovery of Ulysses.

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons. But we have seen Ulysses build a ship in a solitary island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth Odyssey; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kinds of arts in Mechanicks were anciently practised by the greatest personages, and their

Then hear sure evidence, while we display  
 Words seal'd with sacred truth; and truth obey: 190  
 This hand the wonder fram'd: an olive spread  
 Full in the court its ever verdant head;  
 Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high  
 The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;

knowledge and dexterity in them was esteemed a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: Actoris, a female servant, is allowed to be in the secret, how then can Penelope be assured that she has not betrayed it? Homer himself \* obviates this objection: he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust; and therefore Penelope may safely rely upon the fidelity of Actoris. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of Homer, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental:† how could Ulysses foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower? and consequently it is not to be imagined that he should have made any clandestine enquiries about it. Actoris alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was anciently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret Penelope proposes in the trial of Ulysses, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her Husband. To instance almost in a parallel case: Orestes in Euripides tells Iphigenia, that the lance which Pelops used in the combat against Œnomaus was lodged in her apartment: this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother Orestes; no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies.

V. 193. *Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high*  
*The huge trunk rose — — —]*

I will not promise that the reader will be pleased with this description

\* I own I should prefer 'his-self.' L.

† This is by very far the most judicious part of this long Note. L.



The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;  
 And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.  
 I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain  
 Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain: 200  
 Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise;  
 And bore it, regular, from space to space:  
 Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie  
 Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;  
 Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould 205  
 With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.  
 But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,  
 Or still inviolate the olive stands,  
 'Tis thine, oh Queen, to say:—and now impart,  
 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart? 210

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,  
 She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:  
 At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,  
 And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:

the place where the bed stood was entirely secret: it being closed up from observation before this particular apartment was undertaken. And therefore the knowledge of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real Ulysses.

V. 213, &c. Better thus:

' Her doubts remov'd, her arms his neck embrace  
 With eager haste; she weeps, kisses his face,  
 And thus:—Blame not, Ulysses, since thy mind  
 Excels in prudence all of human kind,  
 And the Gods sent us woe, nor would that we  
 Unsever'd, joyous youth and age should see,

The tears pour'd down amain:—and oh, she cries, 215  
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!

O vers'd in every turn of human art,  
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!

The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,  
Decree us to sustain a length of woes, 220

And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny  
To bloom together, fade away, and die.

O let me, let me not thine anger move,  
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;  
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms, 225  
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!

Too envied Bliss,—that till the truth I prov'd,  
Thee I acknowledg'd not whom thus I lov'd.  
Nor anger nor displicence let it raise.  
I dreaded fraud: which oft the sex betrays:  
Against the fondness, &c.'

*Δακρύσασα δ' ἐπεὶ αἰδύς δραμεν' ἀμφιδε χεῖρας  
Δειρὴ βαλλ' Ὀδυσσῆϊ, καρὴ δ' ἐκυσ', ἦδε προσηυδα·  
Μὴ μοι, Ὀδυσσεῦ, σκυζεῦ, ἐπεὶ ἴα περ ἄλλα μαλίστῃα  
Ἀνδρῶπων πεπνυσο, Θεοῖδ' ὠπαζὸν οἴζυν·  
Οἱ γυνὴν ἀγασσάνο παρ' ἀλληλοῖσι μενονίῃ  
Ἑβης ἱερπηναι, καὶ γηραὸς ἐδὸν ἰκεσθαι.  
Αὐτὰρ μὴ νῦν μοι ἴοδε χῶεο, μῆδε νεμεσᾶ,  
Οὐνεκα σ' εἰς ἰὸ πρῶτον ἐπεὶ ἰδὼν ὥδ' ἀγαπήσα. (v. 207—14.) L.*

Mr. W. observes a similar passage (and which probably was in the view of the Translator) from Mrs. Behn's Translation of Oenone to Paris.

' Say, lovely youth, why would you thus ' betray  
My easy faith,' and lead my heart away, L.

I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray  
 Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:  
 Against the fondness of my heart I strove;  
 'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love: 230  
 Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms  
 Ere the fair Mischief set two worlds in arms,

V. 229. 30. Though Mr. Wakefield objects to this couplet as altogether superfluous, and though I agree with him that this Speech (and others very often indeed) has on the whole suffered by expansion, still I think this, in itself and in its place, a very beautiful line. I mean the first of the couplet. L.

V. 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd* — —] This passage occasioned great disputes amongst the ancient Critics. Some contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ γῶν, — — —

Then the meaning of the passage is thus to be understood. Helen would not have yielded to a stranger, if she had known that stranger, εἰ γῶν, ἀνδρα is to be understood according to this interpretation. The same Critics thus construe the following words,

Ὅ μιν αὐτὶς ἀγνοῖ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν. (v. 210.)

O is the same with δι' οἷ, 'propter hanc causam:' and the whole passage is thus to be translated, 'If Helen had known the stranger, she would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks rose in arms to free her from the impostor.' They defend this application by having recourse to a tradition, that Paris could never have obtained the consent of Helen if Venus had not given him the resemblance of Menelaus, in whose form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty. Otherwise the instance is no ways parallel: for if Helen was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce Penelope to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband? I confess this construction of the Greek appears to me very obscure; contrary to the style of Homer, which is always clear and natural. Besides,

Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day,  
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.  
 But Heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed  
 That she should wander, and that Greece should  
                   bleed: 236

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,  
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.  
 But why these sorrows when my Lord arrives?  
 I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives! 240  
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known  
 To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,  
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,  
 The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)  
 Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd, 245  
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

it contradicts the whole story of Helen through the Iliad and Odyssey: and she herself no where alledges this deceit as her excuse; but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of Menelaus. But granting that she was thus deceived originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear; and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with Paris. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if Helen had considered what evils might ensue from her injury to Menelaus, she would have acted more wisely. This Penelope introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of Helen, and ascribes all the calamities of Greece to it.

V. 237. 'Blind to those ills'—Mr. Wakefield prefers a better melody. L.

V. 246.

'Heard and distrustful as I am, I yield.'



Touch'd to the soul the King with rapture hears,  
 Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.  
 As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores  
 Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars; 250  
 Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,  
 And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;  
 If one more happy, while the tempest raves,  
 Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,  
 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand, 255  
 And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:  
 The ravish'd Queen with equal rapture glows,  
 Clasps her lov'd Lord, and to his bosom grows.  
 Nor had they ended till the morning ray:  
 But Pallas backward held the rising day, 260

Mr. W. prefers—

‘Hard and distrustful as I ‘seem.’

And says that he thinks the force of Homer's meaning would better appear by the alteration of this single word.—But the Original is,

Πειθεῖς δὲ μὲν θυμὸν ἀπηνεα περ μάλ' ΕΟΝΤΑ. (v. 230.)

‘—— You

My heart, unyielding as it is, convince.’

And so Cowper—

‘Though hard to be convinc'd, at last I yield.’ L.

V. 260. *But Pallas backward held the rising day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament. there is a necessity for it. The battle between the Suitors and Ulysses happened in the evening: since then we have seen the palace purified, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female servants punished; Euryclea has

The wheels of night retarding, to detain  
 The gay Aurora in the wavy main:  
 Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,  
 Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies: 265  
 Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repose denies.

held a long conference with Penelope, there has been singing and dancing in the Palace, and an interview at large described between Ulysses and Penelope; then the Poet proceeds to recapitulate the story of the whole Odyssey: now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: Homer therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces Minerva to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the established laws of Nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, Poets are allowed to write according to common fame: and what Homer here relates could not shock the ears of the ancients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of Hercules. I will only observe, that Homer gives no more than two horses to Aurora's Chariot, Lampus and Phaethon; whereas the Chariot of the Sun is described with four: thus Ovid,

‘ Interea volucres, Pyroeis, Eous, et Æthon,  
 Solis Equi, quartusque Phlegon.’ (MET. ii. 153, 4.)

V. 262. Instead of the common Epithet, ‘ the gay,’  
 Better here,

‘ Lucid Aurora.’

And thus after—

‘ Nor suffer'd her to yoke those steeds, who bright  
 To mortals bring the Day, and chase the Night.’

— εὐδ' εἰα ἱππεύς

Ζευγνυσθ' ωκυπόδας φάος ἀνθρώποισι φερόντας. (v. 244, 5.) L.

A labour long, and hard, remains behind;  
 By Heav'n above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:  
 For, to Tiresias through th' eternal gates 270  
 Of Hell I trod, to learn my future fates.  
 But end we here—the night demands repose;  
 Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!

To whom the Queen. Thy word we shall obey,  
 And deck the couch; far hence be woes away; 275  
 Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains  
 Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.  
 But what those perils Heav'n decrees, impart;  
 Knowledge may grieve, but Fear distracts the heart.

## V. 266. Rather—

' Not yet our labours have their bound attain'd:  
 A toil unmeasur'd Fate hath still ordain'd;  
 Great and severe: which I must yet fulfil:  
 For thus the Prophet spake Heaven's awful will,  
 When to Tiresias through Hell's deep sunk Gate  
 I went, to learn my own and my companion's Fate.'

This, if not easy or elegant, gives at least a nearer idea of the Original.

ὦ Γυναί, ε γὰρ πῶ πάντων ἐπὶ πειρᾷ ἀεθλῶν  
 ἤλασμεν, ἀλλ' εἴ' ὅπισθεν ἀμετρήτος πόνος ἐστὶν·  
 Πολλὸς καὶ χαλεπὸς, ἵνα ἔμῃ χρεὴ πάντα ἰελεσθῶναι.  
 Ὡς γὰρ μοι ψυχῇ μυθήσατο Τειρεσίαιος,  
 Ἡμαῖ ἰὼ ὅτε δὴ κατέβην δόμον Αἰδὸς εἰσω,  
 Νόστον εἵταιροισιν διζήμενος ἦδ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ. (v. 248—53.) L.

## V. 277, 8. Ogilby very commendably, and with ancient simplicity,

' Now tell me what I must hereafter hear:  
 Better to know, than not know what to fear.'

To this the King: Ah why must I disclose  
A dreadful story of approaching woes? 280

The Original is :

‘ Tell me this toil which some day I must know,  
I ween to learn it now were nothing worse.

Εἴπ' ἄγε μοι τόδ' ἀεὶδόντι ἐπεὶ καὶ σπῖσθην (αἶω)  
Πελοποιά· αὐτίκα δ' ἐστὶ βήμεναι εἴη χερσίν. (v. 261.)

V. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but Fear distracts the heart*—is indeed an elegant line, and beautifully conveys an impressive truth of sentiment and experience. But I own I like simple Homer, and the particularity of individual Nature, better than the utmost elegance of general expression on such occasions as these. L.

V. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.*] Ulysses had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

‘ A labour long, and hard, remains.’

This could not fail of alarming Penelope, and raising all her curiosity to know it. Homer would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not described her under an impatience upon the mention of it: her fondness is too sincere to be indifferent upon such a suggestion; but her answer to Ulysses chiefly demands observation.

‘ If Heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows;  
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!’

This discovers a greatness of spirit worthy of a Queen and Heroine: she is threatened to lose Ulysses by a second absence; she is alarmed with a new train of his sufferings: but being informed that all these calamities will end in a prosperous issue, that long life and happiness attend him, she not only takes courage personally, but comforts her Husband. Homer was too good a judge of decency to ascribe the weakness that attends the generality of that sex to Penelope; she has a bravery of soul worthy of a Heroine in Epic Poetry. Besides this is a further instance of Homer's judgment: the event of the *Odyssey* is

Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,  
 When thou must learn, what I must speak, with tears?  
 Heav'n, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees  
 Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;  
 From realm to realm a Nation to explore 285  
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar;  
 Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,  
 A painted wonder, flying on the main:  
 An Oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes  
 The unknown instrument with strange surprise, 290  
 And calls a Corn-van: this upon the plain  
 I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;  
 Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore  
 Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:  
 Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores, 295  
 Due victims slay to all th' æthereal pow'rs.  
 Then Heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,  
 And steal myself from life by slow decays;  
 Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,  
 When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;  
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest;\* 301  
 My People blessing, by my People blest.

to shew Ulysses happy. Now if the Poet had not fully satisfied the Reader in this respect, he had not reinstated his Hero in prosperity: and consequently had defeated the Moral of the Odyssey; which is to shew Wisdom and Virtue triumphant, by representing his Hero after all difficulties settled in full tranquillity.

V. 279—81. These three lines are pleasing: particularly the third. L.

Such future scenes th' all-righteous Pow'rs display,  
By their dread \* Seer, and such my future day.

To whom thus firm of soul:—If ripe for death, 305  
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath,  
While Heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows;  
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

But Euryclea with dispatchful care,  
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare: 310  
Instant they bid the blazing torch display  
Around the dome an artificial day;  
Then to repose her steps the Matrôn bends,  
And to the Queen Eurynomè descends;  
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires 315  
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.  
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led  
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

\* Tiresias.

V. 317., — — — *His fair spouse Ulysses led*

*To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.]*

The reader may be pleased to consult the Annotations on Book xi. v. 152, &c. concerning the answer of Ulysses to Penelope; it being a repetition from that part of the Odyssey.

Eustathius informs us, that Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the Grammarian, thought the verse quoted at the head of this remark, to be the conclusion of the Odyssey: and consequently they judged the remaining part of this Book, and the whole xxivth, supposititious. Those who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the Poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected: for instance, the recapitulation of the whole Odyssey; and especially the discovery of Ulysses to his Father Laertes, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair  
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair: 320

that the beginning of that Book bears to the subject of the Poem, be a reason for the rejection of it, we must for the same reason abridge the Poem, and reject a multitude of the Fables which are scattered through the whole course of it. It may therefore be conjectured that Aristarchus and Aristophanes were not of opinion that the Poem ended with this verse; but only the most necessary and important incidents. Casaubon, in a remark upon a passage of Strabo, favours the opinion of Aristarchus. for he there speaks of the last book as if he suspected it to be spurious: and Rapiñ joins in the same judgment. Homer is to be defended in another manner, than by such arguments as are brought in answer to Aristarchus. The same objection has been made against the two last Books of the Iliad, as against these of the Odyssey: the former ought to have ended with the decisive action in the death of Hector, and the latter with the discovery of Ulysses to Penelope, when his happiness seems to be established. But there is no weight in these objections. There is a difference between the 'unravelling' of the Action, and the full 'accomplishment' of it: the Action is unravelled by the death of the Suitors; but there are consequences arising from their deaths that hinder the accomplishment of the Action, namely, the danger of the resentments of their friends, who rise in arms to revenge their slaughter: and till their insurrection is pacified, Ulysses cannot be said to be in a state of security. The subject of the Iliad is the Anger of Achilles: that of the Odyssey, the re-establishment of Ulysses in his dominions. Now the anger of Achilles ends not with the death of Hector: nor is Ulysses fully re-established by the death of the Suitors; he has another obstacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the Ithacans are appeased, the design of the Poem is not executed, which is to shew Ulysses in peaceful possession of his Palace and Authority. We see in this very Book, that Ulysses is forced to fly from his own Palace; can he then be said to be re-established in tranquillity? This very Action demonstrates, that what follows is part of the subject of the Poem: and such a part, as, if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that Homer had never finished it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the Action

But in discourse the King and Consort lay,  
 While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away.  
 Intent he hears Penelope disclose  
 A mournful story of domestic woes :

is his sailing from Troy toward his Country; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it, and the end of the Action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledged by his Wife, Father, Family, and Subjects. now this is not completed till the very end of the last Book: and consequently that Book is not spurious, but essential. The Poet had ended very injudiciously, if he had stopped before: for the Reader would have remained unsatisfied in two necessary points, viz. how he was made known to Laertes, and what vengeance the chief families of the Nation endeavoured to take against the destroyer of their sons: but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects who had taken arms being either vanquished or appeased, the Action is completed in all its parts, and consummates the Odyssey.

V. 322. Formed on a beautiful line in Pope's Epistle to Jervais, which Mr. W. quotes.

‘ While’ summer suns ‘ roll’d unperceiv’d away.’†

V. 324. *A mournful story of domestic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet passes thus briefly over the story of Penelope. He makes her impatience to hear the history of Ulysses the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his Reader by repeating what he already knows: it is likewise remarkable, that Ulysses does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of Troy; for this would have been foreign to the design of the Odyssey; but with his sailing from Troy to the Cicons. and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an Epitome of the whole Odyssey in the compass of one and thirty lines: and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

† Which bears a striking resemblance to an exquisite passage in the Anthology.

— — — εμνησθὲν δ' ὅσσας ἀμφότεροι  
 ἴδμεν ἐν γέ-γη καλῶς ἔσμεν. L.



His servants insults ; his invaded bed ; 325  
 How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled ;

Lycophron has given us a summary of the wanderings of Ulysses : which if any one is desirous to compare with this of Homer, he will see the difference between a clear and an obscure Writer. Tibullus, in his Panegyric on Messala, has been more successful than Lycophron : He follows the order of Homer, and treads directly in his footsteps.

‘ Nam Ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,  
 Non valuit Lotos captos avertere cursus ;  
 Cessit et Etnææ Neptunius incola rupis,  
 Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho,  
 Vexit et Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos ;  
 Incultos adit Læstrygonas, &c.’

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in Homer has a very good effect. I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that the subject of the Odyssey is not alone the return of Ulysses to his country, and his re-establishment in it ; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages ; all that he saw, or suffered in his return to it, in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of Troy : another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his Hero, as they really happened, naturally and historically : for in his relation of them in his Poem, he uses an artificial order ; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his Poem by way of narration to the Phæacians : here he sets every event in its natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the Action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the Poem, from the time of the duration of the Action :\* for in reality the Poem begins many years before the return of Ulysses ; but Homer begins his Action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own country. In the course therefore of the Odyssey, Homer gave us the artificial, here the natural order ; which is an ease and assistance to the memory of the Reader.

\* This remark of Madame Dacier strikes me as excellent. L,

His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,  
 And the wild riots of the Suitor-train.  
 The King alternate a dire tale relates,  
 Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates: 330  
 All he unfolds: his list'ning Spouse turns pale  
 With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale;  
 Sleepless devours each word: and hears, how slain  
 Cicons on Cicons swell th' ensanguin'd plain;  
 How to the land of Lote unblest he sails; 335  
 (And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!)  
 How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,  
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;  
 How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails  
 From friendly Æolus with prosp'rous gales; 340  
 Yet Fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars  
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores:  
 How on the barb'rous Læstrigonian coast,  
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;  
 How scarce himself surviv'd: he paints the bow'r;  
 The spells of Circe, and her magic pow'r; 346

V. 336. Succinct as this touch of the picturesque is, it is yet an addition, though (as Mr. W. observes) an elegant addition to Homer. In the Original we have only two words, 'fruitful tilth,' *παιρραν αρερην*, for this line. (v. 311.) L.

V. 337. Rather—

'The Cyclops Deeds who his brave comrades tore,  
 Not unreveng'd.'

*Ηδ' ὅσα Κυκλωψ ἐρξε· και ὡς ἀπέισατο ποινην  
 Ἰφθυμῶν ἔλαρων.* (v. 312.)

W.—L.

His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,  
 To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;  
 How in the doleful mansions he survey'd  
 His royal Mother, pale Anticlea's shade; 350  
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!  
 Then how unharm'd he past the Siren-coasts,  
 The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,  
 And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,  
 The cave of death! How his companions slay 355  
 The oxen sacred to the God of day,

V. 355. — — *How his companions slay  
 The oxen sacred to the God of day.]*

The story of these oxen is fully related, lib. xii. I refer to the Annotations. The crime of the companions of Ulysses was sacrilege; they having destroyed the herds sacred to a God. These herds were said to be immortal: I have there given the reason of it, but too concisely: and will therefore add a supplement from the Polyhymnia of Herodotus. I ought to have mentioned, that the body of soldiers called Immortal, was a select number of men in the army of Xerxes: so named, because upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or sickness, another was immediately substituted into his room, so that they never amounted to more or less than ten thousand. If we apply this piece of History to the herds of Apollo, it excellently explains Homer's Poetry: they are called Immortal, because upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are said neither to increase nor decay, because they were always of a fixed number, and continually supplied upon any vacancy.

The reader will be apprized of the heinousness of the crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of Bochart, p. 314. The Phœnicians and Egyptians so superstitiously abstained from the flesh of the ox, that, as Porphyry affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. Ælian tells us, that it was death

Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,  
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides :  
 How struggling through the surge, he reach'd the  
 shores

Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'rs, 360

amongst the Phrygians to kill a labouring Ox, and Varro, Rust. lib. ii. c. 5, thus writes, 'ab hoc antiqui manus ita abstinere vulerunt, ut capite sanxerint, si quis occidisset.\*' Thus also Columella, in Præfat. lib. vii. 'Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale esset Bovem necâsse, quam Civem.'

I have been the more full upon this head, to shew that Homer's fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the Ancients. Rapin is very severe upon him for ascribing the death of the companions of Ulysses to the violation of these herds of Apollo. 'The reason (says he) why they are destroyed is very ridiculous, because, lib. i.

— — — they dar'd to prey  
 On herds devoted to the God of day.

This is certainly a far-fetch'd destruction: the Hero or the Poet was willing to be freed from them.' But from this observation, they will be found to be guilty of sacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmost veneration; and consequently the crime is adequate to the punishment. Besides, Horace, Epist. Lib. i. (vi. 62.) gives sentence against these companions of Ulysses.

— — — 'Cærite cerâ  
 Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;  
 Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas'

V. 359. With one alteration, the line substituted by Mr. W. seems preferable: thus—

'How scap'd from 'wrathful' Ocean's boisterous power,  
 He reacht Ogygia and Calypso's bower.'

\* *Cats*, an animal now almost (and very undeservedly) proscribed, were, in the days of our Saxon Ancestors, nearly with as much anxiety protected. L.

Where the gay blooming Nymph constrain'd his stay,  
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay ;  
 And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow,  
 Immortal life exempt from age and woe:  
 How sav'd from storms Phæacia's coast he trod, 365  
 By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,  
 Who gave him last his Country to behold,  
 With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.

He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares  
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares. 370

Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,  
 Minerva rushes through th' aerial way,

V. 361. *Where the gay blooming Nymph constrain'd his stay.*] This is a circumstance (observes Madam Dacier) that Ulysses ought by no means to forget: for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his Wife, by letting her know he preferred her person to that of Calypso a Goddess this is the reason why he enlarges upon it in five verses ; whereas he concludes most of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that Lady) we may easily believe that he was silent about the nature of his conversation with that Nymph: and indeed it would have lessened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a secret: he is very cautious in this respect; he enlarges upon the fondness of Calypso for his person, but suppresses, for a very obvious reason, the kind returns he made for her civilities.

V. 363. Mr. W. prefers—

‘ And promis'd, ‘ fondly’ promis’d.’

But perhaps by ‘ vainly,’ the Translator means to insinuate the ‘ refusal’ of immortality by Ulysses: a topic which to Penelope could not but be grateful. L.

And bids Aurora with her golden wheels  
 Flame from the Ocean o'er the eastern hills :  
 Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed, 375  
 And thus with thought mature the Monarch said.

My Queen, my Consort! through a length of years,  
 We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears :  
 Thou, for thy Lord; while me th' immortal Pow'rs  
 Detain'd reluctant from my native shores. 380  
 Now, blest again by Heav'n, the Queen display,  
 And rule our Palace with an equal sway:  
 Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,  
 To throng my empty folds, with gifts or spoils.  
 But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes 385  
 With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;  
 The good old man to wasting woes a prey,  
 Weeps a sad life in solitude away.

V. 372. There was no need for Minerva being in such an hurry as to 'rush' through the skies only to disturb the Pair in their long interrupted endearments, whom she had restored to each other; and when too she had exerted her supernatural power in a very different manner. The Original says nothing about her rushing. L.

V. 373, 4. These lines would be better thus: partly with Mr. Wakefield—

' And bids Aurora, golden-thron'd, arise  
 And pour the' expected light on mortals eyes.' L.

V. 386. *With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies.*] I cannot agree with the Author of the Essay (p. 296.) in his censure of this line. On the contrary, I think it very sweet and tender in its melody; and its simplicity is to me more pleasing than any embellishment.

But hear, though wise! This morning shall unfold, <sup>fold, 28 H</sup>  
 The deathful scene, on Heroes, Heroes roll'd; 390  
 Thou with thy maids within the Palace stay,  
 From all the scene of tumult far away!

He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies,  
 To wake his Son; and bid his friends arise.

To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey, 395  
 With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,  
 And pass the City-gate; Ulysses leads the way. }

And the next line :

V. 387.

' The good old man to wasting woes a prey—'

well expresses the Original:

— παῖερ' εσθλόν, ὁ μοι πυκινῶς ἀκαχχῆται. (v. 360.) L.

V. 389. Rather, though not with quite an exact rhyme.

' Fame with the rising sun to every ear  
 The rumour of the Suitors slain shall bear.'

Αὐλῖκα γὰρ φάτις εἰσὶν ἅμ' ἡελίῳ ἀνιόντι  
 Ἀνδρῶν μνηστῆρων ὅς ἐκλάνον ἐν μεγάροισιν. (v. 262, 3.) L.

V. 393. Rather—

' He spake: and, clad in radiant armour, flies  
 To wake his son, and bid the herdsmen rise.' W.—L.

——— ἐδυσσάλο λευχεὰ καλὰ

ὦρσε δὲ Τηλεμαχόν, καὶ βεκόλον, ἥδ' ἐσυβώλην. (v. 366, 7.)

Rather, as Mr. W. notices, with the variety of the Original :

(εὖωρησόντο δὲ χαλκῷ—v. 369.)

' With arms ' of brass' their manly limbs array.' L.

Now flames the rosy Dawn, but Pallas shrouds  
The latent Warriors in a veil of clouds.

V. 398. — — *Pallas shrouds*

*The latent warriors in a veil of clouds ]*

Ulysses, to avoid observation, leaves the City at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispelled. this is the suggestion of his own Wisdom; which is figured by Minerva.

V. 398, 9. Much preferably thus: for the Morn is made to flame very importunately here.

‘ Now rose on earth the Morn · but Pallas shrouds  
The ‘ hastening’ Warriors in a veil of clouds.’

Ἡδὲ μὲν Φαὸς ἦεν ἐπὶ χθονα· ἱσθ’ ἀρ’ Ἀθήνη  
Νυκτὶ κατὰ κρυψασα, ΘΟΩΣ ἐξηγε πολέος. (371, 2.)

Mr. Wakefield, with great taste and judgment, by discharging the tautologous ‘latent’ makes room, correspondently with the Original, for the appropriate and picturesque ‘hastening.’ L.

This 23d Book is in my Copy marked B. and consequently ascribed to BROOME. L.

This Book ends in the morning of the forty-first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in Homer. I speak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault. Our heroic verse consists but of ten syllables; the Greek oftentimes of seventeen, as in this verse,

Αὐτὶς ἐπεὶ τα πρὸ δονδὲ κυλινδεῖο λαὰς ἀναιδῆς.

We therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables: which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in Homer, within the compass of one line in a Translation, with any tolerable beauty: but in some parts, where the subject seemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what success, must be left to the Reader.



The Translator here over-rates the difference: for the line of 17 syllables belongs to the dactylic system, which is rare in heroic Poetry; 14 or 15 is a fair average. A very ingenious Author lately, takes the proportion between our heroic verse and that of the Greeks and Romans, by comparing the *times*, which are  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in ours and 12 in theirs. But this will not be a rule, for in this line,

‘*Auditum saxis intellectumque ferarum,*’

although there are, of course, as many times as in any other heroic verse, there are but 13 syllables. Now though lines are metrically equal which contain the same *time*, when the Question is of the proportion of verses which a Translation may be expected to require, to express the meaning, the proportion of Syllables can be the only general Rule. Now if there be two Dactyls in a verse, this proportion in an English verse is as 10 to 14; if three, as 10 to 15, if four, 10 to 16: the Average proportion will be consequently fair if taken at 2 to 3. It must be recollected too, that our common heroic verse admits of 11 syllables, and, though very rarely, sometimes even of 12: and our Alexandrian is of 12 at least. L.

### ODYSSEAN WORDS.

#### xxii.

V. 21. φορυνειν.*	V 278. λιγδην.*
84. περιρρηδης.*	356. ελαε*(perresolutionem)imper.
106. οισε, (imper.)	386. πολυωπω.*
184. αζη. subst.*	455. λιστρισις,* nullo casu alibi
186. ραφαι.*	apud Homerum.
188. κεριξ,* adv.	493. θηιον,* subst.
216. κλειμεν,* inde f. κλεις.	494. διεθειωσεν.*

### WORDS peculiar.—xxiii ODYS.

V. 11. μαργην.—The Iliad has	V. 167. αλεραμνον.
only the verb: and	198. ερμης—ibid. τερετρον.
that once.	275. αθηρηλοιγος.
94. ενωπιδιως,* adv.	

\* Voces Asterismis notatæ sunt εν ταις ἀπαξ λεγομεναις: quæ alibi, scilicet, apud Homerum non reperiuntur. L.



THE  
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*THE Souls of the Suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his Father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his Discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge; and the King is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the Father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses; who gives them Battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddess Pallas makes a lasting Peace between Ulysses and his subjects; which concludes the Odyssey.*

THE  
ODYSSEY.

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BOOK XXIV.\*

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign  
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!  
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

\* It has been already proved, that this Book is the genuine work of Homer: but perhaps the reader may not be displeased to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a Critic as Aristarchus: I shall therefore lay them before him from Didymus and Spondanus.

Aristarchus affirms, that this is the only place in Homer where Mercury performs the office of conducting the souls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known so early by the title of *ψυχιοπομπος*: that this is the only passage where he is called Cyllenius; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of Homer; where they all descend without a guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is absurd to imagine a 'white rock' in these kingdoms of darkness, &c. To these Didymus thus replies. If a single mention of any incident in Homer were a reason for its rejection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that Mercury was called *ψυχιοπομπος*, and Cyllenius, in the days of Homer, that he is here mentioned under these titles;† but this is begging the question. He adds, that although the souls of the dead descend without a guide in

\* I thought the scholiast could not have been guilty of such palpably bad Logic: and in looking into the scholia of Didymus (Hom. Elz. 1656) I find that he is not. He only says that Mercury being but once mentioned by such a name, and such an office being but once ascribed to him, is no proof that the Book is not Homer's. And he corroborates this argument by an instance. L.

That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,     5  
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.

other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one: for they are in other places only said in general to descend; whereas here the manner of their descent is particularised. Neither is it any objection against this Book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of Homer to describe the shades of the dead received immediately into the state of Achilles, Agamemnon, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by Mercury to Ulysses, who was descended from that Deity, he being the Father of Arcesius, and consequently great grandfather to Ulysses. It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards: this is evident from the words of Patroclus, *Iliad* xxiii.

‘ — — — To the further shore,

When once we pass, the soul returns no more.’

It is therefore out of favour to Ulysses, that Mercury introduces these shades into the region where Agamemnon resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet Ulysses. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this Book: namely, that this is an Episode which has no relation to the principal subject; and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the Action essential to the *Odyssey*: but it may be answered, that though it makes no part of the principal Action, yet it has a sufficient connexion with it: it is the sequel of the death of the Suitors, and consequently the principal Action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduced from it. and Homer makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his Poem, with the history of what happened before Troy, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*: and in particular with the death of Achilles, and a description of his funeral ceremonies. DIDYMUS; DACIER.

Plato in the beginning of his third Dialogue, *de Repub.* brings an heavy charge against Homer, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He quotes the similitude of the Bats; and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must

Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent  
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.

deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their Country. 'Let us then (says that Author) with the permission of Homer and other Poets, reject such relations not because they are unpoetical, not because they are unpleasant to read; but because by how much they are more pleasant and poetical, by so much they are more dangerous, and to be kept from our youth, and men, who are born to assert their liberty with the hazard of their lives, and 'prefer death to slavery.'\* It must be allowed that this is strong reasoning and it is not easy to guard the doctrine of Homer from such unhappy consequences; for why should men choose to die, rather than be slaves, when by death they fall into a worse condition? It will not be an answer to say that Homer asserts a threefold state in fatuity viz. of the soul, the *εἰδωλον*, or 'vehicle,' and the body and that while the 'vehicle' is in this condition of horrors, the soul may be happy: for still the state of the dead is represented as a state of horror; and man is in part (namely, in his *εἰδωλον*) miserable after death: nay, so miserable that even Hercules, who was a God, and received amongst the Deities, is yet tormented in Hell; lib. xi.

'Here hov'ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,  
And clang their pinions with terrific sound.  
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw  
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.'

It will indeed be a vindication of Homer as a Poet, to say that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that such as was the notion of the Ancients of a Future State, such is his description of it. I will only add, that we may collect from Plato, that he judged this Book genuine: for he quotes this passage as Homer's.

V. 5. *That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day*] Mr. Wakefield says, 'an absurd interpolation, against the truth of classic

\* This expression, which is also used by Cicero, was part of a most celebrated Advertisement early in the American War, which was the ground of a most remarkable Trial against a Person who is—Clarus hodieque; et qui olim, et in perpetuum, nominabitur. L.

As in the cavern of some rifted den,  
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene, 10  
 Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,  
 They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:  
 So cowering fled the sable heaps of Ghosts;  
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.  
 And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest ends; 15  
 And now the gates where evening Sol descends,  
 And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams;  
 And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,

mythology; on sole purpose for the rhiming word.'—If this means that classic mythology does not represent the wand of Mercury as conducting the ghosts *from* the realms of night, but only *to* them, this is a mistake; though it rarely happens to Mr.W. to be mistaken. But thus Virgil of the power of the Caduceus:

'Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille *evocat* orco,  
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartar mittit;  
 Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat.'

ÆN. iv. 242—4.

It was supposed indeed that these evocations were nocturnal: but 'to day' means here to the realms of day, 'ad superos;' contradistinctively to the 'regio inferorum.' L.

V. 6. Very near, as Mr.W. observes, to a verse (and a very fine one) in the Iliad:

'A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way.'

The Author of the Essay (p. 354) commends the two next verses as a fine example of imitative harmony. L.

V. 17. *And Leuca's rock* — —] This description of the descent into Hell † is more particular than that in the xith Odyssey; and each particular is well suited to the subject: the descent is fabled to be by the Ocean; because the Sun seems to descend through it into Night,

† Hades would have been the better Word. L.



And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell  
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.

20

or the region of Darkness, in the western parts of Heaven. Milton fables the Sun to rise through the gates of light, after the manner of the Ancients.

‘ — — — Till Morn,  
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of light — — —’ (P. L. vi. 2—4.)

The circumstance likewise of going through the region of ‘dreams’ is well chosen. Dreams are the attendants of Sleep, the brother of Death. they come by night; and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of Death, and to be introductory to it. Virgil, in the descent of Æneas into hell, has borrowed this image,

‘ — — — Quam sedem Somnia vulgo  
Vana tenere ferunt’ — — — (Æn. vi. 283, 4.)

‘ The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head;  
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.’

The only circumstance liable to objection is, the Leucadian, or ‘white’ rock, which Aristarchus thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of Darkness: but (replies Eustathius) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the Sun fall. Dacier imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: ‘There is an island over-against Acarnania, on the west of Ithaca, called Leucas, from a white rock standing in it: this rock was famous in antiquity, because Lovers in despair threw themselves from the top of it into the ocean; it was called the ‘Lover’s Leap,’ and being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers, Homer places it here.’ This is no explication; for a rock may well be feigned to stand at the entrance\* of the region of Death, by which so many persons had entered into it.

\* The spelling of ‘entrance’ is remarkable: connecting the *t* with the *r* by the most accelerated and nearly evanescent vowel the *e* sheva of the Hebrew. And perhaps this mode of spelling ought to have been retain’d. L.

The empty forms of men inhabit there;  
 Impassive semblance, images of air!  
 Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;  
 Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!  
 Yet still a master-ghost the rest he aw'd, 25  
 The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod:  
 Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd;  
 And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,  
 The Suitors stopt, and gaz'd the Hero o'er: 30

Ovid, in his *Epistles*, mentions this Leucadian rock.

'— — — O you that love in vain,  
 Fly hence; and seek the fair Leucadian main:  
 There stands a rock from whose impending steep  
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep,  
 There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,  
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.'

V. 24—6. Mr. W. seems preferable, with some improvement, by the change of a word in the last line, 'master-ghost,' and bringing line 25, 6, to more close correspondence with the Original. But perhaps the following version comes nearest.

'E'en Ajax, mighty warrior, is no more;  
 Ajax, in form and strength the second name  
 Of Greece; Achilles sole o'erpass'd his fame.  
 They round him flock'd, Achilles by him stood,  
 Patroclus, and Antilochus the good.'

Ευρονδε ψυχην Πηληϊαδεω Αχιλλεος,  
 Και Πατρόκληος, και αμυμονος Αντιλοχοιο·  
 Αιαντος δ', ὅς αριστος εἰν εἶδος ἰε δεμασῖε  
 Των αλλων Δαναων μετ' αμυμονα Πηλειωνα.

When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd  
 Of great Atrides: him in pomp pursu'd  
 And solemn sadness through the gloom of hell,  
 The train of those who by Ægisthus fell.

O mighty Chief! (Pelides thus began) 35  
 Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!

V. 35. *O mighty Chief! (Pelides thus began) &c*] This appears to be introduced somewhat unnaturally. Achilles had now been dead about ten years, and Agamemnon almost as long: it can therefore scarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they should not have met before this time, and mutually have satisfied their curiosities,\* by relating their several stories at some former interview. Dacier indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors descended; but upon some preceding occasion, immediately after the death of Agamemnon. If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural: for then the descent of Mercury and the shades of the Suitors will be no reason why this conference should be here repeated; for so, neither Mercury nor the Suitors hear it. But Dacier is undoubtedly in an error, for *εὔρον* in the Original is the third person plural, and absolutely refers to Mercury and the shades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happened at the time of their entrance.

The shades of the Suitors (observes Dacier) when they are summoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulysses, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound: *τρίβει*, 'strident:' whereas Agamemnon, and the shades that have long been in the state of the dead, speak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to shew by the former description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body, it ceases to act after the same manner, as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand. In other respects Virgil paints after Homer:

' — — — pars tollere vocem

Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.'

(ÆN. vi. 492, 3.)

\* Better the singular. L.

King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd  
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind;

' They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,'  
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.\*

DRYDEN.

But why should we suppose with Dacier, that these shades of the Suitors have lost the faculty of speaking? I rather imagine, that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak. After Patroclus was slain, he appears to Achilles, and speaks very articulately to him; yet to express his sorrow at his departure he acts like these Suitors: for Achilles

' Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,  
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.'

Dacier conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the *deâu*, till they are admitted into a state of rest: but Patroclus is an instance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyssey; for they both speak before their funeral rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy.

V. 38. Mr. W. observes the parallelism of this line with a too celebrated one in the Essay on Man:

' If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

' A decision (he adds, with amiable feeling) beyond measure too harsh, and never repeated by me but with sorrow on that account.' It must be owned, however, that our great female Historian speaks hardly, if at all, more favourably of this illustrious Advancer of Science, whose method and whose example so greatly accelerated the Progress of Intellect and of Knowledge.† But History is compelled to

\* This last is an admirable line perhaps 'frustrates' might have been preferable but this great Master was fearful of carrying imitative Harmony so far as to injure the Melody of his verse. L.

† She concludes, however, ' the strength and the extent of his Genius, his precious bequests to posterity, paint stronger than can any other pen.' Vol. i. 165 But this admirable Woman herself, if she had not been animated by higher and purer sentiments than those which live upon mere applause, must at last have been content to close her long labours with a sigh, to find the unwilling gratitude of base mankind. L.

Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?  
And was the noblest the first mark of fate? 40

Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon;  
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!  
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,  
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!  
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise  
Historic marbles to record thy praise: 46

Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone  
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy Son.  
But heavier ~~fates~~ were destin'd to attend!  
~~What~~ man is happy, till he knows his end? 50

O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!  
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)  
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain  
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:  
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray, 55 }  
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay, }  
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way. }

state Facts as they are: from which result severe and often distressing conclusions. Ethic Poetry may in some measure be compelled to shew the insufficiency of Genius itself to Happiness, if the application of it be not most constantly guarded by the possessor. Still I should not easily be partial to that person with whom I should find that this line was a favourite. To dwell with complacency on the thought of the abuse and depravation of Genius is to give very doubtful expectation of either Genius, Virtue, or common Benevolence. L.

V. 44. Mr. W. notices a similar Metaphor from Shakespere. (H. viii.)

' And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.'



Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;  
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead  
 Each clipt the curling honours of his head. }  
 Struck at the news, thy azure Mother came; 65  
 The sea-green sisters waited on the Dame:  
 A voice of loud lament through all the main  
 Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:

V. 68. — — — *Terror seiz'd the Grecian train.*] This description furnished Aristarchus with another objection to this Book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of Thetis and her Sea-nymphs should terrify the whole Grecian army. They say in answer, ~~that all the ocean was in a great commotion as Thetis ascended~~; or as Homer expresses it,

— — — βοη δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὄρυψε  
 Θέσπεσιγ — — — (Ω. 48, 9)

This uproar occasioned their fear: the Greeks were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event: this is evident, for Nestor appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasioned by the ascent of Thetis \*

The reader has undoubtedly observed how excellently Homer sustains his characters. Nestor is the wisest man, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: he has the experience of a very great age; and may therefore be supposed to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature. The Poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the Grecian army. There were others undoubtedly as brave as Nestor; but not one so wise: his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom; not bravery.† And this furnishes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is usually the source of fear.

\* It seems not improbable that some commotion of the sea, about the time of the obsequies of Achilles, gave occasion to this poetic imagery. L.

† That is, not complexional bravery. This is an excellent Note. L.

Back to their ships the frightened host had fled,  
 But Nestor spoke;—they listen'd, and obey'd. 70  
 (From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,  
 And long vicissitudes of human things.)  
 'Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main  
 To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.'  
 Around thee stand the Daughters of the deep, 75  
 Robe thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee weep,  
 Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,  
 In ever-consecrating verse complain.

The character of Achilles is no less happily ~~supported~~: the same love of glory is visible in all he speaks, that distinguished his ~~character~~ <sup>character</sup> through the Iliad: he still prefers a short life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς οὐδὲ τις τιμῆς ἀπονημὲν ἢς περ ἀνασσεῖ,  
 Διμῶ ἐνὶ Τρωῶν θάνατον καὶ ποταμὸν ἐπισπείν. (v. 30, 1.)

The sentiment is truly heroic; dishonour is worse than death,\* the happiness or misery of which is not to be measured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longest have but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to their graves.†

V. 77. *Round thee, the Muses* — —] It is impossible (observes Dacier) not to be struck with the noble fictions of Homer in honour of Achilles; every circumstance is great. A whole army is in tears; the Muses celebrate his glory, a Goddess and her Nymphs ennoble it with their presence and lamentations. At the funerals of other Heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the Muses personally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods, interest themselves

\* The construction here, is what the Greek Grammarians term *προς τὸ συναρπάζον*: to the implied sense, not to the words. In death is implied the loss of life, and the construction runs thus. 'Dishonour is worse than the loss of life; the happiness of which is not to be measured by time, but glory.' L

† There is a similar passage in Major Jardine's Letters from Jersey. L.



Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,  
 And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears. 80  
 Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,  
 All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.  
 To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day;  
 And fatted sheep, and sable oxen, slay;  
 With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires, 85  
 And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.  
 Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile  
 Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;

In the obsequies of so great an Hero! Yet from this place Aristarchus draws an argument for rejecting this Book: Homer (says he) no where else gives the number\* of the nine Muses;—insinuating that their number was not fixed in his age. But Homer frequently invokes the Muses, why then should he be ignorant of the number; and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? Aristarchus further adds, that it is absurd to imagine the body of Achilles could be preserved seventeen days without burial; but this may be ascribed to the power of Thetis, who may easily be supposed to preserve it. Beside, why may not the body be embalmed? and then there will be no occasion for a miracle, and the interposition of a Goddess: we must remember what she did to the body of Patroclus in the Iliad.

V. 79, 80. Ogilby:—

‘Thou couldst not see an eye of all were there  
 (So sweet, so sad their notes) without a tear.’

Which is most exact to the Original, and pathetic.

— — *ενθα κεν εβιν' αδακρυβιον γ' ευρησας*  
*Αργειων' ισιον γαρ υπωρορε Μυσα λιγεια.* (v. 61, 2.) L.

V. 87. Better perhaps, certainly more exactly, thus:

‘And many heroes of the Grecian line  
 Around the flaming pile in armour shine.’

\* The number does not appear in the Translation: but it does in the Original—*Μυσαιδ' εννα πασαι* (v. 60): and in Cowper—‘And all the Muses nine.’ L.

Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,  
 And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies. 90  
 Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame  
 Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,  
 We then collect thy snowy bones, and place  
 With wines and unguents in a golden vase,  
 (The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old, 95  
 And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)  
 There we thy relics, great Achilles, blend  
 With dear Patroclus, the\* departed friend:

— — — πολλοὶ δ' ἤρωες Λαχαιῶν .  
 Τευχεσὶν ἐρρωσάντο πύρην περὶ καιομένοιο. \* (v. 68<sup>8</sup>)

V. 89. Rather thus:

'Thick dusty clouds from horse and foot arise,  
 And echoing sounds confus'd ascend the skies.'

Πεῖροι δ' ἰππησέτε\* πολὺς δ' οὐρυμαγδος οὐρῶρει.

But in this version the senses are so pall'd with hyperbole, that it flattens instead of heightening the effect. We are really habituated to thunder, until

'We not discern the thunder from a breeze.'

And for mid-day, or midnight, such a profusion of splendor is indiscriminately poured, that we have at last to complain

'Of darkness from the glare of light.'

V. 97. *There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend  
 With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend.]*

This is agreeable to the request made to Achilles by the ghost of Patroclus, in the Iliad.

'Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,  
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

\* 'The' restor'd, on the authority of the first Edition, by Mr. Wakefield, instead of 'thy:' which he supposes (very justly, I apprehend) to have arisen from an inelegant Corrector. L.

In the same urn a sep'rate space contains  
 Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains. 100  
 Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround  
 Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:  
 High on the shore the growing hill we raise,  
 That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;  
 Where all, from age to age who pass the coast, 105  
 May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.  
 Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims  
 Heroic prizes and exequial games;

That Golden Urn thy Goddess Mother gave,  
 May mix our ashes in one common grave!

It is likewise asserted by Homer, that the bones of Antilochus were repositied in the same urn with those of Patroclus and Achilles. Where then is the peculiar honour paid to Patroclus, if Antilochus was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of Achilles and Patroclus were mixed in the urn, those of Antilochus lay separa ely.

Homer adds, that the whole army raised a monument to Achilles. This is done according to his own injunctions in the Iliad: for speaking of the tomb of Patroclus, he thus proceeds:

' Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,  
 A common structure on the humble sands:  
 Hereafter Greece, some nobler work may raise,  
 And late posterity record our praise.'

Achilles means, that when he is dead the Greeks should raise one common monument to himself and Patroclus, which we see here effected.

V. 107. Mr.W. quotes the same rhimes from Dryden.

' The trumpet's clangor then the feast 'proclaims';  
 And all prepare for their appointed 'games.' ÆN. v. 149.

The Gods assented; and around thee lay  
 Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day. 110  
 Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games  
 Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;  
 But strength of youth, or valour of the brave  
 With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.  
 Such were the games by azure Thetis giv'n; 115  
 And such thy honours, oh belov'd of heav'n!  
 Dear to Mankind thy fame survives; nor fades  
 Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.  
 But what to me avail my honours gone,  
 Successful toils, and battles bravely won? 120  
 Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,  
 By curst Ægisthus, and a faithless wife!

Thus they:—while Hermes o'er the dreary plain  
 Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.  
 On each majestic form they cast a view; 125  
 And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.

And another from the Dunciad, where the ludicrous effect of alliteration, and of a single low word mixing with pomp of diction and numbers is most striking,

' And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims  
 By herald hawkers high heroic games.' DUNC. ii. 17. L.

V. 111, 12. Mr.W. notices the disagreeable recurrence of this rhyme, with only a single couplet interposed. L.

V. 119. Better diction, as well as more exact rhyme, may be obtained thus, as proposed by Mr.W.

' But what avails my race with honour run.'

But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,  
 His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:  
 Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!  
 What cause compell'd so many, and so gay, 130 }  
 To tread the downward, melancholy way?  
 Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?  
 Were all these partners of one native air?  
 Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep  
 Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?  
 Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands, 136  
~~Branch~~ with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?

V. 127. *But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,*

*His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd.]*

An objection has been raised against this passage, and it has been thought an absurdity that Agamemnon should be the guest of Amphimedon, and not of Ulysses, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. Didymus answers, that this conduct in Agamemnon was occasioned by the refusal of Ulysses to assist in the war of Troy. Agamemnon resented his denial, and went to the house of Amphimedon.

V. 135 The change of persons from the singular to the plural in conformity to the Original is here to be noticed. L.

V. 136. More agreeably to the Original thus:

'Or driving herds and flocks in hostile bands,  
 Did murderous plunderers infest your lands;  
 Or for your wives and your lov'd cities wall  
 Fighting against invaders, did ye fall.'

Ἡπὲρ ἀναρσίοις ἀνδρὲς ἐδηλησάντ' ἐπὶ χερσῶν

Βεῖς περίαμνομενοι ἡδ' οἰων πῦρα καλὰ·

Ἡὲ περὶ πόλιος μαχέσμενοι ἡδὲ γυναικῶν. (v. 111—13.)

Where it is remarkable the three most general causes of death to a multitude at once are recapitulated—shipwreck, (not naval combat, as

Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,  
 Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?  
 Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore 140  
 When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;  
 Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,  
 To move the great Ulysses to the war.

that must have been then comparatively rare and inconsiderable,) hordes of plunderers sweeping the country before them; invaders laying siege to a city. L.

V. 142. *Forc'd a long month — —*

*To move the great Ulysses to the war.]*

It is not obvious why Ulysses, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of Troy. Was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger; (as Eustathius imagines) or was he dissatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of Helen, and nothing but a private injury? The former is a reason unworthy of his heroic character; the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married, but then it must be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. Eustathius recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of Troy. Ulysses, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist Agamemnon, pretended madness, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them: Palamedes, who suspected the imposture, took his son Telemachus, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; Ulysses turned aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition. Aristotle takes notice of the great judgment of Homer in suppressing this incident concerning Ulysses; it being unworthy of the bravery of an Hero: he is proving, chap. viii. of his Poetics, that all the actions of an Hero's life are not to be inserted in an Epic Poem; for the actions of the same man are so many and different,

O King of Men! I faithful shall relate  
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate. 145  
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim  
With rival loves pursu'd his royal Dame:  
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,  
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;  
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd; 150  
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.  
Her hand, laborious in delusion, spread  
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;  
Ye Peers, (she cry'd), who press to gain my heart,  
~~Where dead~~ Ulysses claims no more a part, 155  
Yet a short space, your rival-suit suspend,  
Till this funereal web my labours end:  
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath  
A task of grief, his ornaments of death;

that we can never reduce them to unity: for this reason Homer mentions not all the adventures of Ulysses; but only such as have relation to the subject of the Odyssey: he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his Poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The Reader will understand the meaning of Aristotle, if he considers that the subject of the Odyssey is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: now the counterfeited madness of Ulysses has no connexion with these sufferings; and consequently is judiciously omitted by Homer as foreign to the design of the Poem, and contrary to the Unity of the Action. A detail of all the adventures of an Hero's life is the province of History; the relation of one single, great, and surprising action, is the subject of Epic Poetry.

Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim, 160  
 The Grecian Matrons taint my spotless fame;  
 Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,  
 Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies;  
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. 165  
 The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,  
 Each following night revers'd the toils of day.  
 Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;  
 The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,  
 And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand, 170  
 The backward labours of her faithless hand.  
 Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay  
 The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray  
 Display'd the radiance of the night and day. }

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil, 175  
 Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.  
 Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,  
 At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:

V. 172. Better perhaps thus —

‘Shone like the lunar rays or beams of day.’

— — — *ηελιω εναλιγκιον, ηε σεληνη.* (v. 147)

V. 177, 8. Instead of this couplet of very bad rhyme, we might be more exact thus:

‘Our Demon brought Ulysses to the Isle;  
 Far in a lonely corner of the field  
 He at a swineherd's cottage lay conceal'd.’

*κακος ηγαγε δαιμων*

*Αγρε επ' εσχαλιν ηδωκε δωματα καιε συβωτης.* (v. 148, 9.)



Thither his Son from sandy Pyle repairs,  
 And speedy lands, and secretly confers. 180  
 They plan our future ruin, and resort  
 Confed'rate to the city and the court.  
 First came the Son; the Father next succeeds  
 Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;  
 Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care, 185  
 And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.  
 Who could Ulysses in that form behold?  
 Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,  
 Ill us'd by all!—to ev'ry wrong resign'd,  
 Patient ne suffer'd with a constant mind. 190  
 But when, arising in his wrath t' obey  
 The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;  
 The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome  
 Careful he treasur'd in a private room:  
 Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propose 195

V.195. *Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propose, &c.*] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of Penelope to propose the Bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes Amphimedon to ascribe it to the art of Ulysses? Eustathius answers that Amphimedon is in an error and that though the contrivance was from Penelope, yet Amphimedon could not come to the knowledge of it; and such stratagems being agreeable to the character of Ulysses, he imputes this action to him rather than Penelope.

I have omitted here a Note which prolixly censures this noble Recapitulation: and closes by an apology for censuring it:

' — — — Cynthius aurem  
 Vellit et admonuit.'

The Archer's strife : the source of future woes,  
 And Omen of our death!—In vain we drew  
 The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew:  
 To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;  
 In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:      200  
 The Bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;  
 Through ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.  
 Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;  
 Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood, }  
 And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!      205 }  
 First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;  
 And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground:  
 This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;  
 Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:  
 Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;      210  
 And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove  
 The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.  
 Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,  
 Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.      215

I have made few indeed of these retrenchments· and fancy that the reader and admirer both of Homer and of Pope have no loss by them. L.

V. 214. Chapman admirably here: with the alteration only of a word or two.

—— ‘ but in a flood

‘ O'er the wide pavement' ran our vital blood.

And thus our souls came here. Our bodies laid

‘ Scatter'd beneath' his ‘ roof.’ No word convoid

No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed  
O'er the pale corse;—the honours of the dead\*.

Oh blest Ulysses (thus the King exprest  
His sudden rapture) in thy Consort blest! •  
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd; 220  
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind:  
Icarius' Daughter, glory of the past,  
And model to the future age, shall last:  
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise  
(Their great reward) a Poet in her praise. 225  
Not such, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,  
By whose dire hand her King and Husband bled:

To any friend to take us home and give  
Our wounds fit 'bathing,' and let such as live  
Decently place, and for our fortunes shed  
Those tears and 'last' rites which renown the dead.'

W.—L.

— — — δαπέδον δ' ἅπαν αἱματι θυεν.  
'Ὡς ἡμεῖς, Ἀγαμέμνον, ἀπωλομεθ'. ὦν εἰσι καὶ νυν  
Σωμάτ' ἀκηδέα κείλαι ἐνὶ μεγάροις Ὀδυσῆος.  
Οὐ γὰρ πῶ ἴσασι φίλοι καλὰ δώμαθ' ἑκάσθις,  
Οἱ κ' ἀπόνιψαντες μελανά βροχὸν ἐξ ὠϊειλεων,  
Καίθεμενοι γοαοῖεν· ὁ γὰρ γέρας ἐσθὶ θανόντων. (v. 184—9)

Verse 186 and 189, which are both wholly dactylic, and the spondaic verse 188 interposed contribute to the dignity and pathos of this passage in the Original. L.

\* This speech certainly contains a most clear, noble, and affecting Recapitulation, very artificially introduced. And Amphimedon is proper to describe the general circumstances of the Catastrophe: as he is among those who fell not till near the end of the Conflict. L.

Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,  
Example dread! and theme of tragic Song!

V. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal shade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize whence Antiquity raised the fictions concerning Hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in Diodorus Siculus.

Pluto (observes that Author) was the first that introduced the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestowed on the dead: this is the reason why the Ancients imagined him to be the King of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is said to have been the most just man in the world. He severely punished robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death and for the same reason Minos was joined with him in the same dignity.

Homer borrowed his fictions from Orpheus, Orpheus from the Egyptians. It was Orpheus who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the Elysian fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by Mercury into the infernal mansions: (a proof that he was called *ψυχονομος* before the days of Homer.) Diodorus proceeds, and mentions the beginning of this Book, how Homer feigns that Mercury leads the shades of the dead by the Ocean, the Leucadian rock, and the gates of the Sun: a plain instance that he looked upon this book as the genuine work of Homer. All these fables (continues Diodorus) are of Egyptian extract by the Ocean, Homer means Nilus; by the gates of the Sun, he means Heliopolis, a city sacred to the Sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes, adjoining to Memphis; and the dead are feigned to reside there, because it was the general burial-place amongst the Egyptians. Concerning Cocytus, Acheron, &c. the Reader may consult the first Note upon the eleventh Odyssey.

Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osiris, agrees with Diodorus concerning the extraction of these fables from Egypt: and mentions at Memphis the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of Cocy-

The gen'ral Sex shall suffer in her shame ; 230  
And ev'n the best that bears a Woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade  
Conferr'd the mournful Phantoms of the dead :

tus, and Lethe; which being opened at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. Hence they are thus described by Homer in the tenth Odyssey.

' And where slow rolling from the Stygian bed  
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread;  
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,  
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.'

These observations give light to most of Homer's fictions concerning Hell, and shew that his Poetry is built upon the customs of Antiquity.

Macrobius explains all these particulars after a different manner: this solution supposes a state of Pre-existence of the Soul. ' If (says that Author) to die be the same as to go to the infernal regions, to enjoy the supernal is then to live. And therefore before Philosophy prevailed, the body itself was supposed to be the infernal receptacle of the Soul, into which she descended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of the Soul, and the cave of Pluto. The river of Oblivion denotes the error of the soul, which forgets the majesty of the former state she enjoyed before she entered the body: Phlegethon<sup>a</sup>, the ardour of our desires, and flames of anger. Acheron<sup>b</sup>, all our words and actions that bring us into sorrows: so likewise Styx<sup>c</sup> implies our hatred; Cocytus<sup>d</sup> our grief and lamentation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verified upon earth: the Vulture which preys upon the liver of Tityus, is the sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the Sisypheus, who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaricious man is the Tantalus who starves amidst his plenty, &c.'

Φλεγεΐων,<sup>a</sup> to burn; αχός<sup>b</sup> (achos), sorrow; στυγέειν<sup>c</sup> (stugein), to hate; κωκυβειν<sup>d</sup> (cocuein), to lament.—Milton P. L. I. has all these names and their derivation poetically given. L.

While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,  
 Past to Laertes' cultivated land. 235  
 The ground himself † had purchas'd with his pain;  
 And labour made the rugged soil a plain.  
 There stood his mansion of the rural sort,  
 With useful buildings round the lowly court:

By joining these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful Fable and instructive Moral. From the whole we may collect, that although the Ancients were ignorant of the true nature of a Future State, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh Odyssey.

V. 236. *The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain.*] Eustathius very well explains these words: which in the Greek may be construed to signify that Laertes had purchased this place of retirement by his labour and industry. But probably Homer intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assigned Laertes by the Public; as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies: like that mentioned in the Iliad.

'The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,  
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.'

It may either be so, or Homer intending solely to paint the laborious life of Laertes, added this circumstance of his increasing his rural cell by his industry, as an instance of it.

V. 236. Chapman more pleasingly: and which the Translator could have incorporated here.

— — — 'and with toil  
 Had made a sweet and habitable soil.'

V. 238, 9. Mr. W. with more elegance:

'The seniors' rural mansion there they found.  
 A lowly court with useful buildings round.'

† 'His-self' would be better. L.

Where the few servants that divide his care, 240  
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;  
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,  
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band  
And martial Son, Ulysses gave command. 245  
Enter the house, and of the bristly swine  
Select the largest to the Pow'r's divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try  
If yet I share the old man's memory:  
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know, 250 }  
(Their light and dearest object long ago) }  
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe? }

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;  
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,  
Through rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,  
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round. 256

V. 240, 1. Perhaps thus—

‘ Where the few servants of most urgent care,  
Who pleas'd him, sat, and slept, and took their fare.’

I am anxious with Cowper for preserving the minutest touches of Homer's rural descriptions.

Εν ἴῳ σίῃσκονίῳ, καὶ ἰζανόν, ἡδὲ ἰαυόν  
Δμῶες ἀναγκαστοὶ, τοὶ οἱ φίλα ἐργαζόμενοι. (v. 208, 9.)

— ‘ in which the hinds

Who serv'd and pleas'd him, ate, and sat, and slept.’

(Cowper 252, 3.)

V. 251. Added to the Original: which it rather weakens. W—L.

Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there:  
 Nor servants, absent on another care;  
 To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,  
 Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn. 260

But all alone the hoary King he found:  
 His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;  
 His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,  
 Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:  
 His buskins old, in former service torn, 265  
 But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.  
 In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood,  
 And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.

V. 266. — — — *Gloves against the thorn.*] Casaubon in his Remarks upon Athenæus, lib. xii. cap. 2. affirms, that anciently neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people. But this place is an instance of Casaubon's mistake. It is true, Xenophon gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the Persians: who suffered no part of the body to be exposed to the air, but wore *και περι ακραις ταις χερσι χειριδας, και δακτυληθρας εχουσι*, 'gloves upon their hands, and coverings on their very fingers' Pliny the younger mentions the same custom amongst the Romans, '*Manus Hieme manicis muniebantur*' ut ne cœli quidem asperitas ullum studiis tempus eriperet. This then is the difference: the Persians wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy, whereas in Greece they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour; as appears from Laertes, they being never mentioned upon any other occasion, either in the Iliad or Odyssey. DACIER.

V. 267. *In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood,  
 And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.*]

This is the first appearance of Laertes: he is the very picture of me-



Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the Chief divine  
Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing ev'ry line, 270

lancholy, his dress, his employ, and solitary life, all discover a fixed sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of Laertes to a meanness of spirit †, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendour of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a Palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a King. Plutarch severely censures his conduct: 'A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as Homer teaches by the examples of Nestor and Laertes: Nestor, by engaging in the war of Troy, obtained the utmost veneration; while Laertes, who abandoned himself to solitude, was despised universally.' I am unwilling to subscribe to this observation: being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life \*. The picture of Laertes is undoubtedly drawn very naturally: a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son: this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. Menecemus in Terence is the very copy of Laertes in Homer; an instance that he thought Homer's an exact representation of human nature: and the applause with which that Comedy was received, shews that all Rome was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, Ambition, and guilty passions have raised many to the top of human glory: but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the

† Here again the construction is to the sense; not to the words. L.

\* 'One self approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of gazing multitudes, and loud huzzas.' L.

The ruins of himself! now worn away  
 With age, yet still majestic in decay!  
 Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;  
 The much enduring man could bear no more.  
 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace 275  
 His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,  
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,  
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—  
 Not so:—his judgment takes the winding way  
 Of question distant, and of soft essay; 280

splendour of a crown into obscurity. Tully mentions the manner of life in Laertes, without condemnation: the place is to be found in his Cato Major, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of Laertes. 'Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum et stercorantem facit.' But Tully mistakes Homer, for Laertes is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of *λίστρειονία*, he read *κοπήρσονία*, as it is used in the seventeenth Odyssey.

— — — Οδυσση<sup>ς</sup> τεμεν<sup>ς</sup> μεγα κοπήρσονίης.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that Tully in his retirement at Tusculum, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of Laertes: and Tully was too sensible of his own worth, to speak any thing to the disparagement of it.

V. 271, 2. This fine couplet applauded by the Author of the Essay (p. 220.) and by Mr. Wakefield, represents this of the Original excellently expressed by Mr. W.

'Worn down with age, deep sorrows in his soul.'

Γηραι<sup>ς</sup> λειρομενον, μεγα δε φρεσι πένθος εχονία. (v. 232.)

V. 279. *Not so: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that Ulysses here acts contrary to filial piety, and per-

More gentle methods on weak age employs,  
 And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys.  
 Then, to his Sire with beating heart he moves;  
 And with a tender pleasantry reproves: 284  
 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,  
 Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said.

Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil:  
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,

mits a tender father to continue in his sorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a discovery of his person; they likewise condemn the *κερομια επεα*, which Homer puts in the mouth of Ulysses. It must be allowed, that those words are frequently used by the Poet in a bad sense, and signify 'heart-wounding,' or 'reproachful words:' but here they are not so to be understood; they only imply, 'that Ulysses blamed Laertes out of tenderness for taking no more care of his person:' this is not a reproach, but the language of fondness and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to express that this enquiry raised images of sorrow in the soul of Laertes, and 'wounded his heart' by naming the lost Ulysses. Eustathius solves the former objection by saying that Ulysses delayed the discovery lest the suddenness of joy should prove fatal to Laertes. But Homer undoubtedly paints according to nature. Ulysses bursts into tears at the sight of his Father, yet restrains them, and tries if after twenty years absence he was known by him. This delay raises the Reader's curiosity, makes him, as it were, present at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the discovery: beside, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of Ulysses, who is upon all emergencies master of his passions, and remarkable for disguise and an artful dissimulation. This disguise has a very happy effect in this place: it holds us in a pleasing suspence, and makes us wait with attention to see the issue of the interview.

Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,  
 The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear; 290  
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care.  
 On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown;  
 Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.  
 Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;  
 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim. 295  
 Not for thy sloth, I deem thy Lord unkind;  
 Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:  
 I read a Monarch in that princely air,  
 The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;

V. 290, 1. Instead of describing the fruits by their colours, which is idle in Ulysses speaking, and at such a time, to his Father, we might follow the natural simplicity of the Original, and name them without epithet.

'No plant throughout, fig, olive, vine, or pear,  
 Nor any row or spot, escapes thy care.

οὐδὲ γὰρ παμπαν,

οὐ φύλον, οὐ συκὴν, οὐκ ἀμπέλους, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίην,

οὐκ ὀρχυνην, οὐ πρασίην, τοὶ ἀνεὺ κομιδῆς κατὰ κήπον. (v. 244—6.)

The elision of the long vowel in *ὀρχυνην*, ob vocalem sequentem, is very unusual.

Cowper, as might be expected, keeps clear of all unseasonable epithets, and translates thus :

'Old Sir, thou art no novice in these toils  
 Of culture, but thy garden thrives. I mark  
 In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine,  
 Pear-tree, or flower-bed, suffering by neglect. (v. 293—6.)

Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine, 300  
 These are the rights of age, and should be thine.  
 Who then thy master, say<sup>p</sup> and whose the land  
 So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?  
 But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)  
 Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian † coast? 305  
 For so reported the first man I view'd,  
 (Some surly Islander, of manners rude)

V. 298. *I read a Monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the Greek are not without obscurity; and Eustathius explains them two ways: they may either signify that Laertes appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. 'to bathe, and after a due repast to sleep in state;' or they imply, that Laertes shews the dignity of a King in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. Ulysses cannot compare Laertes to a King who is fresh from the bath and drest royally, for he tells us, he is covered with sweat and dust; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a King, that therefore he ought to live like a King, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment.

V. 298, 9. To avoid a too near and unpleasing recurrence of the rhyme (v. 289—91.) better thus:

'I read a monarch in that princely mien:  
 The same thy look, if such thy care had been.'

But much of this speech from v. 292, merits the encomium past by Mr. Wakefield on it: as being executed in the best manner of our great Translator; with a simplicity and grace that cannot be exceeded.

V. 307—9. Blank Verse alone could give the accuracy which Mr. W. justly observes is wanting to this passage. Borrowing partly from Cowper, and in part from Wakefield, it may be rendered with closeness thus:

† — remigium vitiosum 'Ithacensis' Ulyssei. HOR. L.

Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;  
Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.

— 'as one whom here I met  
E'en now assur'd me: but who seem'd a man  
Scarcely of perfect mind, nor brook'd to hear  
My questions, or to answer when I ask'd  
Concerning one in other days my friend  
And guest, if yet he live and breathe, or now  
Lies dead, and in the mansions of the grave.'

Shakespeare's expression in his *Lear* ('perfect mind') well represents *αριφρων* (v. 260.) of this passage.

V. 309. As Mr. W. notices, the Translator had in his mind the often quoted line of Dryden from his '*Cymon and Iphigenia*,' which the Music of PURCEL has perhaps contributed to fix in the mind of many.

'And whistled as he went, for want of thought'

'Flames' is too much: and was introduced here probably for two bad reasons; for the sake of the glare of the expression, and for the sake of the rhyme.

'That rich in flowery silver shines,'

would be nearer to the Original.

*παναργυρον ανθεμοειλα.* (v. 274.)

Cowper most exactly:

'A goblet argent all, with flowers embost.' (v. 236.) L.

Changing 'claim'd' to 'claim,' the version of Mr. Wakefield is literal.

'Thee, hadst thou found him still in Ithaca,  
With grateful gifts and hospitable love  
He had dismiss'd, as prior favours claim'd.'

Εἰ γὰρ μιν ζῶον γ', εἰχέεις Ἰθάκης ἐνὶ δῆμῳ,  
Τῷ κεν σ' εὖ δωροῖσιν ἀμειψάμενος ἀπεπεμψέ,  
Καὶ ξενίῃ ἀγαθῇ ἢ γὰρ θεμῖς, ὅστις ὑπαρξῇ. (v. 283—5.)

But thou! whom years have taught to understand,  
 Humanely hear, and answer my demand: 311  
 A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave;  
 Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?  
 Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)  
 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest; 315  
 He said from Ithaca's fair isle he came,  
 And old Laertes was his father's name.  
 To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd  
 I paid and hospitable gifts bestow'd;  
 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told, 320  
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with  
 gold,  
 A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames;  
 And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the Father, with a father's fears:  
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears.) 325  
 This *is* the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,  
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:  
 Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd shore!  
 Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!  
 Full recompence thy bounty else had borne; 330  
 For ev'ry good man yields a just return:  
 So civil rights demand; and who begins  
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.

But tell me, stranger, be the truth confest, 335  
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!  
 (Wretch that he was! and that I am!) my Son!  
 If ever man to misery was born,  
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!  
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign, 340  
 He lies, a prey to monsters of the main;  
 Or savage beasts his mangled relicks tear,  
 Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:  
 Nor could his Mother fun'ral unguents shed;  
 Nor wail'd his Father o'er th' untimely dead; 345

V. 344. Hobbes is faithful here: and which perhaps rarely happens to him, he is pleasing, and musically plaintive:

‘Neither his Father nor his Mother by  
 To wind him, and to shed tears o'er his bed;  
 Nor yet his Wife weeping, to close his eye:  
 Which are the honours due unto the dead.’

— — — — εδε ἔ Μῆλῃρ

Κλαυσε περιστῆλαισα, Πάλλῃρ δ', οἱ μιν ἱεκομεσθα·  
 Οὐδ' αλοχος πολυδωρος εχεφρων Πηνελοπεία  
 Κωκυς, ἐν λεχεεσι, φίλον ποσιν, ὡς επείκειν,  
 Οφθαλμοῖς καθελεσσα· ἴο γὰρ, γέρας ἐσθι δαονίῳν.

(v. 291—5.)

Cowper is exceedingly well, except [that of two Epithets, πολυδωρος and εχεφρων, he has made choice of that which he was least likely to have chosen: unless we suppose that he considered εχεφρων as equivalent to chaste. But not the chastity only of Penelope is immortalised in the Odyssey. Her prudence, as well as that of Ulysses, is the perpetual theme and very basis of the Poem. With this one alteration the passage runs thus:

‘Nor I, nor she who bare him, was \* ordain'd  
 To bathe his shrouded body with our tears.

\* It should *ὅς* ‘were,’ on account of the plural pronoun following. L.



Nor his sad Consort, on the mournful bier,  
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropt a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?  
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?  
Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain, 350  
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?  
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train? }

Then thus the Son. From Alybas I came,  
My palace there; Epēritus my name.  
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas,\* the King 355  
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.

Nor his chaste Wife, prudent Penelope,  
To close her Husband's eyes, and to deplore  
His doom, which is the privilege of the dead.'

περιστῆλλειν, however, is not to close the eyes, but in the language of Virgil, 'membra toro defleta reponere.'

'The limbs of life bereft, with decent care  
Compose; and weeping place them on the bier.' L.

V. 353. — — — *From Alybas I came*] Ulysses is inexhaustible in his fictions: he here accommodates the names of persons and places to his fortunes: Alybas is supposed to be a city of Italy, afterwards called Metapontium. It is placed by others in Thrace. It is here introduced to denote the wanderings of Ulysses by the sea, or αλη:† the word Aphidas denotes his generosity, which 'spares nothing' towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of Πολυπημων, to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is Eperitus, from ἐπῆριστος, the same with περιμαχητός, from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well

\* Aphidas here (Apheidas of the Original) has the middle syllable strangely shortened. L.

† The Translator understood αλη to mean 'sea.' It means 'wandering;' ἄλς is 'sea,' L.

Some adverse Dæmon from Sicania bore  
 Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore :  
 Far from the town, an unfrequented bay  
 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea. 360  
 Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd  
 Ulysses parting through the sable flood ;  
 Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter Auguries,  
 And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.  
 Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore ; 365  
 Whom Heav'n, alas ! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents ran ;  
 Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man.  
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread  
 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head. 370

as the toils in the war of Troy, and against other enemies. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 368. Perhaps better thus :

‘ Grief ‘ clouds’ at once, and ‘ overwhelms’ the man.’

— — αχθος νεφελη εκαλυψε μελαινα. (v. 314.) L.

V. 369. — — — *and sorrowing spread*  
*A cloud of ashes on his hoary head ]*

This was a common practice among the ancient Orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow : it was used among the Hebrews as well as Greeks ; thus Ezek. xxvii. 30. ‘ They shall cast dust upon their heads.’ Job. ii. 12. ‘ They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads.’ Thus also Achilles, in the eighteenth of the Iliad :

‘ His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
 Those he deforms in dust, and these in tears.’

Trembling with agonies of strong delight  
 Stood the great Son, heart-wounded with the sight:

Homer calls it *κονιν αιθαλοεσσαν*, which does not mean that Laertes threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found, but he means *ξηραν*, or 'dry dust,' such as arises from substances consumed by fire, or resembling ashes. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 371. *Trembling with agonies, &c.*] The Greek expression is remarkable.

— — — ανα ρινας δε οι ηδη  
 Δριμυ μεν πρῆτυψε — — —

'A sharp sensation struck his nostrils.' Eustathius judges, that the meaning is, that Ulysses perceived himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. Casaubon more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils: arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint, find a vent by the nostril, and crowding through it, dilate it in their passage: this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the Bull, the Horse, the Lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger. A similar expression is found in the first Idyllium of Theocrytus:

Και οι αι δριμεια χολα ποτι ρινι καθηται.

He speaks of the anger of the God Pan; but it is applicable to all violence of passion. Aristotle (observes Dacier) quotes this verse as applied by Homer to express anger, cap. 8. of his *Morals to Nicomachus*, but he is evidently in an error; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory; it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves Ulysses. DACIER.

V. 371, 2. The remark on this passage in the Original,

— — — ανα ρινας δε οι ηδη  
 Δριμυ μενος πρῆτυψε, (v. 317, 18)

is very judicious in the Note. This effect of the high sympathetic

He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,...  
 With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,  
 I, I am he;...oh Father, rise!—behold 375  
 Thy Son, with twenty winters now grown old;\*  
 Thy Son,—so long desir'd, so long detain'd,—  
 Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:  
 These floods of sorrow, oh my Sire, restrain!  
 The vengeance is complete; the Suitor-train, 380  
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain. }

Amaz'd, Laertes:—‘ Give some certain sign,  
 (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine.’  
 Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,  
 The scar indented by the tusky boar, 385  
 When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,  
 To old Autolycus's realms I went.  
 Yet by another sign thy offspring know:  
 The several trees you gave me long ago,

affections has not escaped some great modern observers of Nature. It  
 would therefore have been better to have translated,

‘ His soul was mov'd, viewing the lov'd old man,  
 Acute sensation through his nostrils ran.’

V. 375. *I, I am He:—O Father, rise, behold  
 Thy Son —*]

Justly applauded by the Author of the Essay, p. 198.

V. 389. *The several trees you gave me long ago,  
 While yet a child — —*]

The word in the Original is *παῖδρος*, which signifies ‘a very young

\* The rhyme required this: but there is not a word of ‘grown  
 old’ in the Original: nor was it by any means a seasonable time for it;  
 even if Minerva had not invested him with supernatural youth. L.

While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace, 390  
 And trod thy foot-steps with unequal pace;  
 To ev'ry plant in order as we came,  
 Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name;

boy.' Homer uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity Ulysses asked his Father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says Dacier) the same practised every day; Parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c. continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allowed, that no Poet ever followed nature so faithfully as Homer. Virgil perhaps has reached his noblest elevations and sublimities; but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in Homer than in all other Poets. Some Painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a Hero or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects: but Homer draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures, or the least sketches, equally natural, and with equal beauty.

An excellent Note. L.

V. 391. Mr.W. justly observes, that this beautiful line is from Virgil. (*ÆN.* ii. 724)

'— sequiturque Patrem non passibus æquis.'

'While on my better hand Ascanius hung,  
 And with unequal paces tript along.' DRYDEN.

V. 392, 3. Ogilby, still more naturally, and with closeness to his Original:

'When I, a boy, with thee went up and down,  
 Their several names thou toldst me, one by one.'

— — — εγωδ' ἦλεον σε ἐκαστα

Παιδὸς εἶων, καὶ λα κηπὸν ἐπισπομενός· διαδ' αὐτῶν

Ἰκνευμεσθαι, σὺδ' ὠνομασας καὶ εἰπτες ἐκαστα. (v. 336—8.)

But, as Mr.W. remarks, the Translator had Milton in his eye.

'And thou their 'natures' know'st, and gav'st them names.'

P. L. vii. 493.

Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd; 394 }  
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load, }  
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd; }  
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row  
Of various vines that then began to blow,  
A future vintage! when the Hours produce  
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice. 400

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,  
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain  
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone  
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown:  
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys opprest: 405  
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.

Soon as returning life regains its seat,  
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;  
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!  
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above. 410  
'Tis so—the Suitors for their wrongs have paid—  
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?  
If, while the news through every city flies,  
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?

To this Ulysses.—As the Gods shall please 415  
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.  
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side;  
And take the banquet which our cares provide:  
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends;  
And there the young Telemachus attends. 420

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,  
 And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.  
 The swains and young Telemachus they found,  
 The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.  
 The hoary King, his old Sicilian maid 425  
 Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.  
 Pallas attending gives his frame to shine  
 With awful port, and majesty divine;  
 His gazing Son admires the godlike grace,  
 And air celestial dawning o'er his face. 430  
 What God, he cry'd, my Father's form improves?  
 How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?  
 Oh! would to all the deathless Pow'rs on high,  
 Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!  
 (Reply'd the King elated with his praise) 435  
 My strength were still, as once in better days:  
 When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,  
 And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.

V. 425. — — — *his old Sicilian maid.*] Rather aukward this in heroic Poetry. And as Homer says nothing of her age here, but simply denominates her a Sicilian attendant, *Ἀμφιπόλος Σικελῆ* (v.365), it would have been quite as elegant and judicious, if the Translator had done the same, and had merely called her, with Chapman, his Sicilian Maid. L.

V. 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.*] I doubt not but the reader has observed, that Laertes uses the very turn of language and manner of self-commendation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of Nestor: this is to be ascribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction; or as Horace describes it,

Such were I now, not absent from your deed  
 When the last sun beheld the Suitors bleed, 440  
 This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown  
 Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;  
 Nor had the Sire been sep'rate from the Son. }

' — — — Laudatur temporis acti

Se puero — — —.'

A. P. 173, 4.

I will only add, that the reason why Homer describes Laertes enlarged with strength and majesty by Minerva, is to reconcile the future story to probability; Laertes acts the Hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows: the Poet therefore, knowing that he had lost his natural vigour through age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength; and by this method renders him equal to his future action.

V. 438. *And proud Nericus* — —] This accent is certainly incompatible with even the slightest attention to the original verse:

Οἷος Νηρικον εἶλον εἰκλιμενον πολιεθρον. (v. 376.)

He might easily have said,

' And the strong fort of Nericus I storm'd.'

But, as Mr. W. observes, Chapman misled him.

Virgil has imitated the Original in a most exquisite passage:

' O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos

Qualis eram cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ

Stravi, seutorumque incendi victor acervos.\*

ÆN. viii. 560—2.

V. 443. Much preferably with Wakefield:

' The Sire's exploits had joy'd his conscious Son.'

— — — συδε φρενας ενδον ιανθης. (v. 381.)

But the Translator was following Virgil too closely for this occasion; though in a delightful expression of paternal zeal and fondness.

\* Allow me to mention, that I remember choosing this passage for recitation before Dr. Foster while I was at Eton. L.



They commun'd thus:—while homeward bent their  
way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day; 445

Dolius the first, the venerable man;

And next his sons, a long succeeding train:

For due refection to the bow'r they came,

Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame, 449

Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the Sire:—

They see their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.

On chairs and beds in order seated round,

They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.

While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:

'Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend; 455

'Non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer unquam  
Nate tuo. ÆN. viii. 568, 9. L.

V. 450. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the Sire.*] We are not to imagine that this Sicilian was the wife of Dolius. Homer gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education: for he adds, *ἡ σφῆας τρεφεε*, she was their nurse; not their mother. DACIER.

V. 453. — — — *the roofs resound.*] Better thus:

'On chairs and couches they in order plac'd,  
With joy the frugal meal's refreshment taste.'

For this was no time or place for such noisy exultation, however convenient for the rhyme. And the Original says only

Ἐξείης ἰζόντο καλὰ κλισμῶσι θρονῶσι  
Εὐδ' οἱ μὲν δειπνῶ ἐπεχειρεῶν— (v. 384, 5.)

without a word about sound.

The rites have waited long.' The Chief commands  
 Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,  
 Springs to his master with a warm embrace,  
 And fastens kisses on his hands and face; 459  
 Then thus broke out:—Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!—  
 Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!  
 Conducted sure by Heav'n! for Heav'n alone  
 Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own! }  
 And joys and happiness attend thy throne! 464 }  
 Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say, }  
 To the chaste Queen shall we the news convey? }  
 Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day? }

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride  
 Already is it known: (the King reply'd, 469  
 And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows  
 Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:  
 Then all beneath their father take their place,  
 Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying Fame the swift report had spread  
 Through all the city, of the Suitors dead. 475  
 In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;  
 Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.

Cowper, with exactness: except that 'thrones' is too pompous:

' — — — — the feast

Set forth, on couches and on thrones they sat,

And, rang'd in order due, took each his share.'

(v. 451—3.)

Perhaps it may be apprehended that 'beds' in the Translation (v. 452)  
 arose from the 'lectis' of the Latin version. L.

Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,  
 Inhume the natives in their native plain,  
 The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main. 480 }

Then sad in council all the Seniors sate,  
 Frequent and full, assembled to debate.  
 Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,  
 Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:  
 The bold Antinous was his age's pride, 485  
 The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.

Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,  
 As mixing words with sighs, he thus began.

Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has  
 wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought. 490

With ships he parted and a num'rous train;  
 Those, and their ships, he bury'd in the main:

Now he returns, and first essays his hand

In the best blood of all his native land.

Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,  
 Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies, 496 }

Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!

V. 480. *The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.*] To understand this, we must remember that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring islands, Samos, Zacynthus, &c. and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries: this custom prevailed over all the oriental world: but there may be a particular reason why this is done by the Ithacans; they might intend to raise those several islands to engage against Ulysses, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles. DACIER.

Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed,  
 If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed!  
 Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head, 500  
 Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.

V. 497. Certainly from the striking passage in the P. L.

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.' (i. 330.)

And this appears to have been noticed by the Author of the Essay (p. 246.) though misquoting the verse as 498.

V. 498. *Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed.*] Probably from SHAKESPERE.

'— — — The man was noble:

But with his last attempt he wiped it out;

Destroy'd his Country; and his name remains

To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' CORIOL. V.

Shakespere in this play caught flame from that undying fire on the altars of Liberty and Virtue, of which Plutarch is the high Priest. And the most illustrious for genius imaginative and active, have caught the celestial spark from the same source. L.

V. 501. The line is a good one: and the Translator seems to have had an affecting line in his eye, quoted by Mr. Wakefield from Ogilby:

'And with grief loaden sink into the grave.'

To have preserv'd the full spirit of the Original, something of this kind was required:

'These unreveng'd, no longer would I wish

To live: but rather join at once the dead.'

Εἰ μὴ δὴ παιδωνὲ κασιγνητῶνι φονῆας

Τισομεθ' ἐκ αὖ ἐμοίγε μέλα φρεσὶν ἵδου γενοῖο

Ζῶωμεν· ἀλλὰ λαχίστια θανάων φθιμένοισι μέλειν.

(v. 433—5.) L.

V. 501—2. Mr. W. refers for a metaphor introduc'd into splendid amplification to a passage of Cowley—'tears that speak.

Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall  
 Spoke when he ceas'd!—dumb sorrow touch'd them all.  
 When from the Palace to the wond'ring throng  
 Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along; 505  
 (Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)  
 And Medon first th' assembled Chiefs bespoke.

Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the Land,  
 Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;

There is a greater resemblance to the whole passage in Milton.

' His words here ended —but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake.' (P. L. iii. 265.)

The Author however of the Essay censures this passage in the Translation of the Odyssey as 'cold and affected.' and says, that he doubts not many will be apt to take it as a pretty clash in the ideas. (p. 310.) L.

V. 502, 3. A fine energetic amplification in this verse and the following hemistich, justly commended by Mr.W.

The remaining hemistich would have been better thus:

' Compassion ' seiz'd' them all.'

• — — οἰκλὸς δ' ἔΑΕ πάντας. (v. 437.)

V. 508. *Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the Land.*] There is great art in the speeches of Medon and Eupithes. Eupithes said that Ulysses had slain the bravest of the Greeks; Medon allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the consequence therefore is, that to fight against Ulysses upon this account, is to fight against the Gods. Eupithes applies to their revenge; Medon to their fears: Eupithes sheds tears to move their compassion; Medon intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the Gods was visible on the side of Ulysses. The persons likewise whom Homer employs to plead against Eupithes are well chosen: Ialitherses is a Prophet, Medon an Herald, and both persons esteemed sacred by their

As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode, 510  
 These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,  
 Who now before him, now beside him stood,  
 Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:  
 In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;  
 'Twas Heav'n that struck, and Heav'n was on his side.

A sudden horror all th' Assembly shook; 516  
 When slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:

offices; this is the reason why the Greeks are said to be struck with awe at their appearance. DACIER, &c.

V. 514. Perhaps injudiciously borrowed from Dryden:

'A Dragon's fiery form 'belied' the God.'—Ode on St. CECILIA.

It is very improper for Medon, who uses the appearance of Minerva under the form of Mentor as a solemn confirmation that the act of Ulysses was approv'd by Heaven. Better thus:

'In Mentor's form a God gave aid conceal'd.  
 Heaven fought for him, Heav'n led him to the field.'

— — — — Μεντορι παντα εωκε.

Αθανάτος δὲ Θεὸς ἰστέ μιν προπαροῖς Ὀδυσσεύς

Φαίνεται Σαρπηύων. (v. 445—7.)

V. 517. — — — *Halitherses spoke.*] The speech of Medon had a good effect upon the audience, for Homer adds, that the whole Assembly grew afraid. Halitherses perceived it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion; and sets forth the justice of the late action of Ulysses: the Suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes; and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages. And then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their King. From these speeches (observes Eustathius) Homer draws the probability of the future part of the story: he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously, Ulysses must necessarily have perished by their power.

(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view  
 At once the present and the future knew)  
 Me too, ye Fathers, hear!—from you proceed 520  
 The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.  
 Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein,  
 (Oft' warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain)  
 An absent Hero's bed they sought to soil;  
 An absent Hero's wealth they made their spoil: 525  
 Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust!  
 Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.  
 Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,  
 Nor rush to ruin.—Justice will prevail.

It is observable, that though Phemius accompanies Medon, yet he is silent. The reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of Medon: he was witness to the assistance of Heaven on the part of Ulysses; and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage: where the whole Chorus was anciently supposed to speak by the mouth of their Prolocutor. DACIER, &c.

V. 518. Better, and nearer to the Original, thus:

‘ — — — whose comprehensive view  
 Sole, in that band, the past and future knew.’  
 — — — ὁ γὰρ οἷός ἐστ' προσῶ καὶ σπύσσῳ. (v. 451.) L.

V. 527. ‘Great the offence, the punishment was just.’

Would not this be a better line? L.

V. 528. Better thus:

‘Weigh then my counsels with preserving care.  
 Go not: nor ill draw on:—’twere easy to forbear.’  
 — — — — πῶς δὲ μοι ὡς ἀγορεύω  
 Μὴ ἰομεν· ἵνα μὴ ἴς ἐπισπασίον κακὸν ἔσθῃ. (v. 460, 1.)

His mod'rate words some better minds persuade:  
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd. 531

And thus Cowper:

' But hear my counsels. Go not; lest ye draw  
Destruction down, and woe on your own heads. (v. 540, 1.)

This was too wise a counsel to be accepted by those who delight in War.

Neither Translator seems to have entered into the exact sense of the Original.

The Author of the Note in Pope's *Odyssey* supposes, and I think rightly, that those who staid were of the party who meant to avenge the death of the Suitors, and were not persuaded by Halitherses, but sided with Eupithes. But he supposes the party who staid to have been greatly the majority. Cowper also supposes them who sided with Eupithes to have been, and greatly, the majority, but that they left the Assembly while the others staid. An attention to the words of the Poet, and to the circumstances of the case, would, I think, have prevented the mistakes of both. The Assembly is called by Eupithes: those who dissent from him therefore would naturally be the seceders. But I think, that those who seceded, being moved by the opinion of Halitherses, not to go with Eupithes and join in the proposed attack, were somewhat the majority. And I find that Mr. Wakefield, by his note, agrees with me on both these points.

The closest Translation I can give would run thus:

' He said · they rose in haste with loud acclaim:  
The better half: the rest close thronging staid;  
For them his counsel pleas'd not · but they heard  
Eupithes rather. Soon to arms they rush'd:  
And when in dazzling brass their limbs were clad,  
Before the ample town close rang'd they stood.'

Ὡς εἶπας· οἷδ' ἀρ' ἀνηΐξαν μέγα λῶ ἀλαλήϊω,

Ἡμεσέων πλείους· τοὶ δ' ἄδρουσι αὐλοῖσι μείναν.

Οὐ γὰρ σφιν ἄδε μῦθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἀλλ' Εὐπείθει

Πείθειν. αἰψὰ δ' ἐπειτ' ἐπὶ λυγρὰ εἰσσευόλο.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔσσαντο περὶ χροῖ νωροπαχαλκόν

Ἄδρουσι ἡγερεμένοιο πρὸ ἀσπίος εὐρυχοροιο. (v. 462—7.)



They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,  
 And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.  
 They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run;  
 The broad effulgence blazes in the sun. 535  
 Before the city, and in ample plain,  
 They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.  
 Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;  
 Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.

This past on earth, while in the realms above 540  
 Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.  
 May I presume to search thy secret soul?  
 Oh Pow'r supreme, oh Ruler of the Whole!  
 Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided State  
 Or peaceful amity, or stern debate? 545  
 Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate.

V. 541. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove*] Homer, to give importance to the conclusive action of his Poem, introduces Jupiter and Minerva in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the Odyssey he describes the Gods in consultation for the re-establishment of Ulysses: in the conclusion of it, we see Jupiter himself rewarding the virtue and bravery of Ulysses, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully satisfied that the Action of the Odyssey is completed in the happiness of the Hero, when we hear Jupiter giving his sanction to it. Besides, it leaves a noble image of the greatness of Ulysses, and of the whole story of the Odyssey, upon the Reader's mind, when we see it is of such weight as to engage Jupiter in its favour. Thus in imitation of Homer, toward the conclusion of the *Æneid*, Virgil describes Jupiter and Juno in debate concerning the decisive action between Turnus and Æneas.

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies  
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)  
 Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,  
 The Chief's return should make the guilty bleed? }  
 'Tis done; and at thy will the Fates succeed. 550 }  
 Yet hear the issue:—since Ulysses' hand  
 Has slain the Suitors, Heav'n shall bless the Land.  
 None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;  
 Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son: 555  
 Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,  
 And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.  
 Long shall Ulysses in his empire † rest,  
 His People blessing, by his People blest.

V. 552. — — — *Since Ulysses' hand*

*Has slain the Suitors, Heav'n shall bless the land.]*

The Design of the Odyssey is to shew Virtue rewarded, and Vice punished: here to introduce this Act of Justice with the greater solemnity, Jupiter is represented giving his assent to it: "Let there be Peace (says that Deity) but let Justice be done, and the guilty punished." This conduct of Homer presents us with an excellent moral. It shews us that the Deity is the Governor of human affairs, and Arbiter of Peace and War. As he directs, the scenes of blood are opened or closed: and the words of Homer, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, may be applied to the Odyssey as well as the Iliad.

V. 557. Mr. W. justly supposes that this sublime imagery was probably derived from a fainter image of Hobbes.

'Which to confirm 'Oblivion' I'll send' L.

V. 558. † 'Empire'—one of the Hyperboles with which this Translation abounds. L.

V. 559—63. For this whole passage the Original only gives:

'Now since Ulysses hath the Suitors slain,  
 (The Godlike man,) perpetual be his Reign.

LET ALL BE PEACE——He said, and gave the nod  
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God: 561  
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,  
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.


Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,  
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress: 565  
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:  
A son of Dolius on the message went,  
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld  
The foe approach, embattl'd on the field.  
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r, 570  
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.

Of Sons and Brethren in their kindred race,  
Oblivion of the slaughter past we place.  
As erst, revive Concord and mutual Love,  
And Wealth and Peace be theirs abundant from above:  
He said, and prompt before, urg'd by his will,  
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian Hill.'

Επειδὴ μνηστήρας εἰσαΐο διος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
'Ορκία πιστὰ ἱαμύνῃς ὁ μὲν βασιλευεῖω αἶε.  
'Ημεῖς δ' αὖ παιδωνίῃ κασιγνήτωνίῃ φρονεῖο  
Ἐκλήσιν θρωμεν. ἴσιδ' ἀλλήλους φιλεονίων  
'Ὡς ἰο παρος· πλεῖσθε καὶ εἰρήνῃ ἅλις ἐσίων.  
'Ὡς εἰπων ὤρωνε παρος μεμναιῖαν Ἀθήνην·  
Βῆδε καὶ Ὀυλυμποῖο καρήνων αἰξάσα. (v. 481—7.) L.

V. 568. Perhaps preferably with Mr. Wakefield :

— — — <sup>i</sup> and at a glance descries  
The approaching foe in martial order rise.' (v. 568, 9.)

 The Original is only

— — — ἰεσδε σχεδον εἰσίδε παγτας. (v. 492.)

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace;  
 And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:  
 Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;  
 And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone. 575  
 Trembling with warmth, † the hoary Heroes stand,  
 And brazen Panoply invests the band.  
 The opening gates at once their war display:  
 Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.  
 That moment joins them with celestial aid, 580  
 In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid:  
 The suff'ring Hero felt his patient breast  
 Swell with new joy, and thus his Son address.

V. 572. *Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace.*] The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of Ulysses: which consisted of ten persons, under the direction of Dolius, Laertes, and Ulysses. How many were under Eupithes is uncertain: we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superior in number. Medon and Halitherses had withdrawn almost half of his assistants; and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality. It is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality; for the onset is so sudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody: besides, it appears from the sixteenth Odyssey, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were Ithacans. the rest came from the adjacent Islands; and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to assist Eupithes. And consequently this party consisted solely of Ithacans; and were not perhaps greatly superior to Ulysses. This observation likewise furnishes us with a reason why the enemy was so easily defeated, by so small a body of men as engaged for Ulysses.

† This aukward conceit is interpolated.

Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight!)  
 The brave embattl'd; the grim † front of fight! 585  
 The valiant with the valiant must contend:  
 Shame not the line whence glorious you descend:  
 Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;  
 Regard thyself, the living, and the dead,  
 Thy eyes, great Father! on this battle cast, 590  
 Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.

So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy  
 Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;  
 And blest! thrice blest this happy day! he cries,  
 The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes, 595  
 A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name  
 Strive for fair Virtue and contest for Fame!

V. 585. This epithet †, very undignified in English Poetry, at least at present, whatever it may formerly have been in ours, or may yet be in the German, the Translator borrowed, as Mr. W. remarks, from Milton:—but I think borrowed it injudiciously. (P. L. vi. v. 236, 7.)

V. 590, 1. Mr. W. may well be dissatisfied with this.

Pretty exactly thus:

Here, in this contest, Father, thou shalt see  
 Dishonour touches not thy race from me.'

Οψεαι, ηνκ' εδελησθα, πατερ φιλε, ιωδ' ενι θυμω  
 Ουκισ καταισχυνοηα ιεον γενος (v. 510, 11.)

I believe ιωδ' ενι θυμω means—' in this strife and conflict of as.' L.

V. 597. Here 'contend' would be better. L.

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:  
 Son of Arcesius, rev'rend warrior, hear!  
 Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in pray'r, 600  
 Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.  
 She said, infusing courage with the word.  
 Jove and Jove's Daughter then the Chief implor'd,  
 And whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air:  
 Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear: 605  
 The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;  
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the Father and the conqu'ring Son  
 Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.

V. 605. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear.*] Eustathius calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of Ulysses. The son of Antinous is slain by the son of Laertes, and the father of Antinous by the father of Ulysses.† We now see Ulysses happy in his Wife, his Son, and his Father; victorious over his Enemies, and his Subjects submitting to his authority; and therefore the Action is now complete, and terminates with the Odyssey.

V. 609. — 'They fight, they drop, they run.'

The Author of the Essay (p. 271) commends this hurried conciseness. But it is not faithful to the Original either in letter or spirit, since it gives the idea of a considerable carnage.

A little alteration on Ogilby would give a much truer representation of the Original than we have here.

'Instant,' Ulysses and his valiant son

'On the first ranks' with swords and javelins run.'

Ενδ' επεσον προμαχοις Οδυσευς και παιδιμος υιος

Τυπλονδε ξυφεσινλε και εγχεσιν αμφιγυοισιν. (v. 525, 6.) \*

† So in the American war, Mr. Burke noticed, the same Commander in Chief who had held the President of the United States Prisoner in the Tower, surrendered with his Army on Capitulation to his son. L

Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall 610

The rebel race ; and Death had swallow'd all,

But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd ;

Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.

“ Forbear ye Nations ! your mad hands forbear

“ From mutual slaughter : PEACE DESCENDS TO SPARE.”

Fear shook the Nations : at the voice divine 616

They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.

All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie ;

Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.

With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along, 620

Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.

But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims ;

Before Minerva shot the livid flames ;

Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd :

Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd. 625

V. 615. ‘ Peace descends to spare.’

This *Prosopopœia* of Peace is commended by the Author of the Essay (p. 231). It is however an addition to the Original, which is only thus :

‘ Cease, Ithacesians, from distressful fight,  
That without blood ye speediest might accord.’

*Ἰσχεσθε πύλεμβ, Ἰθακησίοι, ἀργαλειῶ*

*Ὡς κεν ἀναιμῶϊεργε δια κρινθῆτε ἰαχισία. (v. 530, 1.)*

But what heavenly Power will now make for us this efficacious and most desirable Call ? Humanity has thus cried to us for years in vain. The Ithacesians had a Minerva in their hearts to persuade to Peace. Where, where is ours ? L.

‘Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease:  
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the Peace.’

So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above  
The King obey’d. The Virgin-seed of Jove

V. 628—31. The concluding verses Chapman has exprest accurately. They might be thus translated:

‘She spake, and he with joy obedient heard  
Their sacred League, with mutual oaths rever’d,  
Pallas confirm’d, Daughter of awful Jove;  
In Mentor’s form and voice descended from above.

Ὡς φάτ’ Ἀθηναίη. ἵδ’ ἐπειθεῖτο, χαιρεδὲ θυμῷ.  
Ὅρκιαδ’ αὖ καλοπίσθε μετ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκε  
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη, κερὴ Διὸς αἰγιοχόιο,  
Μέντορι εἰδομένη ἦμεν δεμας ἦδε καὶ αὐδὴν. (v. 544, 7)

The Author of the Essay commends the Translation as having artfully made an addition suitable to the scope of the Odyssey, which forwards the Moral, gives a fuller view and confirmation of the happiness of Ulysses, and leaves it upon a firmer foundation. (Ess. 246, 7.)

And he observes in a Note, that Homer himself does not end in so full and complete a manner; and that his last line does not rest well. Perhaps, indeed, the Close would be better and more epic if the last line were omitted; which might be the interpolation of some Transcriber, who, as Pallas had appeared in the form of Mentor, might think it necessary again to take notice that under that form, and in his voice, she ratified the Peace.

Mr. Wakefield notices that the last line of the Translation is the same with the concluding line of the first part of the Absalom and Achitophel of DRYDEN. And adds, ‘in such a manner did our Poet’s obligation to his great Master cease only with the termination of his noblest Work.’

Those who advert to the state of times and parties when this Translation was written, and to the political predilections of Pope and his Friends, will perhaps see an additional reason for the adoption of the sentiment and language of this last line as the close of the Odyssey. L



In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord, 630  
 " And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord."

V. 629. — — *The Virgin-seed of Jove*

*In Mentor's form; confirm'd the full accord.]*

The meaning of the passage is no more than this, when stript of its poetical ornaments: Mentor, a person of great wisdom, acts as a mediator between the King and his Subjects: he regulates the conditions of Peace; and ratifies it with sacrifices to the Gods. This being an act of wisdom, Poetry ascribes it to Minerva.

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I must observe with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyssey. To honour his Hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who interest themselves in his cause: he then paints Ulysses in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for Orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the Reader's memory. Homer uses the same conduct: he represents his Hero in all his terror, he shews him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possess'd with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observed, that the end of the Action of the Odyssey is the re-establishment of Ulysses in full peace and tranquillity. This is not effected, till the defeat of the Suitors friends: and therefore if the Poet had concluded before this event, the Odyssey had been imperfect. It was necessary that the Reader should not only be informed of the return of Ulysses to his Country and the punishment of the Suitors, but of his re-establishment by a peaceful possession of his regal authority: which is not executed, till these last disorders raised by Eupithes are settled by the victory of Ulysses; and therefore this is the natural conclusion of the Action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night: so that the whole story of the Odyssey is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur Dacier upon Aristotle remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: if we lose the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent; and its Length destroys its Beauty.

What seems to favour this decision is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*, are conformable to this rule of Aristotle, and every one of those Poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

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I have now gone through the Collections upon the *Odyssey*, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not so vain as to think these Remarks free from faults; nor so disingenuous as not to confess them: all writers have occasion for indulgence; and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used Madam Dacier as she has done others, in transcribing some of her Remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency † only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or my part of the Translation (namely in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth Books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton; in the fourth and the twentieth Books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from His, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction. The most experienced Painters will not wonder at this: who very well know, that no Critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school: when the same Master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours: which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever My name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his Friendship; in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as His name will cause mine to last.

† Inadvertence would have been better, but this first part of the Note has a much more serious fault. L.

and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an Inscription † memorial of it.

† Should not this be, 'inscriptive Memorial' L

In my Copy this last Book of the Odyssey is marked P.

I cannot help thinking that the Translation of the Odyssey ought to have been peculiarly close and faithful to the Simplicity of its unequal'd Original. The Iliad has perhaps a Rival in the Paradise Lost: the Odyssey as an Epic has no rival; nor any thing in Epic Poetry which resembles it. And this it's beauty disdains embellishment, and admits not the substitution of other images than its own. Images of general Grandeur may admit of different yet equivalent images, sometimes without loss; and sometimes even with advantage, by the change of our associations of idea in a different language and a remote age. But the appropriate simplicity of calm unadorn'd interesting nature, delineated to the life itself, with all its affecting singularities of country, manners, and individual character, becomes absurd if blended with alien images, burlesque if loaded with pompous colouring, and vanishes if sunk in general description. And for this reason also Rhime is utterly incompatible with a just Translation of the Odyssey, even far more than of the Iliad. L.

### Words peculiar to the ODYSSEY.

Ω.

V. 1. \*Κυλληνιος, as applied to Mercury.

83. \*Ἰηλεφνης.

V. 341. \*διαβρυγιος.

226. \*λισῖρευν. verb.

415. \*μυχμος.

228. \*γραππος.

471. πισπαστον.

229. \*χειρις. chirotheca

243. \*αδαημονιη. subst.

278. \*ειδαλιμη.

306. \*Σικανιη. Primâ longâ, secundâ correptâ: prorsus contra quam faciat Virgilius.

\* Tum Manus Ausonia et Gentes venere Sicanae. ÆN. viii. 325.

340. συκα. et verisim. 245 ubi συκα vulgata.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,  
 Or speaking marbles to record their praise;  
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)  
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone.\*  
 Mere mortals! subject to Death's total sway;  
 Reptiles of earth,† and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,  
 A monument which worth alone can raise.  
 Sure to survive, when Time shall whelm in dust  
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:  
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky §  
 Blaze in one flame, shalt Thou and Homer die:  
 Then sink together, in the world's last fires,  
 What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,  
 With human transport touch the mighty dead:  
 Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;  
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;  
 Just to thy Fame, he gives thy genuine thought;  
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;  
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,  
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! Time invades,  
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,  
 A rival hand recalls from every part  
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art.

\* 'Breathing stone.' An elegance, as observed by Mr.W. from the spirantia signa of Virgil, in Georg.

† A scriptural phrase, Gen. 1.

§ In like manner, Cowley, as I think:

'Then all the wide expanded sky,  
 And all the harmonious worlds on high,  
 And Virgil's sacred verse shall die.'

Mr.W. has pointed to the probable source of this striking figure, Es. xxxiv. 4. He also quotes the 'Volumes of the sky' from Euripides, and the Olympian Tablets from Lycophaon. Ολυμπιαὶ πλάκες. L.

Transported we survey the dubious strife,  
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre  
Jam'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?  
This you beheld; and taught by Heav'n to sing,  
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string;  
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,  
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,  
Tow'rs o'er the field of death, as fierce he turns,  
Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns;  
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,  
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:  
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,  
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;  
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her coasts,  
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.  
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;  
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play:—  
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,  
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;  
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,  
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.  
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,  
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;  
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,  
Sink without grovelling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! 'awake th' harmonious string,\*  
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.  
How long § that Hero, by unskilful hands,  
Stript of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands:  
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,  
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost?

'Awake the harmonious string.' Mr.W with his usual taste,  
quotes the admirable Elegy and that exquisite passage of Lucretius:

'Ac Musæa mele, per chordas Organici quæ  
Mobilibus digitis 'expergefacta' figurant.' II. 413. L.

§ Odyssey, lib. xvi.

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;  
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head:  
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd  
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.  
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold  
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold:  
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves  
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses train,  
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;  
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,  
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:  
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,  
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:  
 Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name  
 To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing,  
 While hov'ring Angels listen on the wing,  
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,  
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:  
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,  
 From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring laws:  
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:  
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend;  
 And men more fierce—when Orpheus tunes the lay,  
 Ev'n Fiends relenting hear their rage away.\*

W. BROOME.

\* 'Hear their rage away.' From Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, as observed by Mr. Wakefield.—On the whole this of Broume is a noble effusion of friendly and of poetic fervor. L.

# POSTSCRIPT

BY

MR. POPE.

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I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the *Odyssey* with an eye to the *Iliad*, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived; and err against the first principle of Criticism, which is to consider the nature of the Piece, and the intent of its Author. The *Odyssey* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

‘ Qui didicit, Patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,  
Quo sit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes.  
Qui quid sit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius et melius Chrysis et Crantore dicit.’

A. P. 312. 1 Ep. ii. 3, 4.

The *Odyssey* is the reverse of the *Iliad*, in Moral, Subject, Manner, and Style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or se-

cond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common Reader should fall into this mistake,\* when so great a Critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyssey* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

‘The *Odyssey* (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in Narrations and Fables. For, that Homer composed the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad*, many Proofs may be given, &c. From† hence in my judgment it proceeds,† that as the *Iliad* was written while his Spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action: whereas the greater part of the *Odyssey* is employed in Narration, which is the taste of Old Age; so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting Sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour, or force. He speaks not in the same strain: we see no more that Sublime of the *Iliad* which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded:

\* ‘Mistake.’ I think Mr. Wakefield is right, and that the mistake is Pope’s: for that Longinus meant not that the *Odyssey* was a second part to the *Iliad*; but rather an Epilogus or pathetic peroration. L.

†† ‘Hence’ would have been better: but then there would have been a verse. L.



there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the Ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in Narrations and incredible Fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be Age, it is the Age of Homer:—And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful Dreams, or if you will, the Dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the Odyssey only to show, that the greatest Poets when their genius wants strength and warmth for the Pathetic,\* for the most part employ themselves in painting the Manners. This Homer has done, in characterizing the Suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of Comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men.'

We must first observe, it is the Sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's Poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities,

\* This is a most false judgment: and a misunderstanding of what Longinus means by Pathē, Passions; and chiefly of the more violent kind. The Odyssey is in fact greatly more pathetic than the Iliad. L.

and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general Spirit and Inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence.\* It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyssey* to have less sublimity and fire than the *Iliad*; but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative; but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions; not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners; but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the *Iliad*.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his

\* This is agreeable to the meaning, which in the former paragraph he had ill represented. L.

own particular taste, and with respect to the Sublime, Longinus preferred the *Iliad*: and because the *Odyssey* was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's Age might determine him in the choice of his subject; not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his Imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his Judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the *Odyssey* in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of Raphael. Shall we censure the *School of Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave † and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and Philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other †, which the subject of either required †: both of them had been imperfect, if they

† 'Grown old and dull' would have been an expression more in the spirit of the objection. L.

†† A clause of bad cadence, and singing. L.

had not been as they are. And let the Painter or Poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two Poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssey* that Horace gives the preference, in the *Epistle to Lollius*, and in the *Art of Poetry*. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners which the other seems least to approve. Those Fables and Manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic Poem) the *Odyssey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*; and principally in the great end of it, the Moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the Fable is also what the Critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the Cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*; and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*\*. In the Man-

\* Tasso in his exquisite *Jerusalemme Liberata* has, like VIRGIL, combined much of the character both of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. L.

ners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the Narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of Phoenix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the Genius of Homer had suffered any decay, we must consider, in both his Poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of Poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the Sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same

body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The *Odyssey* (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design; not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To censure Homer because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a Gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this Poem was ‘partly of the nature of Comedy,’ ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear hence, that although the character of Ulysses there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: Calypso, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the Suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the

comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.\*

From the nature of the Poem, we shall form an idea of the Style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to Tragedy; but sometimes descends into the plainer Narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to Comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in History, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a Poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter Painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

\* Not very gallant, but what else is the Iliad? ‘*Ilías ipsa quid est?*’ L.

Epithets\* are of vast service to this effect: and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into Dignity, as we see in the *Georgics*: but throw the former into Ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in Art, because it is vicious in Morality. The Bees in Virgil,

\* The appropriate justness and poetic use of these has been greatly admired in the *Farmer's Boy* by a Friend of excellent Taste and Discernment. L.



were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of Ridicule.

The use of pompous expression \* for low actions or thoughts is the true Sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epic. It is so far from being the Sublime of Tragedy, that it is the cause of all Bombast: when Poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian; that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the Players have learned from it; and which is not speaking, but vociferating. §

There is still more reason for a variation of style

\* The Principle is just: the illustration would have been better drawn from Butler's *Hudibras*; or occasionally from Fielding. The thought in *Quixote* for the most part is truly great: the ridicule arises from the error of the Fact, or subject of those thoughts and exertions, or sometimes from the means he employs. After all, the person has not an elevated or a benevolent mind, who does not frequently sympathise with *Quixote*. Mrs. Morgan, in her *Tour in Wales*, has well seen and expressed this. L.

§ This Remark perhaps accelerated the liberation of our Theatre from that false monotonous tone, which was neither singing nor speaking; and which was utterly unfit to express Nature and the Passions. We are in some danger now of the contrary excess. L.

in Epic Poetry than in Tragic, to distinguish between that Language of the Gods proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspired, and that of Men who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other Poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him; a practice almost unknown<sup>s</sup> to Virgil. This renders his Poems more animated; but less grave and majestic: and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature: whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in Orations designed to move with all the arts of Rhetoric. This is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that Language of the Gods\* we have been speaking of, or that of a Muse under inspiration.

\* Perhaps the truth is, that it does not fit that. Occasional embellishment may grace and enliven. But the general character, both of Sublimity and of Beauty, is simplicity.—‘True Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign Ornament: but is, when unadorn’d, adorn’d the most.’ L.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill: which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few Poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of Ease and Dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to stoop to the Narrative with success, as for a Prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime \*† style is more easily counterfeited than the natural; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds: they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain Narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the Sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less invention, in assembling the hum-

†\* This is confounding the sublime style with the pompous or the florid. The sublime is always natural. L.

bler than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same Genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the Sublime are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple Narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad*, will, and ought to be, disappointed. Were the Original otherwise, it had been an offence against Nature: and were the Translation so, it were an offence against Homer; which is the same thing.\*

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the Narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a

\* 'Homer he found and Nature were the same.' *Essay on Crit.*

Which is perhaps as near the truth as to this Poet, high as the Encomium is, as can well be imagined of a Mortal. L.

dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a Translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an Historian, Antiquary, Divine, and Professor of Arts and Sciences, as well as a Poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful Translator; who in some measure takes the place of Homer: and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages; in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building: which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work. I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany Narration or Dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses,

or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No Man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to Antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not Copies but Caricaturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike; but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first Parents, the entertainments of Angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together: as in his fifth Book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh Books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate Homer's

\* This illustration is so just, and so well modified, that it might serve to express the limits of 'The Picturesque' in natural scenery applied to life and habitation, as so admirably stated by Mr. UVEDALE.  
PRICE. L.

Lownesses in the Narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the Dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading†: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present Translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural.‡ The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative§ manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those Gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the Public in the original Proposals for this

† 'Not to be discover'd.' Who must not agree with Mr. Wakefield's remark: that 'without some specification of passages, one cannot be inclined to acquiesce in this harsh censure?' L.

‡ So little did he understand of his style, that this, far from being the fact, is very nearly the reverse of the fact. Mr. W. has applied to this Translation what Augustus applied to himself and Rome, 'What he found brick he left marble.'—'Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.' In my idea it might be more truly said, 'Marmoream invenit, simplici et absoluta pulchritudine; pictam atque auratam reliquit.' 'He found it marble in simple and perfect beauty; he left it painted and gilded.' L.

§ It were exceedingly to be wished that the Merit of this Intention had been more nearly equalled in the Execution. L.

Work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth Books. The Reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other Work of the greatest and most ancient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the *Iliad*. And if, after the unmerited success of that Translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the *Odyssey*, I think it sufficient to say,† that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this Postscript †† here; but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my Preface to the *Iliad*, and which she published at the end of her Translation of that Poem.\*

To write gravely an answer to them would be too

† A very bad cadence. L.

†† It had been well if he had. I.

\* Second edition; à Paris, 1719.



much for the reflections, and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the industry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet: and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt† to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critic, I should not have apprehended their effect; and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her Reasoning very bad, I respect her Authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner; and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the Heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me; and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common Cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this Author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a Critic: the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of

† It is painful to observe in what manner this Debt is paid: which is a Debt of Pope's in so great and peculiar a degree. L.

Authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened: and Madam Dacier's Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful Translations.

An indifferent Translation may be of some use; and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no Translation ought to be the ground of Criticism; because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning\*. Could Homer have had the Honour of explaining his, before that august Tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French Authors have loaded him; and from which even Madam Dacier's Translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our Island-tongue was as necessary to Madam† Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great Author:

\* Excellent Rule: but which I know to be little practised either in private or public Life. L.

† If this term was to be used, it should have been spelt Madame, as the French spell it. That it is not, I fear is owing to a design of giving a ridiculous and reproachful air to this term of courtesy. L.

or to any of those whom she styles 'blind Censurers,' and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty Translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the Translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find,† that her objections were not levelled at the general Doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface; but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to 'combat two or three similies;' and I hope that to combat a Simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a Simile is no better than the shadow of an Argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little; and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ,‡ or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky Similies taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant§ Translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same ef-

† This hobbling anapæstic cadence might have been saved by writing 'to find, however.' L.

‡ A Person who does not, never will detect the errors of another. L. „

§ 'Ignorant' Alas! whom could the harshness of this censure have less become? It is the taste and spirit and richness of numbers and of diction, not the knowledge of Pope as a Translator, by which he is to be highly estimated. L.

fect. But if the Translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered Paraphrases of her own, which even the Translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an Heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me: who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him, as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless Similies, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the Times he lived in: and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my

meaning; but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the Manners of those Times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confess that in my opinion the world was mended in some points: such as the custom of putting whole Nations to the sword, condemning Kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this:‡ but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well: but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting, or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said, her words; for I used them on purpose; being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment; for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all Mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole Remark; only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a Lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders: and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first

‡ Could Pope have seen the latter half of the Century which has just past, he would have doubted how far we can boast of having delivered our own Times from the reproach of the vindictive and exterminating ferocity of the old Times. L.

of these is in part the Translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the End of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: 'Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of Fable;' which he translates, '*Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*'

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the Translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of Fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words. 'If Homer was not the first, who introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a System of Machinery for Poetry.'

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle: and she is pleased to send me back to this Philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any Author for what he never said is a blunder: (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these; 'As there is a greater variety of Characters in the Iliad than in any other Poem, so there is of Speeches. Every thing in it has Manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is,

every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration.' She justly says, that 'Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily Manners merely because it is acted or spoken.' Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have Manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has Manners, since Homer has been proved before in a long Paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing Characters and painting Manners: and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the Translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, 'Every thing has Manners as Aristotle calls them.' But † such a fault methinks might have been spared: † since if one was\* to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliasian, Callisthenes the Physician ‡. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies: from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for

† An entire verse. L.

\* Rather 'were.'

‡ Dacier Remarques sur le 4me Livre de l'Odyss. p. 467.

omitting a material passage in the \* speech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great Author's honour were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal: and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this Lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting Translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship: otherwise not one's Taste alone, but one's Morality had been corrupted; nor would any man's Religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their Belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it, it is the same in Admiration; some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of Critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I



hope, more rational method. Though I am a Poet, I would not be an Enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a Party. I am far from thinking myself that Genius, upon whom, at the End of these Remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my Country: one capable of correcting Homer, and consequently of reforming Mankind, and amending this Constitution.' It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied: since our Nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided Sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer.† We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his Poem, and our Constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the Genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful Translator, and a quiet Subject.

† It was very little after, however, that an English Man was found who in answer, I think, Dr. Browne's Estimate of the Times, asserted that Homer had scarcely more than a single good line. L.



# I N D E X.

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*The first number marks the Book; the second the verse.*

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• The Passages in the Index marked with Asterisms are additions of my own. L.

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